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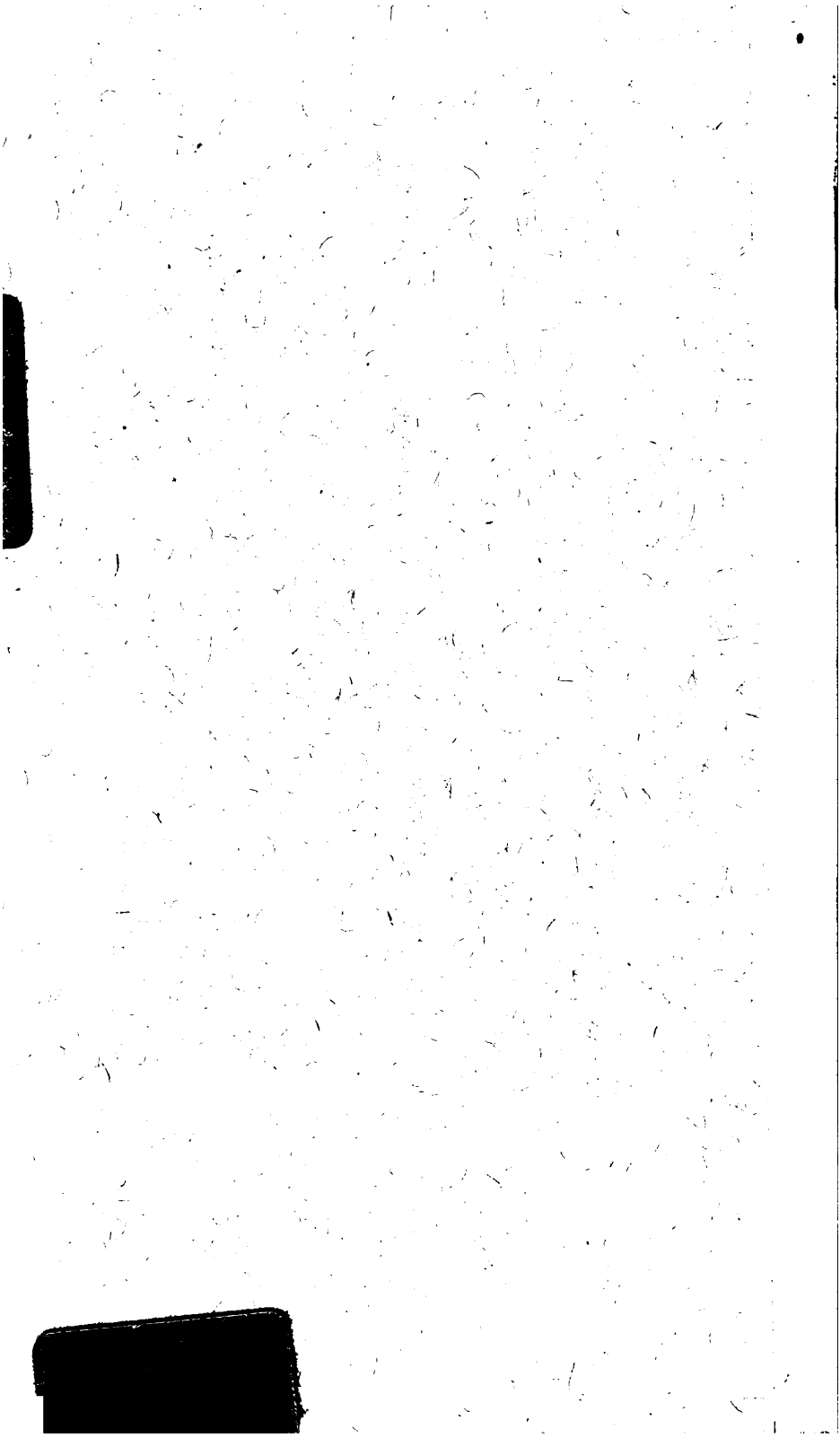

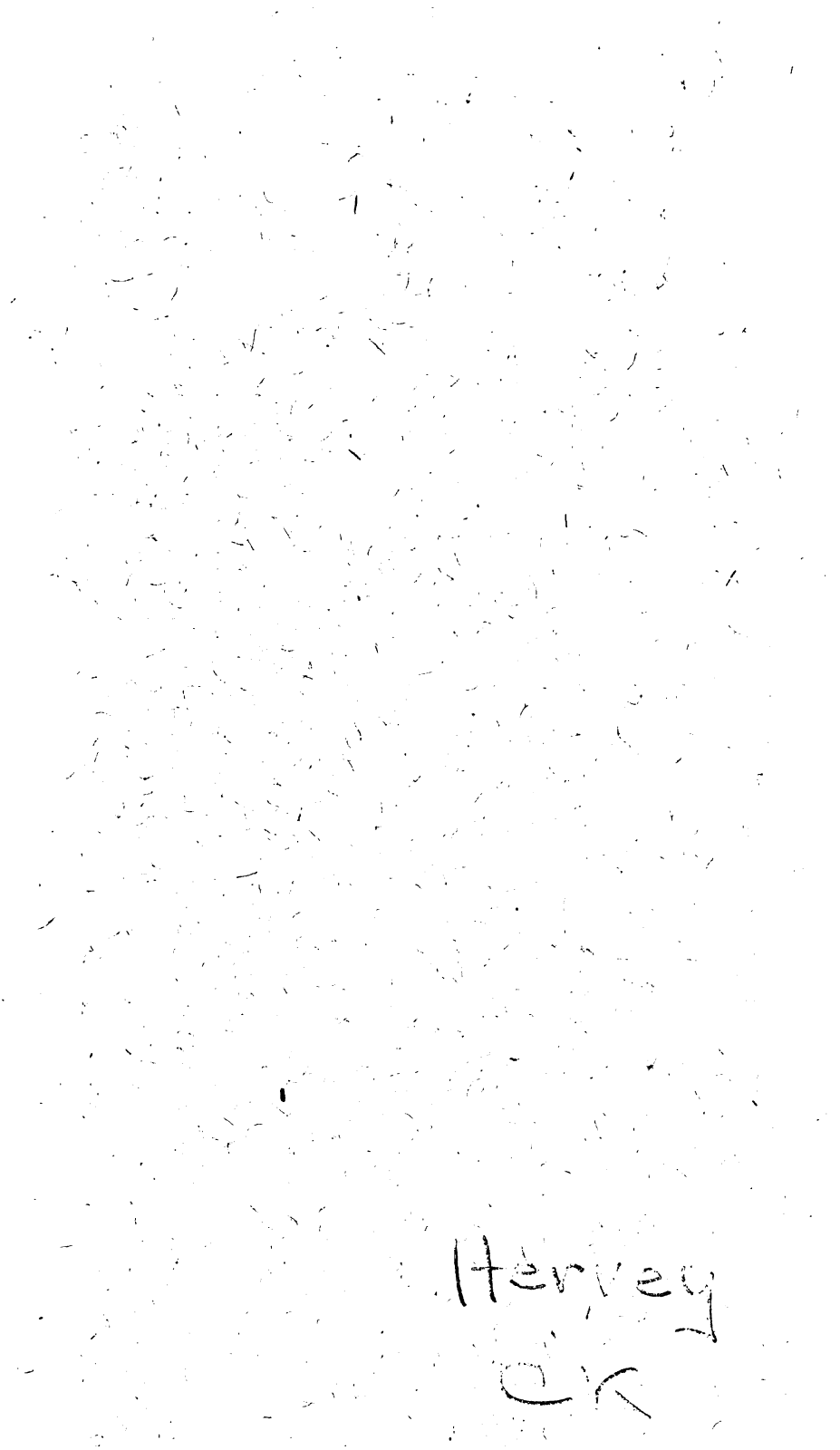
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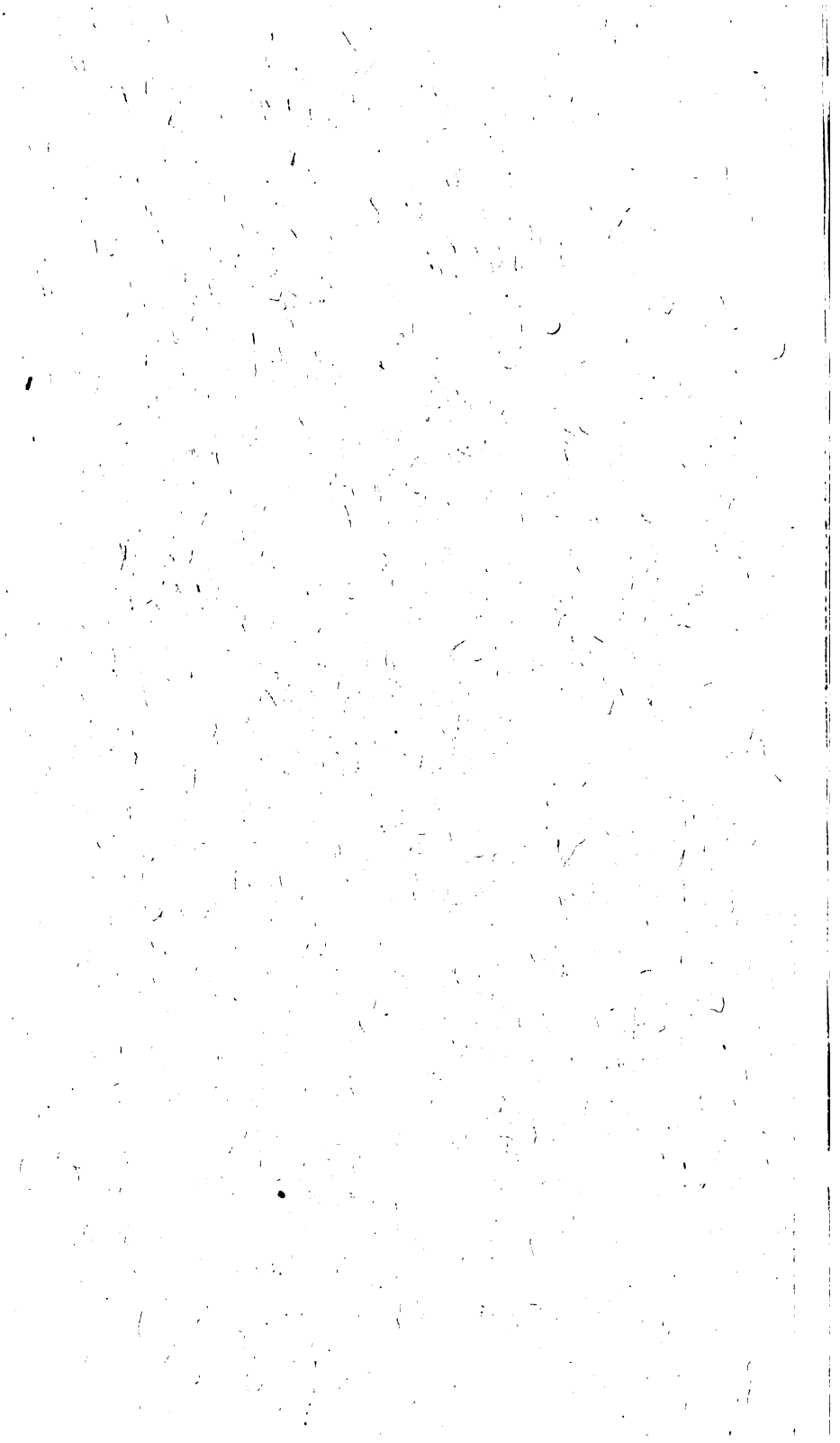

LETTERS

OF

MARY LEPEL, LADY HERVEY.

(Hervey)
C K

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

LETTERS

OF

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MARY LEPEL, LADY HERVEY.

WITH

A MEMOIR,

AND

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

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THE editor (if he be entitled even to that name) has no responsibility for the publication or selection of the following letters. He found them in the course of preparation for the press, and consented, at the request of a friend, to prefix a biographical sketch of Lady Hervey, and to add a few explanatory notes, which the lapse of time, or the original obscurity of the circumstances, rendered too often necessary.

Many allusions, he knows, are still unexplained; and, in some cases, his explanations may be disputed; but, humble as the duty of an annotator is, it is not easy; and those only who have attempted it, can be fully aware of the difficulty of recovering, from the stream of time, small facts and passing allusions, not very notorious in their own day, and wholly for-

gotten in ours. If he shall have contributed, in any degree, to render these letters more generally acceptable, he will have accomplished all that he could have wished, and more than he ventures to hope.

☞ Page 108 not having passed under the editor's eye, there are some omissions and errors in it.

☞ The following extract, from Bishop Porteus' sermon "On the Advantages of Academical Education" (in 1767), evidently alluding to *Tristram Shandy*, should have been added to the note in page 264, on Lady Hervey's opinion on that book.

"Hence all those various corruptions in literature; those affectations of singularity and originality; those quaint conceits; abrupt digressions; indecent allusions: wild starts of fancy; and every other obliquity of a distorted wit, which vitiate the taste, corrupt the morals, and pervert the principles of young and injudicious readers."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LADY HERVEY.

MARY LEPEL, the writer of the following letters, was born on the 26th Sept. 1700. She was the daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepel, and became, at an early age, maid of honour to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales.

Of her royal highness's court Miss Lepel and Miss Bellenden* were the principal ornaments, and their wit and beauty were admired, and are recorded by the most eminent men of that most eminent period.

In Pope's lighter poems these two amiable friends, and particularly Miss Lepel, are celebrated with great regard, though sometimes with a too playful familiarity;

* Married to Colonel John Campbell, afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll.

and in Gay's beautiful verses on the termination of the translation of Homer, he describes the bard as welcomed by his lovely friend:

> Now, Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
> With thee Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel.

But in Oct. 1720, Miss Lepel married John Lord Hervey; and Pope having soon after wantonly and unjustly quarrelled with Lord Hervey, an estrangement naturally ensued between his lady and the poet. In his virulent letter to his lordship, he alludes, with a reluctant and ungracious justice, to "*her merit, beauty, and vivacity;*" but after this period I find no mention of her in his works. But she had the extraordinary distinction of being celebrated by Voltaire in English verses, which, as connected with Lady Hervey, as well as a literary curiosity, are worth reprinting.

TO LADY HERVEY.

> Hervey, would you know the passion
> You have kindled in my breast?
> Trifling is the inclination
> That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover;
True love is by silence known:
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.

Later in life her ladyship honoured Horace Walpole with her friendship; and he—not a too partial judge of his cotemporaries—speaks of her with undeviating respect and esteem.

Neither her own vivacity nor the indulgence of a court appear to have betrayed Lady Hervey into the neglect of any of her duties. She was fondly attached to Lord Hervey's person; she respected and admired his talents; and she revered his memory. She was, as we shall see, a fond, yet a judicious parent; and, with a delicacy which was the more praiseworthy, because it cost her something, she dedicated herself, after her husband's death, to the society of his father.

Lady Hervey had been, from a comparatively early age, subject to hereditary gout, the repeated and prolonged attacks of which she bore with exemplary patience, till, on the 2d of September, 1768, they

"Lady Hervey. Mistress of the Robes to Her Majesty." Gent. Mag. Nov. 1734. p. 620

terminated the existence of this amiable and celebrated woman, in the sixty-eighth year of her age.

It is to be regretted that the late period of Lady Hervey's life at which the majority of the following letters were written, and the circumstances of the person to whom they were addressed, render them less characteristic of the grace, pleasantry, and vivacity for which her ladyship was distinguished. They were written, for the most part, during her widowhood, to Mr. Morris, a country clergyman, who had been the tutor of her sons, and it would be unreasonable to look into them for the gay graces which fascinated Pope, Voltaire, Chesterfield, and Hervey, and which, even now, give a traditionary splendour to the Augustan age of the court of England; but those who may limit their expectation to the sober and more lasting qualities of good nature, good sense, good feeling, and good taste, will not, I think, be disappointed.

It can hardly be doubted, that other

and earlier, and more interesting letters* must be in existence, but they have been sought after in vain. Perhaps this publication may induce the possessors of such letters to contribute to another and fairer specimen of her ladyship's literary talents.

Lady Hervey had four sons: George, Augustus, and Frederick†—successively Earls of Bristol—and William, a general in the army; and four daughters: Lady Mulgrave, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, and two others, who died unmarried. The youngest, Lady Caroline, seems to have inherited the *wit*, *beauty*, and *vivacity* of her mother; for Churchill celebrates

> That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
> Those powers of pleasing, with that will to please,
> By which LEPEL, when in her youthful days,
> Even from the currish Pope extorted praise,
> We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,
> And view a new LEPEL in CAROLINE!

---

* Mr. Bowles has published one to Lord Melcombe, "which," as he says, "evinces a superior understanding, and might be classed with the letters of Lady M. W. Montague."—(Pope's Works, vol. ii. p. 349, and vol. iii. p. 423.) I can hardly venture to give such high praise to any letter in the following collection.

† In page 59, Earl Frederick is, by an error of the press, called her ladyship's *second* son.

It is stated in a note (p. 168), on the authority of Brydges's Peerage (vol. iii. p. 158), that Lady Mary died in 1753; but this is a gross error: she lived to the great age of ninety, and was burned to death on the 8th of April, 1815.

Lady Hervey's grandchildren, now living, are Frederick William, Earl of Bristol; Mary, Countess of Erne; Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire; Louisa, Countess of Liverpool; children of Earl Frederick, Bishop of Derry:—Henry Earl of Mulgrave; Edmund and Augustus Phipps; sons of Lady Mulgrave:—and Colonel Charles Lionel Fitzgerald, son of Lady Mary.

Of the reverend Edmund Morris, her ladyship's correspondent, I have given, in their proper place in the notes, some particulars, which have been obligingly furnished to me by his family, and which will, I think, be sufficient to explain the passages of the letters which relate to him personally.

LETTERS

TO

THE REV. EDMUND MORRIS.

LETTER I.

Ickworth*, Sept. 20th, 1742.

SIR,

I AM very much, though not equally obliged to you for your letter and the pamphlet: at least, if the obligation should bear any proportion to the pleasure I shall receive from each; for though I have not yet looked into the latter, I believe I may venture to affirm, I shall not receive either so much instruction or pleasure from it as your letters afford me: however, I will write you word sincerely what I think of it.

The *Night Thoughts*† you mentioned to me

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* The seat of the Earls of Bristol, near Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk.

† Dr. Young's celebrated *Night Thoughts*, published at this period.

I have read, and think you characterise them so justly, that I do not intend to look upon them again; though, in my opinion, it is one of the best performances that has appeared a great while. I do not like to look on the dark side of life, and shall always be thankful to those who turn the bright side of that lantern to me. I like, notwithstanding, to see every new thing, and shall be thankful to you for what comes out, of what kind soever it be, if it be good of its kind; and I know no one who is a better judge of that than you. I wish I were a judge of that *nitor verborum*, which (I firmly believe) my friend Horace * abounds with: I can only judge of the bare thoughts; how genteelly and properly they are dressed, what a *simplex munditiis* there is in their attire, I fear I shall never perceive.

I shall be very thankful for any news you pick up, though you should do like the printed newspapers, and contradict in one post what you have asserted the last. I am obliged to bid you abruptly adieu.

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* It will be seen, by and by, that Lady Hervey was endeavouring to read some of the principal Latin classics in the original; and from various passages in these letters, it appears that she had attained some proficiency in that language.

LETTER II.

Ickworth, Oct. 7th, 1742.

THE hurry of Bury fair, which is now grown a morning as well as an evening diversion (as some people call it), has made me very much behind-hand with all my correspondents; but I cannot sincerely repent of the slowness of my payment, since it has procured me so agreeable a dun as I received from you this morning; though, if confession is a step to repentance, I will own that both the letter and the ballad you sent me deserved to be acknowledged; answered they can neither of them be.

I think the ballad much the best of the kind I ever saw; there is humour, wit, and poetry, in it: next to that, I like the Ode to the Great Man the best of any thing that has been published on the same subject; there is a great deal of wit and humour in it, but no poetry: the last, I believe (I mean the last mentioned), is certainly Lord Chesterfield's*; but I have not

* Her ladyship's critical judgment was in fault: both the ballad and the ode were by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, of whom Horace Walpole said, that "he was *in flower* for an ode or two." Sir Charles, even in his best days, was characterised as flighty, and he died insane, and in confinement. He had been a constant friend of Sir Robert Walpole, and ridiculed his triumphant enemies with prodigious

been able to learn who is even the supposed author of the ballad; but, as Terence says (and I would quote it in his words and his language,

---

success. But whatever was very good, Lady Hervey readily attributed to Lord Chesterfield: they had been early and they remained constant friends. Lord Chesterfield's literary and moral character has been lowered by his letters to his son; I think rather unjustly. It was a surreptitious publication of a domestic work, and should therefore not be considered as a specimen of what Lord Chesterfield either could or would have done had he been writing for the public; yet in a literary point of view these letters are unrivalled in ease, wit, good sense, and knowledge of the world.

If they were to be judged as a premeditated system of *general* education, I should concur in most, if not all, of the objections made to them; but what would be faults in one case may be, to a certain degree, merits in another: for instance, Lord Chesterfield's critics blame or ridicule his too constant appeal to the *graces*, and they delight to add that the appeal failed, for that the pupil was "the *most awkward* of human beings;" but it should be recollected, that it was *this* most awkward of human beings that his lordship was anxious to polish, and he therefore urged with proportionate earnestness those lessons of which the pupil stood most in need. Had the son been gay, graceful, and expensive, the discerning instructor would probably have taken a graver tone, and dwelt on morals, probity, and economy: he would have tried to make his gay man a man of sense, as, under different circumstances, he endeavoured to make his sedate man a man of the world; and had he been writing professedly *a system of general education*, he would probably have bestowed proportionate attention on the more solid qualities and on the lighter ornaments of life.

had I the book or a better memory), *whoever he is, he cannot long be concealed* *. Wit is full as distinguishing and as scarce a quality as beauty. I verily think there are not above four people in England who could write it; and, as a good subject, I must hope there are not so many by three who would write it.

I have seen two or three things printed in the daily papers on Lord Bath †, which I think are well enough written: there is one, which is a sort of a parody on the ballad of William and Margaret, that is prettily done; but there was one in the Evening Post of last Friday that is very indifferent, and not at all just, in my opinion; for sure the people who adhered to him in particular have no reason to find fault with him; he has taken sufficient care to provide for them: the motto to it is well chosen and wittily applied.

I am extremely of your opinion, and often

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* Ubi ubi est, diu celari non potest.
Eun. A. II. Sc. 3.

† William Pulteney, who, a year before, had been the most violent and popular patriot of modern times, had now dwindled into the Earl of Bath. Sir Robert Walpole, when forced to retire with the peerage, had laid this trap for his antagonist, and the greedy patriot fell into it. On their first meeting after their respective *falls up-stairs*, Lord Orford said to Lord Bath, with a malicious good-humour, "My lord, you and I are now the two most insignificant fellows in England."

cry out, like you, *homini homo quid præstat**; but he on whose account you now do so won't acknowledge the difference, and says there is very little difference between the understanding of one man and another; though he never attempts to prove it without confuting himself: I am glad you have more sincerity, and confess you know what you make others perceive.

Lord C——'s † meanness, though successfully unsuccessful, is to me an indelible blot, *illa labes nullis manibus elui potest*‡; I shall always see him behind the counter asking a blessing of his intended father-in-law, for *qui, quia non liceat non facit, ille facit*§.

The second pamphlet you sent me I think very much inferior to the first, though I do not think it a bad performance; I confess, in my opinion, it sometimes rises above that mediocrity of which you accuse it, and every now and then I think he is going to confute the other's argument; but when I follow him close, and expect

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* How much one man excels another.—TER. *Eun.* A. II. Sc. 2.

† This means, I presume, Lord Coke of Holkham, son of the only Earl of Leicester of that family; for shortly after this period, H. Walpole (in mentioning to Mr. Montague this lord's marriage to Lady Mary Campbell), states, that he had been previously "offered to all the *lumps of gold* in all the *alleys of the city*."

‡ That blot can never be washed out.

§ He, who does not, only because he dares not, *does*.

a full answer, I am stopped short, and find he is always going to answer, but never does; he makes *as if*—, but that's all. What that perpetual stop is, *qui ne laisse jamais passer outre*, I don't pretend to guess, perhaps you can; but, to be sure, it is not that the other side of the question is unanswerable—that can't be.

I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will send me the second volume of Horace's Works, and the other number of Virgil; for though I am persuaded I shall never attain to the true knowledge of either, yet the pursuit is an amusement; and perhaps in that, as in most other things, the pursuit is not much inferior to the possession.

LETTER III.

Ickworth, Oct. 20, 1742.

I HAVE received a dun from you, sir, by Miss Hervey*, and you will find that it is want of ability, not of inclination, to pay my debts, that has made me so slow in the discharge of them. I believe I must do like other traders who deal

---

* Probably her eldest daughter, Lepel, born in 1723, married 26 Feb. 1743, to Constantine Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave. Lady Mulgrave died in 1780.

for more than their stock will answer, avow myself a bankrupt, and oblige you to compound. As for the future, it will be more honest to confess my indigence, and depend on your charity; you must be very covetous indeed, if, with your affluence, you refuse an alms where it is so much wanted. I will every now and then return you thanks, but that is all I have to return.

I have received Horace and Virgil, two most agreeable companions, but such as I shall never be acquainted with. I now and then make some advances towards it, but am too lazy to take so much pains as is necessary to gain admittance where access is attended with such difficulties; *il santuario del tempio e riservato a sacerdoti e a favoriti della divinita, il vestibulo di esso e aperto per li profani* *. I shall only just peep into that *vestibulo*, but even that is an amusement to me; and I think amusements (be they what they will, with innocence) so desirable, so necessary to our well being, that I endeavour to transmute every trifle into that gold, and, thanks to health and good spirits, I am grown a pretty successful alchemist.

I could not help smiling at the peevishness you express at the author of the answer to

---

* The sanctuary of the temple is reserved for the priests and the favoured; the vestibule is open to the profane.

"Christianity not founded*, &c." I agree with you that he *writes short*, but do not think it any proof that he *thinks short;* perhaps he relies on the dwarfish understandings of his readers, and only writes on that subject at all because his views are neither short nor bounded, and remembers that *Christ-church*† was the reward of a not much better, though a much longer performance than his.

Does the town afford no news? I should think what a certain great man‡ has not done, and what it is said he has done, are both subjects that should be productive of discourse and entertainment; I mean to people who are un-

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* The pamphlet "Christianity not founded in Argument; and the Principle of Gospel Evidence assigned," published about this period, was by Henry Dodwell; and the answer which Lady Hervey defends was by Doctor Dodwell, Henry's brother. There was, indeed, another, and perhaps an abler answer, by Doddridge; but as Doddridge was a dissenter, and Lady Hervey intimates that the author of the answer looks to church preferment, she probably means the former.

† Doctor John Conybeare, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, published, in 1730, an answer to Tindal's "Christianity as old as the Creation," which no doubt influenced his being made, soon after (1732), Dean of Christ-church. His work, without being, perhaps, "*much better*" than Dodwell's, had more celebrity; which, even on an equality of merit, might arise from the greater notoriety of Tindal's book.

‡ Wm. Pulteney, Earl of Bath (see page 5). What he had *not done*, was pursuing Walpole to the block; what he *had done*, was accepting the peerage.

concerned in either. I have never been able to learn so much as a conjecture of the cause of the latter; the former, I think, it is not hard to guess. I am as much ashamed to see the length of my letter as to consider how long I was silent, and am afraid you will apply (in your mind, at least), the beginning of Horace's third satire, *Omnibus hoc vitium est**, *&c.* too happy if you don't add, *Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt* †.

LETTER IV.

Ickworth, May 8, 1743.

You were in the right, sir, in judging that the weakness of my eyes was occasioned by the coldness of the weather; and I was not in the wrong in thinking it was increased by the continuation of my reading: the change of the one, and an abatement of the other, have had so good an effect, that they are now quite well, and the use I make of their being so will prove to you that I wanted not inclination but eyes to write to you sooner. I hope you understood

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* All singers have this folly, that you can never get them to begin, nor, when they begin, to end.

† Fools, shunning one fault, run into its opposite.

that I desired you to buy me Oldcastle's remarks on the English history*. I will let you know how and when to send it me, when you have read it: I am impatient to hear your *approbation* of it—perhaps I should have said thoughts, but in this place I think those words synonymous; if they are not so, I shall be disappointed and sorry, I don't say mortified, because Lord Hervey's† commendations (to whom I am now reading it) have put me above that. It is really written with a spirit, an elegance, and a strength of style that quite charms me, and almost convinces me. I have read the pamphlet you did me the favour to send me. I think it well written, though, to be sure, I read it to great disadvantage, having never seen that to which it is an answer, and almost forgot that it is designed to defend. I shall trouble you to send me two things I see advertised: the one, "A second Dialogue between G—s E—l and B—b D—n‡;" the other, "An

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* By Lord Bolingbroke.

† Her husband, John Lord Hervey, to whom she was sincerely attached, and of whose talents and taste she justly entertained the highest opinion. His lordship died within a few months of the date of this letter, on the 5th of August, 1743.

‡ The first dialogue between Giles Earle and Bubb Doddington was by Sir C. H. Williams. The *second* dialogue I do not remember to have seen: it was certainly not by the witty author of the first.

ominous Warning, or the Wind in the East;" and any little thing of this kind that comes out I shall be obliged to you if you will send me, and give me credit for. I have recommended to Mrs. Phipps * Oldcastle's remarks; I should grudge myself any thing so good without her participation. I hear from many people of her good looks and good spirits; of every other good that belongs to her I want neither information nor confirmation: may she have as much happiness as she deserves! This sounds very just, but is far from being very reasonable, considering the small stock of happiness there seems to be in the world; for I am wishing her much more than a Benjamin's portion.

I hope I shall hear from you soon, and I beg you to tell me any news you can pick up; for though I am not very solicitous about it myself, yet those whom I wish to please here are always glad to be told any thing, foreign or domestic, material or trifling; in short, news and information is what they like, and I like to please them.

---

* Her eldest daughter.

LETTER V.

Ickworth, Oct. 31, 1743.

You have decided the dispute, sir, in favour of Lord Bristol's * ignorant antagonist; but though his side of the question was right, I find he was not so: he is not, however, the first who has gained a victory without gaining honour.

I am glad to find the judgment I made of Mrs. Phipps's spirit, from her letters, confirmed by your account of her: she has sense, and it is on such material occasions that it is of real use to have it; for the shining in conversation, or in a correspondence, may be very agreeable, but it is not essential to one's happiness: the overcoming our passions, regulating our conduct, and fulfilling the duties of life, is the true, the advantageous use to be made of superior understanding; which would be as ill

---

* John first Earl of Bristol, her father-in-law, with whom she resided pretty constantly, after Lord Hervey's death. What the controversy was does not appear; probably some little critical dispute, with which the family at Ickworth sometimes amused themselves, and when they could not agree, the case was sometimes referred to the decision of Mr. Morris.

employed in the former only, as one's money would be in purchasing ornamental furniture, when we wanted such as was necessary. They are insensible who do not feel their own misfortunes; but they are weak who do not struggle with them; and true philosophy consists in making life worth our care, not in thinking it below it. The misfortunes Mrs. P. can have met with are few and slight compared to those I have experienced: I see and feel the greatness of this last * in every light, but I will struggle to the utmost; and though I know, at least I think, I can never be happy again, yet I will be as little miserable as possible, and will make use of the reason I have, to soften, not to aggravate, my affliction. I hope she will do the same; for I wish her happiness as sincerely, as warmly as I do my own.

The political world seems to be in great agitation. My fears are great; but I am a coward, and may, therefore, think I see real danger where there is only the shadow of it. The next session, I believe, will be a warm one: the late partialities †, and the distinction

---

* The death of her husband.

† This alludes to George the Second's supposed partiality to the persons and interests of his German troops and subjects, which was now the popular clamour of the day.

by which parties are now to be known, will, I fear, be of very bad consequence. There is too little care taken to remove discontent on one side, and too much pains taken to foment it on the other. As Miss H——* has given a Confessor to one King, somebody ought to provide a Director for the other, who, I am sure, stands in need of a good one, for he seems in danger of being excommunicated; and though he has no great zeal for the church, yet I believe he would be sorry to be cut off from the profits of it. I hope, sir, I shall hear from you whenever you can spare time. It is rather a threat than a promise, for a country correspondent to assure you of being for the future a more regular one than formerly; otherwise I would both make and keep that promise. Do not, for the future, use the formality of signing your letters: you may possibly have occasion to write such news as may be better unsigned.

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* I do not understand this allusion.

LETTER VI*.

Ickworth, Nov. 18, 1743.

I QUITE agree with you indeed, sir, in thinking the licentiousness which at present prevails under the name of liberty infinitely surpasses any that was ever authorised in the most free of any civilised country.

It is, in my opinion, the easiest thing in nature to perceive, by all the writings that have for some time appeared, that all the warmth that is felt, and all the resentment that is expressed, is purely against persons, not things; it is not what shall be done, but who shall do them. I do not know that any of the measures have been right; I rather believe the contrary: but I am full as much persuaded that is not the cause of the heat and rage that universally appears: it is from interest, envy, ambition, and disappointment in the leaders; it is from their art, and, above all, the malice, rancour, insolence, and malignity of the lower sort, who are always glad to seize on any pretence to

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* This is an interesting letter. It will show how little there is new under the sun, and that the feuds and parties of a century ago were marked by characteristics which are equally descriptive of those which disturb our own times; and Lady Hervey's remarks are as just and as applicable to-day as they were eighty years ago.

gratify those dispositions, by first abusing, and then trampling on authority. If this was not the true cause of it, all patriots would not so constantly sell the people, nor would the people be always so saleable a commodity: the former would sometimes persevere steadily in their principles, or the latter would at length perceive the others had none: but I conclude it is tacitly understood among them, that the patriots for the time being shall be upheld by the vulgar till they reach the wished-for height; and the vulgar, in return, shall be aided, abetted, and encouraged, in mutiny and mischief, which is their chief happiness, let it light where it will. I think the heads of neither party are likely or able to prevent it. Parts are not wanting on either side, but capacity is deficient in each, and heat and resentment they have in common to both: but what have they not, is a man with a cool head, who has more judgment than wit; who can act steadily with temper, rather than write elegantly with fire; who wishes his real, rather than imaginary, advantage, and will consequently see that it cannot be disjoined from the good of the whole; I mean that of king as well as people, and of people as well as king; who will not justify oppression on one side, nor authorise rebellion on the other, but will maintain a due and strict subordination in all its gradations; for I find many people who approve it with regard to those below them, but will

not submit to it in those ranks above them*; and those who expect to receive ought to be equally ready to pay, or else they themselves weakly frustrate what they aim at. But now, indeed, people, instead of endeavouring to acquire a good character for themselves, seem only industrious to fix a bad one upon others. I confess to you, I have not patience to see men of wit, knowledge, and ingenuity, make no other use of those advantages, but to tear one another in pieces in the most cruel manner, and expose and lessen each other in the eyes of such as have no degree of those qualities they so eminently possess; and who, by barely doing justice to each other, might be almost adored by the rest of the world.

Several of the pamphlets† that have lately appeared are, in my opinion, writ with great wit, great art, and great ingenuity; but that leaven of bitterness and rancour, which is predominant in every one of them, to me spoils the taste of them all. This was always my

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* Dr. Johnson said, to the same effect, of the reformers of *his* day, that "they wished to level *down* to themselves, but not *up* to themselves."

† The reign of pamphlets is a good deal gone by: the political contest has been transferred to the newspapers, and a *paragraph* is now written, when our predecessors would have published a *pamphlet;* but the *bitterness and rancour* have, unhappily, not been lost in the change.

opinion: I have long seen, felt, and lamented this spirit on both sides. Pray, if you have heard who are really, or most probably, supposed to be the authors of the five or six best pamphlets that have lately appeared, do me the favour to let me know: some of them I guess at, others I cannot. The "Te Deum*" I have seen, and disapprove extremely of treating in so ludicrous a manner what at least the religion and laws of our country have consecrated; nor do I think it so well done, that the wit can compensate for the impiety of it. I hear there will be some changes soon; but I do not give much credit to that report, and still less to another I have heard, which is, that Mr. Pelham declares against taking the Hanover forces again into our pay, and will oppose it both in the cabinet and the parliament.

I am very glad to hear from you that dear Frederick is well: there is nothing so likely to

* This was a blasphemous political parody; a vile style of wit (even when it is witty), which justly revolts Lady Hervey's good sense and good feelings.

Such parodies have been made in all times, but obscurely, and generally without public scandal or offence. It was reserved for our days to see this abominable abuse made a public traffic; and that, which formerly was a dram which a profligate drank now and then in his own secret closet, is now broached in full hogsheads to the populace in the streets.

keep you both so as riding. I have found great benefit by it, and therefore persist in it, though both the horse and the weather are very bad, but differently so; for the one is too calm, and the other not calm enough.

I gave the pamphlet* to Miss Hervey. I leave her to answer for the effect it has had on her. I remember it very well, as I do many others by the same hand: they are no more to be mistaken or forgot than to be imitated, being indeed inimitable.

LETTER VII.

Ickworth, Dec. 17, 1743.

I AM very much obliged to you, sir, for all the news you send me, but much more so for your own reasonings upon it; it reminds me of the pleasure I took in reading the fable of the Bees, in which I only considered the text as what led me to the comment: let the former

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* This, from the affection with which Lady H. speaks of it, and of *so many others by the same hand*, was probably a copy of one of Lord Hervey's numerous pamphlets, which Mr. Morris had sent for the perusal of Mary, his lordship's second daughter, born in 1726, afterwards married to Mr. Fitzgerald.

be ever so trifling or uninteresting, the latter was always lively, instructive, and agreeable: not but I am glad to hear from you the politics of both sides, for, otherwise, I neither can read nor hear but of one side of the question, which is not at all agreeable to me; especially when I am afterwards expected to condemn the accused, whose defence I am not allowed to hear. All I can say upon those occasions is,—I am sure these people are greatly to blame, and if they say true, the others are so too.

As to the Saint Augustine*, whose faults you and I look at through such opposite ends of the telescope, I cannot yet allow of his heresy, though I readily admit his errors. My opinion of him is, that he would have made a far greater figure, if he had been either a much better or a much worse man. That part of his conduct which you seem so little able to account for,

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* What Mr. Morris's allusion to St. Augustin may have been does not appear; but Lady Hervey's just and accurate, though somewhat diffuse, character, can only apply to the celebrated William Pulteney, lately created Earl of Bath. Its generosity, too, deserves our approbation, when we recollect that Lord Hervey and Pulteney had been violent political enemies, and had even fought a duel (in which the former was wounded) on the subject of a pamphlet in defence of Sir R. Walpole, in which Pulteney was severely handled, and which he, erroneously however, attributed to Hervey: the real author was Sir William Young, secretary at war.

and which others, in my opinion, account for so falsely, was owing to that mixture of very right and very wrong, of which he is composed; for it is not a small portion of either of which he is possessed; that would only produce a mediocrity of character, which is very unlike his: it is the extremes of both which made him the idol of one party and the aversion of the other, and, which is strange, has now made him the contempt of both. The height of his ambition, the violence of his passions, and particularly of his resentment, made him take such steps, and declare such sentiments, as seemed the effects of a determined cruel disposition; these he could persist in till the impending blow could no longer be warded off by his antagonist; but when he had the dagger at that heart at which he so long had aimed it, his good-nature, which so long had slept, was awaked, and, shocked at the dreadful scene, interposed, and made him take that short turn, which I verily believe has saved the whole, or at least reprieved it. This is very ungratefully returned by one set of people, and very malignantly resented by the other. His good-nature and passion make him unsteady; the one making him frequently repent those things to which the other instigates him: thus, what is really a virtue, appears only a weakness, and often a vice, by its being so unluckily and so improperly accompanied. When I first knew

him (and long after he continued the same), he was the most agreeable, the most entertaining, and the most lively companion imaginable: he had an infinite deal of wit, which his great good-nature prevented from being hurtful or offensive to any one: his house was the rendezvous of all the agreeable part of both parties and both sexes; for parties had not then so far prevailed as to separate the young and agreeable on that odious account. He is naturally of a very friendly temper, and that fault* which he has of late been so much reproached with (how justly I cannot say, not having seen much of him since then), was, at most, but a judicious, reasonable economy. I was at his house frequently for months at a time: there was great plenty, and always the best company: he was very well and very elegantly served, and was at that time both liked and beloved by all who knew him. That passion which has since made him so unhappily famous, never arose beyond a few warm words, which were soon over, and as soon forgot. It was that cursed ambition, which is the bane of all happiness and society, which blew that spark into a flame, and has destroyed the quiet and reputation of a man designed to be the ornament, and not the incendiary of his country. Knowing him what I once knew him,

* Avarice.

and such being the first impressions I had of him, if I am a little partial to him, sure it is not to be wondered at. I verily think I can account for every wrong and seemingly unaccountable part of his conduct, from those jarring dispositions I have pointed out to you; and I cannot but think, that to a nature like yours, what I have said will in some degree palliate what, to be sure, cannot be justified: I would not attempt even that with many people; for rancour and inveteracy seem to be the prevailing vices (such I must call them) of this age. The pamphleteers on both sides have writ me out of love with them all; and though many of their performances are full of wit, sense, and reasoning, yet there is something so coarse, so rude, so rough, so ungentlemanlike, in most of them, that I cannot but think they are like porters fighting with cudgels, rather than gentlemen with swords. I cannot tell what weapons Lord Carteret* and his Pelham

* John, Lord Carteret, and afterwards, on his mother's death, Earl of Granville. Lord Chesterfield painted him in three words—"*precision, decision,* and *presumption;*" and Lady Hervey characterises him as "too enterprising, too inconsiderate, and too German." He was, like all the public men of that period, an inconsistent and intriguing politician, and he will be distinguished in history as having been prime minister for four-and-twenty hours; being, I believe, the shortest-lived in our annals. But he had great qualities

antagonists will attack one another with; but my opinion is, that he will trip up their heels if they do not knock him down. I like your reasoning upon it extremely, and hope, what you give only as speculation, will, by the event, prove to be prophecy. But what Daniel will arise, to detect and condemn those state elders, and preserve the poor Susanna, who is almost ruined by them, God only knows. I see many elders, but no Daniel, neither among the courtiers nor anti-courtiers; for as to patriots,

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his government of Ireland was, in very trying circumstances, judiciously compounded of moderation and firmness: he maintained the interests of England, while he conciliated the feelings of Ireland; and engaged and deserved, at once, the confidence of Walpole, and the friendship of Swift. His eloquence was splendid and impressive; his wit brilliant, easy, and classical; his own literature was considerable, and he encouraged and patronised learning in others; and was, upon the whole, an eminent statesman, a fine scholar, and an amiable man.

The Pelhams were the Duke of Newcastle and his brother Henry Pelham, the heads of one of the factions (I cannot call them parties) which divided the councils of George the Second. They and Carteret alternately *knocked one another down*, and made it up again, to the end of the reign. Mr. Pelham was a worthy man, of moderate abilities; but the Duke was assuredly the weakest and most ridiculous person that high station ever exposed to public derision; and yet he had always a considerable and sometimes an uncontrolled influence over the destinies of England and of Europe, during the greater part of the reign of George the Second.

though many assume that name, I hardly know any who have a right to it. Those who seemingly fight *against* power, in truth, only fight *for* it: *pro hac Helenâ certant**. And well it will be for us if our Troy be not destroyed: on fire it most certainly is.

I have read the "Sage's Triumph over Old Age," and must acknowledge his triumph over me. I can make nothing of him, he is too hard for me; and yet it amused and pleased me, without my knowing why: it is like some countenances that altogether are agreeable, though one is not able to point out any one beautiful feature in the face. I cannot guess what he aims at: some couched meaning I conclude there must be, though I cannot discover it: there is something lively in the style, very odd in the notions and stories, and the author has certainly a great deal of knowledge, and of out of the way knowledge; but what his book tends to, or aims at, I cannot conceive. I believe you will be very glad to find I tend towards a conclusion; indeed, I must resolve to finish my letter, or bind it: a very little more will make it a book; and there is no part of it I should care to publish, but the esteem with which I declare myself, sir, your humble servant.

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* This is the Helen for whom they fight.

LETTER VIII.

Ickworth Park, January 3, 1744.

I AM too impatient to thank you for your letters, sir, to wait till I am able to answer them. My eyes partake of the epidemical distemper that rages so much at present; they are extremely inflamed, very weak, and represent objects, not as they are, but imperfectly, and with false colours. I very much fear that the public disorder will only be cured by the same method that I shall be obliged to take for myself, and that both will be necessitated to have recourse to blood-letting; indeed, I do not see that such violent inflammations can end any other way. Dr. Broadbottom * seems to be in this way of thinking; and, in my opinion, is inclined to make all the people of England turn surgeons: indeed, I must confess the body politic seems to be full of gross, corrupt humour; but I am rather for gentle purgations

* The administration of the day was ludicrously called the "*Broad-bottom*," as the Whig administration of 1806 were called "*All the Talents*." It is singular, that although nothing seems so reasonable as an attempt to unite all public men of talents and influence in the public service, such coalitions have always been odious and unsuccessful. This is probably because the public think that *its* interests are not the real motive of the union.

and sweeteners, than those rough methods that the anti-ministerial quacks are so busy in applying; in short, I am afraid their medicines are too corrosive, and will throw the whole into convulsions, out of which it is well if we are relieved by any thing but death.

I do not know what party to wish for. *Quem fugiam habeo, quem sequar non habeo* *. The Pelhams are weak, false, and irresolute; Lord Orford too timid and too old to conduct the rudder in such a storm; Carteret is too enterprising, too inconsiderate, and too German: the opposition too violent, too factious, and too unconnected; and all of them, I fear, too ambitious and too unprincipled to be depended on. I could pick out from all parties a very few who would make good limbs; but I do not know where to get a head for them: pray look about, and, if you can find one, let me know.

LETTER IX.

Ickworth, Feb. 6, 1744.

YOUR last letter, sir, for which I give you a thousand thanks, was not only the clearest and

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* I see whom I should avoid; but him whom I would follow I do not see.—CIC. *to Att.* 6 Ep.

best abstract imaginable of the debate*, but the justest and liveliest picture that is possible of the debaters. You have summed up the facts and arguments on both sides with so much impartiality, that there is nothing wanting to enable me to decide on this important question, but a share of that judgment in forming my opinion, that you have shown in collecting the materials by which it must be determined. Upon the whole, I think the reasons for continuing the Hanoverians preponderate; and I see none there could have been against employing them, had not such unwarrantable, unreasonable, and injudicious partialities been shown. I think it is undeniably true, that the disbanding at this time must have been attended with very bad consequences: how dangerous the not disbanding them may prove, it is impossible to say, considering the animosity be-

* On the continuance of the Hanoverian troops in British pay. There were three debates on this question within a short period; viz. on the 9th of December and the 27th, and the 31st of January. Most of the lords mentioned in this letter spoke in all the debates; but that here particularly referred to must have been the last. In the second debate, Lady Hervey's eldest son, Lord Hervey, seconded Lord Sandwich's motion for the dismissal of the Hanoverian troops; but the debate, though long and stormy, went off on a point of form, and the real question was tried on the 31st, and carried by the government 86 to 41.

twixt them and the English troops, occasioned by the weakness of some people, and fomented by the malignity of others. I do not know how improper (in the nature of parliamentary decorum and reserve) it might be in Lord Carteret to say what he did, alluding to Lord Halifax and Lord Sandwich; but I am persuaded he said the truth; at least, if they do not really mean worse, or judge worse, than I imagine; and I conclude their making no reply to that part of his speech, was because they felt and could not contradict the truth of it. The pride and insolence which disgusted you*, is the strongest and truest characteristic of that man; and yet, when he finds it necessary, he can throw both off with an appearance of openness and easy familiarity which is very engaging: but then, as the French say,—*il ne recule que pour mieux sauter.* I yawned at your description of Lord Westmoreland's speaking†; had I been present I should have slept: I recollect the

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* In Lord Carteret.

† "A long, heavy speech," say the MS. Notes of Philip Yorke; though, in the Parliamentary Debates, it is not more heavy than, and not distinguishable in style from, the rest. This Lord Westmoreland, John, seventh Earl of the name of Fane, became, notwithstanding the dulness here attributed to his lordship, High Steward of the university of Oxford in 1754: he died, without issue, in 1762.

eminent dulness of the man, to which I have been a witness. Lord Lonsdale*, too, is quite in character, though a very different one, and the difference greatly to the advantage of the latter: he is certainly a man of sense, and, I believe, a man of worth. You have painted Lord Morton's† sort of understanding, and the disagreeable unfit accoutrements it always appears in, as like as Sir Godfrey Kneller could have painted his figure: there is a peculiar awkwardness and strength in both, which requires a masterly hand to express. Lord Chesterfield, too, is equally well drawn; that flow of language, Attic elegance, and peculiar manner of stabbing with the genteelest compliments, which he can make more pointed than arguments, is *he himself.* The introducing the Duke of Newcastle by having forgot him‡, is so proper and

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* See page 36, for an account of Lord Lonsdale.

† James, fourteenth Earl of Morton, made his first speech in the first Hanoverian debate. Notwithstanding his clumsy manners, he was not only a man of strong understanding, but had some tincture of literature and science; and he died President of the Royal Society, in 1768.

‡ This stroke of satirical oratory is not to be found in the printed speeches; in which, however, the *genteel compliments with which he stabbed* the Duke of Newcastle and the King are visible, even through the solemn sameness of the reporter. A comparison of this letter with the printed debates shows how little liveliness or accuracy the latter

so well imagined, that I should think it quite incomparable, had not a very favourite author of mine done just the same thing, with the same propriety, to a Prince of Conti; and, I think, to equal the Cardinal de Retz as an author, is to surpass every other.

The share you so warmly take in my son's glory* and my satisfaction, deserves more thanks than I can express; but not more gratitude than I can feel. Your prophecies would have been as welcome as, I believe, they were agreeable; you need not have feared my accusing you of flattery on that subject; for, to tell you the truth, I do not think I can be flattered upon that article: all I have heard of him upon this occasion even satisfies me; and it is not a little that will do so when he is concerned.

You tell me you have had a dispute about a

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possess. We are told that Dr. Johnson ceased to write these reports in February, 1743: if this be true, his successor has imitated him to admiration; for nothing can be more like the manner of Johnson, and nothing less like the varied styles of the different speakers, than these debates. The wit, vivacity, and taste, of Lord Chesterfield, are really not distinguishable from the *dulness* of Lord Westmoreland, or the *awkwardness* of Lord Morton.

* Lord Hervey, now about 22 years of age, had lately made his maiden speech, with considerable applause; and this, no doubt, is the *glory* which her ladyship means. None of her other sons were in any way distinguished at this period.

compliment of Bussy's*, but do not explain the dispute; if it was as to the elegance or propriety of it, I will tell you my opinion; but am far from giving it as a decision: I think it one of those sort of thoughts which glare at first sight, but which, upon a stricter examination, one perceives to be false: it is the element one draws in; what can be purer than that? It would have been more common, but much more just, to have made her breath equal, but not surpass it. The poor woman, to whom he made this exaggerated compliment, found his breath more venomous, without exaggeration, than the most subtile poison; since it destroyed her quiet

* The French ambassador at this period in England happened to be a Comte de Bussy; but Lady Hervey probably alludes to the Count De Bussy-Rabutin, the celebrated cousin of the still more celebrated Madame de Sevigné; and I even believe, that the lady whom he complimented, and afterwards satirised, was Madame de Sevigné herself: for we know, that in his curious and bitter work, the *Histoires Amoureuse des Gaules*, he drew a horrible character of her mind and person; and we find in the late editions of the letters of Sevigné a correspondence between her and her repentant and apologising slanderer, concerning some inscriptions which he had placed under her pictures in different rooms of his house, which she thought satirical, while he protested that they were sincere and complimentary. Lady Hervey, from her intimacy with French society, may have been aware of these circumstances.

and her fame: it was the very identical woman, to whose handsome face he afterwards tacked all the frightful bodies he could imagine, and all the scurrilous inscriptions he could invent, and dispersed them all over his house. He was a bad man; but he had wit and knowledge, and something very genteel in his manner of writing, when he could prevail with himself not to insert, or, at least, to expunge that rancour and vanity, which were very principal ingredients in his compositions. Lord Bristol desires me to thank you for his share of your compliment in my letter; I have received a great many [thanks] from him, for the pleasure I gave him in communicating part of your letter to him: I always take care that it shall only be what I am sure it is right as to you and agreeable to him to show him; and, indeed, the taste he has for your letters, gives him a sort of claim to see them. This is a title it is my interest to maintain; for if it be allowed of, it gives me a very indisputable right to hear often from you, which, indeed, sir, is a very sensible pleasure to me.

LETTER X.

Ickworth, Feb. 22, 1744.

I AM three letters in your debt, sir; but if it were thirteen I could only thank you for them, but not answer one of them; my spirits are not at present good enough to enable me to do the one, but the pleasure they always afford me will never suffer me to omit doing the other. The very long and particular account you gave me of the King's message *, the cause of it, and the debate upon it, I am particularly thankful for; it is much the clearest and the fullest account of all three that we have had, every part of which would have been matter for great speculation and disquisition to me, if my fears and concern for Mrs. Phipps † did not exceed what I do or ever can feel for the public. She

* About the latter end of January, 1744, the French fleet put to sea from Brest, and worked up Channel towards Dunkirk, where it was supposed an embarkation of troops was to be made for a landing in England, under the young Pretender. This occasioned considerable panic, and the King, on the 15th of February, sent a message to both houses of parliament, announcing the hostile designs of France.

† Her daughter, Mrs. Phipps, was at this period big with her first child, Constantine, second Lord Mulgrave, born 30th of May in this year.

has engrossed my thoughts; but when *she* is *better*, I will tell you more at large how very sorry I am to find the patriots are never likely to be so. I agree with you in the esteem you express for Lord Lonsdale*, who behaved on that occasion not like an anti-courtier, but like a true patriot. I am very sorry for the motion to which he objected, and which you very properly call extraordinary; nothing could be more absurd, except if one saw one's house on fire, one should rather make inquiry how it came to be so than endeavour to extinguish it. The Duke of

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* Henry, third and last Viscount Lonsdale. This amiable nobleman had been dead twenty-four years, and all the motives of falsehood and flattery must have been dead also, when Nugent Lord Clare consecrated an epitaph to his memory, "as a tribute of affection and reverence for his dearest friend, and for the most perfect man he ever had the honour and happiness of knowing." He is also celebrated, in conjunction with his friend Lord Chesterfield, in the Essay on Satire:

> "Now with a touch more sacred and refined
> Call forth a Chesterfield's or Lonsdale's mind."

The motion, however, which Lady Hervey justly admires him for opposing, and *for which she was so sorry*, was made by Chesterfield himself, and it *at that moment* certainly savoured of faction rather than of patriotism: it was to tack to the address to the King on the public danger, a demand for inquiry into the past conduct of the ministers.

Marlborough's and Lord Stair's conduct might also be termed very extraordinary *, if most people's conduct of late had not made that word more proper to be applied to Lord Lonsdale than to any other person. I very often of late think of four lines in Hudibras, which are often applicable, especially if you change hundreds into thousands.

> What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
> About two hundred pounds a year:—
> And that which was proved true before
> Proved false again? two hundred more.

If the King said what is reported he did to

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* This is not very well expressed. Lady Hervey thought Lord Lonsdale's *good* conduct extraordinary, and, at first sight, it would seem that she *contrasts* it with that of the Duke and Lord Stair. But what she must mean is, that Lord Lonsdale's conduct deserved that peculiar title in the most eminent degree, although the others behaved on this occasion very nobly, and in the same spirit as Lord Lonsdale: for notwithstanding they were in opposition, and even disgrace, the Duke seconded the address, and both offered their military services; which the King took so well, that he made Lord Stair commander in chief in England.

The Duke was Charles, second Duke of Marlborough and sixth Earl of Sunderland, born in 1706, died 1758. Lord Stair was John, the second Earl, the friend and pupil of the great Duke of Marlborough. Lord Stair was a nobleman of great and various merits: he had the reputation of being one of the best generals, the most adroit diplomatists, and the highest bred men, in Europe.

Lord Orford, I am quite of his opinion;—whoever he employs or consults, success attend him! He has two strong claims to my good wishes; he is my King, and Princess Caroline's* father.

I thank you for all the trouble you have given yourself to answer my questions about fasting: all I wanted to know was, whether it was recommended or enjoined by our church, and I find it is neither. I had seen and consulted the statute of Edward the Sixth; but as I found the injunction was as much upon a temporal as

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* Princess Caroline, youngest daughter of George the Second and of Queen Caroline. Of her, Horace Walpole gives the following amiable character: "Princess Caroline, one of the most excellent of women, was devoted to the Queen, who, as well as the King, had such confidence in her veracity, that, on any disagreement amongst their children, they used to say, 'Stay, send for Caroline, and then we shall know the truth.'" Walpole goes on to say, that Lord Hervey (husband of the writer of this letter) "had made a deep impression on the heart of the virtuous Caroline, who was *overwhelmed* at his death, after which she never appeared in public; and, after a few lingering years, she rejoiced at her own dissolution." Walpole was in general well informed; but the affection of *Lady* Hervey for Princess Caroline weighs greatly with me in doubting the princess's *tendre* for her lord: and as to her seclusion, it should be recollected, that the *Queen's* death preceded that of Lord Hervey, and that Princess Caroline's retirement was generally and naturally attributed to grief for a mother, to whom *she was devoted.*

a spiritual account, I imagined there had been some order of the church upon that account more binding. I don't know whether it is necessary for the soul, but I am persuaded it is in a great measure so for the body, at this time of the year. I would advise it at all times of the year, or at least from November to the beginning or latter end of May, to all those flaming foul-mouthed orators in the lower house, with frequent bleeding, to cool their blood, and as frequent emetics, to discharge their gall; for I take a great part of their virulence to be owing to the overflowing of it.

You say you have not read the "German Politics*:" pray, sir, read it on my word; it is sensible, and it is decent; and in my opinion the author understands all the subjects he has touched upon, though of that I confess you are a better judge than me. If any pamphlet comes out on the court side that is good, I shall depend upon you to send it me.

* A pamphlet lately published, under the title of "German Politics refuted." It was chiefly directed against Lord Carteret, who ingratiated himself with the King by a devotion to his German politics.

LETTER XI.

Ickworth, Feb. 27th, 1744.

THREE such letters as I have received this post from you, sir, is such a demand upon me, that I must be quite a bankrupt if I did not pay your bills at sight, and yet cash runs very low with me at present: the general danger, the particular one of poor Augustus*, and a great giddiness in my head, which I was seized with about half an hour ago, and is not absolutely gone off yet, makes me very unfit, though, you may see, extremely willing, to answer, or rather to thank you for your letters.

I wish the news of Admiral Mathews's victory may be true †, though I confess to you I am selfish enough to be infinitely more solicitous about Sir John Norris's success than his, as poor Augustus is with the latter. I expect, with impatience and terror, to hear what other

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* Augustus John, afterwards second Earl of Bristol, born 31st of August, 1721: a very distinguished officer in the royal navy; at this time a lieutenant in Sir John Norris's fleet, which was every moment expected to come to blows, in the Channel, with a French squadron of superior force.

† An account which came overland of Admiral Mathews's engagement in the Mediterranean, and which represented it as a victory.

suspected people are taken up; for, to be sure, there must be some of much more consequence concerned in a thing of this nature, than a Mr. Carte*, or Dr. Jebb, and two or three beggarly Scotch gentlemen. One never knows at such times who is safe, and one as little knows who deserves to be so; but when one's acquaintance, though not one's friends, are concerned, it is always shocking †.

Mr. Pitt has done a right thing with as ill an air as he could contrive it‡; it is like

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* Lord Barrymore and Colonel Cecil were taken up, but his lordship was bailed soon after. The Rev. Mr. Carte also was taken into custody, with a Mr. Garth; but both were discharged in May following.

† Lady Hervey's anxieties were probably for some noble friends of her own, perhaps Lords Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, and Cornbury, &c.; for at this period there is no doubt that the Pretender had correspondents in England, of high rank and unsuspected character. But Lord Chesterfield, though often in very factious opposition, was never, I believe, a Jacobite; Lord Bolingbroke, now very old, had abandoned public affairs; and I do not find that Lord Cornbury was at this period suspected (though he was afterwards) of any communications with the Pretender. It is now well known, that even Sir Robert Walpole himself had a correspondence with the exiled family; but it was (as his son assures us and as is most probable) with the knowledge of the King.

‡ Mr. Pitt supported the address in the commons pretty much in the same ungracious style that Lord Chesterfield had done in the lords.

giving a purse by throwing it at one's head. His Grace of Newcastle is the most incomprehensible of all. What could he mean (but I beg my own pardon for supposing he had any meaning), by throwing cold water upon the intended address*? Lord Orford has behaved, on this occasion, like Sir Robert Walpole; it is of a piece with his former, and not with his late proceedings†: I am exceedingly pleased with him. As to the opposition, you know what I have for some time thought of their conduct;

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* Feb. 24, the Duke of Newcastle laid before the lords the documents relative to the expected invasion by the Pretender; but no further notice being taken of the matter, and counsel being called in on a private bill, old Sir Robert, now Lord Orford, started up (for the first time in the lords), and, in a very spirited speech, reprimanded the lords for their neglect of his majesty's communication—of *such* a communication, at *such* a crisis! This vivid sally was felt by the house as Lady Hervey feels it; and instead of the *cold water* of the minister, an address was prepared on the spot, and unanimously carried.

† Lady Hervey thought (see page 51), as her lord also probably did, that Sir Robert Walpole ought not to have quitted the helm without a longer struggle, and a more pressing necessity. They also, perhaps, disapproved of his accepting the peerage; but, if he had not done so, Pulteney would not have fallen into the snare which had been set for him, and Walpole might thus have lost his political revenge, and risked his personal safety. Looking back with impartiality on all the circumstances, one cannot doubt that Walpole acted with prudence and dignity, and that he contrived that his rival should exhibit neither.

and the contempt with which I hear they still treat all this affair looks, in my opinion, extremely ill for them. If one had not more charity for them than they have for the ministry, one might give a very bad turn to the ease they affect in this time of danger. I am a little sorry for Dr. Jebb, whom you say is taken up because he is a non-juror, and therefore has acted upon principle; but as for those Desdemona politicians, who can *turn, and turn, and turn again*, I would have no mercy upon them, if they are *weighed in the balance, and found wanting*. You judge more like an honest than an experienced man, in thinking that the common danger will remove the jealousy and disaffection which has undoubtedly encouraged the present attempt. They may subside for a time, but will soon float again in ambitious, interested hearts: whilst there are more men than places in this kingdom, there will always be disaffection and opposition. I do not wonder that those who have designs join in the cry; but how honest, disinterested, undesigning men, are drawn in to do the same, is past my comprehension, if they either consider the present times, or read of the past. I think it is Swift, or Pope, I cannot tell which*, who says (and

* It is in the "*Thoughts*" which are attributed to them in common.

nothing that ever was said is more true),—*Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.* How the few can blind and lead the many as they do is incomprehensible. I wait the return of the post with the utmost impatience and anxiety. Perhaps this moment, whilst we are rejoicing for a victory, or grieving at a defeat, what may be the consequence of the latter God only knows. Oh for a Cicero now, to detect our Catilines, and preserve our country! We have those who can talk, but not who will act like him.

LETTER XII.

Ickworth, March 2, 1744.

I WAIT very impatiently for to-morrow's letters, in hopes of a little more certainty as to the state of affairs; for I confess to you I am equally at a loss to know what to fear, or why not to fear. The conduct of the French seems to me as unaccountable as our own: we have had every thing to fear, without taking any precautions; they have had the greatest designs, and have pursued them with nò vigour: we had been asleep, and they have not been well awake. What did they come for, if not to land, and why did they not attempt it, since

we could not have resisted them? How is it possible that we could be quite ignorant of their prodigious preparations to attack us? and how is it possible that, with such designs, they should be as ignorant of our inability to repulse them? in short, both French and English may properly say, with Socrates, *all they know is, that they know nothing.* My yesterday's informations were, that for the present, at least, all danger is over. I do not comprehend this: the danger was either less than was said, or is now more: but people seldom see and seldomer still represent things just as they are; their fears and their hopes by turns exaggerate their danger and their safety. What I least of all understand, is the unaccountable indolence and ignorance of the ministry; I can much better account for, though not more approve, the conduct of the opposition: this is abominable, but it is consistent; that is execrable and inconsistent. They all love power, and to that idol would sacrifice every thing: why are not the one as vigilant to keep it as the others to help it? I am surprised to hear you talk of *bigoted Jacobites* as of a numerous set of people; do you really think that most of the people concerned in this affair care more for one king than another, or act upon a principle of right or wrong? Would to God they did! for one might convince their reason, but not their passions. I believe there are a few, and but a

few, who on this occasion act from principle, or bigotry, if you please to call it so; but those would be too few to serve their own cause, or hurt ours: the danger, I fear, comes from another quarter; and what is the worst, is, that if the present malcontents were, in any sense, or in any way, taken off, new ones would still arise. The same causes would produce the same effects in people who are but too much in the same way of thinking, and who do not act alike only because they think alike. There are no people's behaviour I have approved of a great while, but Lord Lonsdale's and Lord Orford's; as to most of the others of all sides, I would not hang them (because I do not love hanging), but I would beg some for fools*, and brand others for knaves. You say *we judge by our reason, and act by our passions:* I fear we even judge by our passions; and that when they are very strong, they influence all our senses, and conquer all our reason; and, of all passions, I take ambition to be the strongest, and the most lasting: what a famous poet said very improperly of so weak a passion as love† might justly be applied to this:

> It lives in longing, like a miser's eye
> Who never knew nor saw satiety.

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* A proverbial expression, alluding to the old custom of keeping fools for amusement.

† This observation will, no doubt, startle all readers under

I want very much to know how one person * behaves on this occasion, and what he can think (if he thinks at all) of those people who call themselves his friends, and are his servants, and yet treat all this, in which he is so deeply concerned, with such indifference. The Scripture says, *those that have ears let them hear:* I add, those that have eyes let them see. But I recollect another part of Scripture much more applicable on this occasion; *for he has ears and hears not, eyes hath he and seeth not, neither is there any understanding in him.* If to-morrow I have more news and more time than I have to-night, I shall probably add to this already unreasonable letter. Be that as it will, I am glad to repeat to you my assurances of my being your humble servant.

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five-and-twenty; but to maturer considerations it will, I think, appear equally just and new.

* The King. It will be seen by the two next letters, that Lady Hervey's regret at the King's supineness, and her indignation against his ministers, were not prompted by any bias towards their political antagonists: like most impartial lookers-on, she thinks both sides to blame.

LETTER XIII.

Ickworth, March the 9th, 1744.

I AM again got deeply into your debt, sir, and have gratitude enough to attempt to acquit myself, without having either spirits or capacity enough to succeed in the attempt; and I think my *friends** the French have not much more of either than myself, if they give over their attempts in so favourable a conjuncture, for so small a loss as six hundred men: I wish, but cannot believe, that our danger and their designs are over. What has surprised and pleased me more than any thing that has happened a good while are the addresses that have been presented to the King, on this occasion, from all bodies of men in this kingdom: the merchants†, in particular, have behaved like honest

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* Lady Hervey used to be laughed at among her acquaintance for her fondness for France. Horace Walpole, in writing to George Montague about the successes of the French arms in 1745, and the approaching terrors of slavery and *wooden shoes*, says, "My Lady Hervey, who, you know, dotes on every thing French, is charmed with the hopes of these new shoes, and has already bespoke herself a pair of pigeon wood."—*Orford's Works*, vol. vi. p. 14.

† About four hundred of the principal merchants in London presented a spirited address to the King on this

and sensible men, who know that their own interest, and the real general interest of the nation, depend on the support of the present government*. I am glad to find it has not been in the power of any of the pamphleteer and oratorical incendiaries to dazzle and blind the most considerable part of the nation, so as to hinder them from seeing their danger, and where their safety can alone be found; but I am persuaded there are a great many dangerous and ill-intentioned people, who certainly must have been deeply concerned in this affair: I wish they may be discovered, and a full conviction had of their practices, not only to prevent the mischief intended, but also to prove that it was intended, and make those see who shut their eyes that they may not see. I confess I have no patience with the rogues who mislead, nor with the fools who will be misled. My Lord Barrington† I am absolutely

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occasion; but, in looking over the names, it seems very remarkable, that full one half were *foreign;* no doubt principally those of Protestant refugees.

* The house of Brunswick.

†† William Wildman, second Viscount Barrington, afterwards so long and so well known as Secretary at War. On the 10th February he made a very indiscreet motion, to which Lady Hervey alludes, for the production of all secret intelligence relative to the late preparations in the ports of France; and such was the heat of party, that though every one must have seen the impolicy of such a disclosure at such

unacquainted with, so can say nothing as to his parts or principles; but I think he has given a very bad sample of both, by the motion you wrote me word he lately made. As to my Lord Talbot, he has long made himself the fool* of one party, and the joke of both; and, by the ridiculous violence he has shown on all occasions, has always contrived to be in the wrong, even on the right side of the question. I have heard the heads of the people with whom he has acted laugh at him as much as those against whom he acted; and yet he certainly has a degree of parts, but the flattery and indulgence of Rundle† has been his ruin. I don't know

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a time, 141 members voted with him. The majority were 234. Lord Barrington came into office soon after, and was, for the rest of his long life, as great an enemy to faction as if he had never been in opposition.

* John, first Earl Talbot, son of the Chancellor, had attached himself to the factious politics of Frederick Prince of Wales. Horace Walpole has preserved from oblivion some of the *ridicule* of this peer's character and conduct, particularly in his office of Lord Steward, at the coronation of the late King: and, indeed, he goes so far as to express some strong doubts as to the Earl's sanity of mind (*Letter to Mont.* 14 Ap. 1760): but what the follies were for which his lordship was remarkable at this moment, I do not discover; probably some speech in parliament, which has not been thought worth reporting.

† Dr. Thomas Rundle, a divine whose orthodoxy was somewhat suspected. Lord Chancellor Talbot recommended him for the see of Gloucester in 1733: but the heads of the

whether you knew that Rundle, but he was the greatest flatterer and greatest talker I ever met with in my life.

I should not be surprised, if, upon the first emotions at the news of the embarkation*, the King should have said the very words you were informed he did. The first was a very natural thought; and his opinion as to Lord Orford I perfectly agree in, and am persuaded such a thing as this could not have happened during his administration, and he have been quite uninformed of it, till the French fleet was actually on our coasts; but I cannot at all agree with you in the approbation you give to his (Lord Orford's) conduct. For the last two years, had he not been quite infatuated, and quite asleep, during the time this parliament was choosing, what happened to him could not have happened; and even after that, had he had courage† and spirit enough to have dissolved it, he might now have been acting the first part, instead of sup-

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English church resisted this promotion with such effect, that Lord Talbot's *protegé* was obliged to content himself with the lucrative bishopric of Derry, in Ireland; an appointment which gave great scandal and discontent. The Bishop, however, has the honour of being favourably, though faintly, recorded by Pope, "who could make immortals:"

"Secker was decent—Rundle had a heart."

* Of the young Pretender, from Dunkirk.

† See the note to page 42.

porting, abetting, and acting an under part, with the people who basely tripped up his heels. As to the envy and clamour against him subsiding, it is entirely owing to chance, from the great events that have intervened, and not to any wisdom or prudence of his, to which you, I think, falsely attribute it. His last speech I approve as much as you can do, and I think I give it the greatest praise in saying it was worthy of *Sir Robert Walpole.*

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[I have here ventured to omit an ingenious but long (and what would perhaps now appear a tedious) commentary on the pamphlet of *German Politics refuted,* which had not pleased Mr. Morris so much as it did Lady Hervey.]

LETTER XIV.

Ickworth, March the 24th, 1744.

I SHOULD be extremely ashamed, sir, of not having written to you sooner, had it been possible for me to have done so; but several unavoidable impediments have interfered with my daily intentions, which are too tedious to enumerate, especially when I have so little time, as at present, to say any thing to you, and yet have so much reason to repeat my

thanks for your letters, and expatiate on the pleasure and information they give me.

I think the news both from France and the Mediterranean * is very bad; indeed, I see nothing that is not so for us: our ministers seem both unskilful and neglectful, and our pretended patriots seem determined, like Achitophel, *either to ruin or to rule the state* †. I heartily pity the King, and as heartily wish that any of those who either promote or oppose his measures wished him as sincerely and as disinterestedly well as I do, and as, I firmly believe, you do also. Our seamen, who used to be the honour of this nation, have now put the finishing stroke to its dishonour: whether Lestock's motive for his scandalous behaviour was corruption, cowardice, or pique, it is equally criminal, equally unpardonable. I can hardly think that the King of Prussia will sincerely engage against us, because I cannot see that it is his interest to do so; and I take that to be the sole rudder by which he steers. I agree, indeed, with you, that so far from its being childish at present to fear, nothing but a child's unthinkingness can make one not fear.

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* Mathews and Lestock's action, which took place on the 11th Feb. 1744.

† Dryden's beautiful character of Lord Shaftesbury under the name of Achitophel.

I shall be obliged to you if you can get me a more particular account of the debate* upon the extraordinary supplies, particularly with regard to the forty thousand pounds; I shall be glad to know what is said for it, and what may be said for it: I am sure nothing can be said for the mischievous and wicked insinuations thrown out in the House of Commons upon that occasion, and I know still less what can be said or thought of the Prince†, who keeps servants that, at a time like this, seek to aggravate every thing, and to revive in *Forty-four* the miseries of *Forty-one*. Poor man! he does not see that every stroke that is aimed at his father recoils upon him: the eyes of his mind are as

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* On the 19th of March.—The 40,000*l.* was a sum advanced to the Duke of Aremberg to put the Austrian troops in motion in 1742, and which Mr. Lyttelton, who led the opposition on this occasion, said was as high a stretch of prerogative as the levying of ship-money. Mr. Pitt took the same tone, and the debate was on the whole very virulent. Lyttelton's motion was lost by a division of 232 against 144. The question was again debated, on a specific motion, on the 10th of April, and the opposition were again defeated by 259 to 145.

† Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was at the head and at the bottom of an opposition to his father, virulent in its conduct and paltry in its motives: this period is perhaps the most disgraceful in the history of English parties. Lyttelton was at this period in his Royal Highness's family.

short-sighted as those in his head*. I have run on a great deal, without any connexion, from feeling myself in a great hurry, and not in a little fright: I could continue in the same way of writing much longer, but that my letter is stayed for now, and won't be so long.

LETTER XV.

Ickworth, April the 7th, 1744.

I AM extremely obliged to you, sir, for your two last letters. I believe I shall find a great deal of trash in the Harleian Miscellany†, but mixed with several curious things, and little tracts not recoverable any other way; for which reason I shall continue to take them, and, till I go to town, must trouble you with them. I don't know whether you have read any of them, but I think there is one, entitled *The Mischiefs and Unreasonableness of endeavouring to deprive his Majesty of the Affections*

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* The Prince was very near sighted.

† The periodical compilation from the Harleian library, published by Osborn the bookseller: Dr. Johnson wrote the preface and notes to the first volume of this work, and it was on some dispute arising out of this transaction that the great moralist was said to have knocked Osborn down with one of his own folios.

of his Subjects, &c. that would be full as proper for the present times as for those in which it was written; and I fear it would do just as little service now as it did then. I think nothing a stronger proof of the universal malevolent disposition of men, than that all writings and speeches which tend to inflame and irritate the mind are always well received, even though but indifferent; whilst others, that endeavour to soften and compose it, are neglected or disliked, though in themselves better performances. This I have often observed, and as often regretted; but I begin now to observe without regretting; for I am grown a great philosopher and a good manager, bearing with patience the disagreeable things, and more disagreeable people, one frequently meets with, and making the most of the smallest pleasures I can extract from any thing. Where pleasures are wanting, I endeavour to create amusements, and am determined to search for them in every incident, in every event; and to practise so much chymistry as to transmute indifferent things into pleasing ones, and unpleasing things into indifferent ones. I confess I am as yet but a novice in this science, but depend upon time and resolution to make me an adept.

I thank you for the offer you make me of entering into an *ecclesiastical* controversy, but for the present choose to stick to the *political* ones; as the latter are now more generally

canvassed, and the former are not in the least more satisfactory. I formerly dealt a good deal in them, but found the authors on all sides less intent to seek for truth themselves than to make fallacy pass for it upon others; not caring to be convinced if they could but confute, and endeavouring rather to appear learned themselves than to make others really good; therefore, indeed, I have done with them. I will think as I can, believe as I must, do as little hurt and as much good as I am able, and take my chance for the consequences. My resolving to look into political papers is not from supposing I shall come at the least more truth in this study than in the other; but if one does not know how to use the words *war*, *invasion*, *treaty*, *minister*, *patriot*, *rogue*, and *rascal*, with all the rest of the political jargon, one must not pretend to correspond or converse with any human creature, either in town or country. To qualify myself, therefore, to do both in perfection, I will get a good deal of assurance, an equal quantity of scurrility, which, with the ignorance I am already mistress of, will fit me for the genteelest societies, and make me, like the light-bodied chariots that are advertised, fit either for town or country*.

* It was about this period that light carriages on springs began to supersede the waggon-like coaches of our ancestors.

I have not seen the King's speech. If, as I suppose, my son * has sent it to Lord Bristol, I shall have it as soon as he has done with it. The declaration of war Mrs. Phipps sent me, which I think very well drawn up, and with so much coolness, that I should think Lord Orford had at least a hand in it.

LETTER XVI.

Ickworth, April the 25th, 1744.

I GROW so lazy, and you continue so agreeable and so regular, that every time I do write I have excuses to make for my silence enough to fill half my letter. They are always insipid enough the first time, but grow, on repetition, insupportably tiresome; I will therefore omit them for the future, and, though I am ever so long without writing, will depend on your knowing me well enough not to impute to indifference, fickleness, or neglect, what is certainly always owing either to business, interruption, or, which is the most frequent, constitutional listlessness and indolence. It is not

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* George William, now Lord Hervey, afterwards second Earl of Bristol; born 31st Aug. 1721; died, unmarried, 20th March, 1775.

that I am unwilling to write to you, but unable to write at all; and in such a situation of mind or body (for which it is primarily owing to I know not, as it affects both) I often run over three or four pages of a very entertaining book without knowing a single word I have gone over. I hope my expedition to France, which now draws near, will, by amusing my mind and exercising my body, recover both; and though increase of years will hinder them from recovering their former vigour, yet I flatter myself it will enable both to throw off some part of that weight with which they are oppressed. I shall go to London in a week, stay there a month, return here for a fortnight, and then to London again for some days on my way to Dover. In what part of France we shall fix for the winter I know not yet, but I fear not so far as Dauphiné or Provence, which are the two places I chiefly wished to go to; so true it is, that, even in the most trifling as well as in the most material circumstances of life, nothing corresponds with our wishes, nor answers our intentions: however, I shall see my daughter, some places that I have a curiosity to visit, and breathe a better air, in a more wholesome climate, and less changeable weather. I am extremely pleased with all you say of Frederick*, for I value your

* Frederick Augustus, her ladyship's second son, born 1st Aug. 1730, died 8th July, 1808. He was bishop of

judgment; and though partiality may play the telescope, and magnify his merits whilst it diminishes his faults, yet he must have merit, to engage you to be partial: he has certainly very good parts and great application, and will, I am persuaded, make a considerable figure in the world. I have heard from him, of late, pretty often; he is a very agreeable, entertaining correspondent. His scheme of study and travelling, as you relate it to me, seems to be a very good one; whether his brother will approve it, or he persevere in it, I know not: whatever he does, I wish it may answer well, and that his success may be agreeable to his wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Phipps are gone to-day to meet him at Newmarket: they return to-night. I have desired him, by them, to meet and breakfast with me at Chesterford next week, in my way to London.

I hear poor Dr. Middleton† is in a very

Derry, in Ireland; and succeeded his brother as fourth Earl of Bristol in 1799. Mr. Morris was his tutor.

† Dr. Conyers Middleton, author of the Life of Cicero, which he had dedicated to Lord Hervey. He died on the 28th July, 1750, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Lady Hervey would probably not have thought so highly of him if she had known that he had subscribed the thirty-nine articles *politically*, merely to obtain the living of Hascombe, although he was in affluent circumstances, which ought to have put him above such deplorable meanness. His avowal, too, of this act in one of his private letters is almost as shame-

declining state of health. Sir William Bunbury told me he thought it was in a great measure owing to the fatigue and vexation he had undergone in a lawsuit with his architect. Be the cause what it will, I am sorry for the effect: Dr. Middleton will certainly be a great loss in the learned world, in which he makes a great figure, and has done great honour to this nation. I hear he has several treatises by him that are of a free nature, and wrote more with the spirit of a philosopher than of a divine. I wish I could see them; but I question whether their being made public will be of so much service to the vulgar as pleasure to the more enlightened. I know nothing of Dr. Newcombe*, but shall be glad to hear any friend of yours is preferred, as it may be a step to your being so.

There are a set of papers that have come out twice a week, ever since the latter end of March, entitled the *Rambler*, that are all distinct essays

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less as the act itself: "Though there are many things in the church which I wholly dislike, yet, while I am content to acquiesce in the *ill*, I should be glad to taste a little of the good, and to have some amends for the *ugly assent and consent*, which no man of sense can approve." *The spirit of a philosopher*, forsooth!

* Dr. John Newcombe, made Dean of Rochester in the room of Dean Bernard, promoted to the see of Raphoe, in Ireland.

on various subjects, and which I think extremely well written. The subjects, the manner of treating them, and the language, I think very much in the style of Mr. Melmoth, the author of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne's Letters, and the translator of Pliny's; but I have not heard that he is the writer of these papers, nor any guess from any body I agree, who is. We agree, I find, extremely as to our opinion of Julian*. I think him a great man in every respect; but I cannot agree with you that the French author† of his life is quite impartial.

You are very luckily relieved, and I disagreeably enough interrupted, by my being sent for by Lord Bristol to write a letter for him, which has kept me so long that I have only time to bid you adieu, and seal my letter.

LETTER XVII.

Ickworth Park, July the 10th, 1744.

INDEED, sir, you are very much mistaken; I have brought neither the mirth nor the cheer-

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* Julian the Apostate.
† Probably La Bléterie.

fulness with me, which I rather found than introduced at Buckingham-House*: all I have brought with me is a vain regret of what I have left, and a distant hope of sometime or other recovering it. Till Mrs. Phipps, and two or three other Londoners, spoiled me, I was very well satisfied here; now I put myself in mind of the situation Almahide, in the Conquest of Grenada, represents herself in, after her acquaintance with Almanzor: till then, she says,

> I with a vulgar good was dully blest;
> But in Almanzor having found what 's rare,
> Now I have learnt too nicely to compare.

If Prince Charles's passing the Rhine† will procure and hasten a peace, you need not wish me joy, for I shall have it: if it is only an advantageous circumstance of war to *our* enemies, the wish will be a vain one. I love my

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* The Duchess of Buckingham—a natural daughter of James the Second, and widow (by a second marriage) of Sheffield first Duke of Buckingham, who built Buckingham-house,—was the maternal grandmother of Mr. Phipps, who married Lady Hervey's eldest daughter. It would seem that Lady Hervey had been lately on a visit to Buckingham-house.

† In the first days of July, 1744.

country * too well to be susceptible of joy on an occasion that can distress her. But what will always be agreeable to me, sir, is a continuation of your correspondence; and what you may always depend on is a continuation of my friendship, my best wishes for your welfare, and most zealous endeavours to contribute to it on every occasion. The old woman is just going †, the old Ickworth distress; it will interrupt the form of my telling you I am your

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* This and some phrases of subsequent letters, pp. 65, 75, and 86, in which Lady H. talks of Prince Charles acting against *her* country, are hardly intelligible except by supposing that her ladyship adopted the pleasantry of her friends, who, from her supposed predilection for French society, called her a French woman; for Prince Charles, in fact, commanded the allies of England against France! The expression in the text may seem almost too serious for this interpretation: but I see no other, except the still more improbable supposition, that Lady Hervey was ignorant of the local position of Prince Charles's army, and did not know whether he had advanced or retreated. It appears, however, from the following letter, that Mr. Morris himself did not clearly understand this passage, nor *which* country her ladyship meant to call hers. I suspect that Lady Hervey's family were originally from one of the islands on the coast of France; as I find that, about this period, a Mr. Lepel was the proprietor of Sark. This may have been the foundation both of her French taste, and the joke of considering her as a *French woman.*

† To the post-office.

humble servant, but nothing can prevent the attempt of proving to you that I am your friend.

Lord Carteret's parcelling out the French dominions is dividing the bear's skin.

LETTER XVIII.

Ickworth, July the 20th, 1744.

To prove to you, sir, that I don't want gratitude for the kindness of my friends, though you think I want affection for what you imagine to be my country*, I will postpone the impatient desire I have to congratulate both myself and you on your reading and admiring my Cardinal†, in order to thank and assure you how very gratefully sensible I am of the friendly care you take of Frederick, and of the great advantage I know it must be of to him. I hope and believe he feels it as he ought; at least, I am sure I do, and cannot receive a more effectual nor a more agreeable proof of your friendship, than in your cultivating a

* See note in page 64.

† The Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz was a very favourite book with Lady Hervey.

capacity, which, if I mistake not, is equal to any thing, and in the forming a mind, which as yet is susceptible of any impressions. When I say that, I would not have you think that, with so much experience as I have had, I have not more observation, and more penetration, than to imagine that the nature, any more than the person or understanding of a child, is to be created: no; but they are all three to be improved, and may all three be made to take a good or a bad *plie* with constant and proper care. Men and women, I am sure, are, as Dryden well expresses it, *but children of a larger growth*. They acquire arts, but not qualities: the latter, whether good or bad, grow like their features: time enlarges, but does not make them; and all that incessant care and the best education can do, is to soften passion into spirit, raise indolence into gentleness, and convert obstinacy into steadiness. A changeable light temper can be made nothing of that I know; it is a Mercury that cannot be fixed: when you think to grasp or confine it, it eludes the touch, and when you conclude you have it surest, it is then that it never fails to escape.

Our favourite, the Cardinal, to whom I return with pleasure, had shades; but the bright part is so refulgent, so dazzling, that I can hardly perceive those shades, as I call them, or blots or spots, as others name them. His book, I really think, has none; he is cer-

tainly the French Tacitus, with this difference, in my opinion, between the Latin and French authors, to the advantage of the latter, that his refinements and penetration pierce the depths of nature, but never go beyond them. His *portraits* and *tableaux* both equal those of Tacitus; the drawing is as strong, and the colouring as lively. What makes these memoirs perfectly adapted to the taste of Englishmen in particular, who have any taste, is, that the period of time he treats of in France resembles *all* times in this country: the contagion of caballing, disobedience, disaffection, rebellion, &c. had reached even them, and they were Englishmen *pro tempore* *. But Lewis the Fourteenth, who *was* a king, soon dispelled those bad vapours: he shone out with lustre too bright, too conspicuous, for those small planets, who had been twinkling early in his morning, to be perceived, and (like his own emblem, the sun) he at once gave and eclipsed their brightness. Pray make me no excuses for *troubling* me, as you very improperly call it, with an account of the book; but, as you proceed, give me your further opinion of it and him, and of some of the principal personages and faults mentioned in it: it will please me

* For the time.

when I find you are of my opinion about them; it will correct me when you are not.

The gentleman's* observation, which you mention, on Mr. Pope's will, is so just a one, that it is impossible not to admire him, and be peevish with one's self for suffering any one to make it before one, but those who had seen the will first. If Mr. Pope's illegal delicacy should occasion a lawsuit, I should be very desirous to hear what Mr. Murray's† artful eloquence, stimulated by his friendship for the deceased, could make him urge in justification and support of that expression.

I am ashamed of the trouble you have had about a Davila for me, but must give you a little more; for I confess I don't like the quarto edition you mention, nor the price of the folio one; but if you can get me no good one that will come cheaper, I had rather give the best price than have the worst edition. I have made you so long a visit this morning, that

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* This observation, *obvious* as Lady Hervey describes it to be, escapes me. It probably related to the bequest in favour of Martha Blount; and the *illegal delicacy* was perhaps calling the lady by *that name*, when some persons supposed Pope to have been married to her; in which case the bequest to *Miss Martha Blount* might occasion a lawsuit.

† William Murray (the great Lord Mansfield), one of Pope's executors.

I must not pretend to any ceremony, besides that it is now-a-days more fashionable to run out of a room without making a curtesy; and a regular or formal ending of a letter, with an *humble servant* tacked to it, is only an awkward, and now-out-of-fashion curtesy; therefore I run away without making one, to suit the fashion and my paper.

LETTER XIX.

Ickworth-Park, Aug. the 6th, 1744.

You need not wish for great events, sir, to make your letters agreeable to me; for though I don't care to be ignorant of such when they happen, yet I do assure you those narrations are far from being the most interesting, or the most entertaining, part of your letters. Your two last are the most agreeable imaginable to me: they are very judicious and very lively comments upon my favourite book, at the same time that they are great and very just *encomiums* upon my favourite author*. The gene-

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* Cardinal de Retz. In this and the next letter Lady Hervey makes several commentaries on different parts of De Retz's Memoirs: they are always sensible, but some-

rality of people read him very unfairly, and, admiring only the beauties of the work, are unjust to the merits of the author: they condemn him for the errors, which few of them would have perceived had he himself not pointed them out, and never applaud him for the sincerity which led him into making that voluntary confession, and which, with the generality of people, only makes

"His faults descried, and all his clearness scorn'd."

I agree with you in your opinion of most of the people mentioned in his book; but, if you read different authors who writ of those times and people, I believe you will not have quite so good an opinion of Monsieur le Prince*, except as a warrior, as the Cardinal has given you of him: his partiality to him is very great, as indeed his obligations were too; but Monsieur le Prince was certainly by no means a friendly man, nor a grateful one—two qualities, which, in my account, are the basis and foundation of all good ones: he was extremely

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what prolix; and as the work itself is so well known, I have thought it justifiable to omit the greater part of these observations, and to retain only a few, as very just and spirited historical sketches, and as specimens of her ladyship's style of criticism.

* Louis, the great Prince of Condé.

interested, and had not a grain of good-nature in his composition.

A-propos to good-nature, I must interrupt my observation on the Prince of Condé's character, to express my surprise that you should declare good-nature and good temper to be synonymous: I am persuaded, when you consider it, you will be of a different opinion. As I take it, good-nature is a quality of the soul, good temper of the body: the one always feels for every body, the other frequently feels for nobody. Good tempers are often soured by illness or disappointments, good-nature can be altered by neither: one would choose the one in a companion, the other in a friend. I judge good-nature to be the effect of tenderness, and good temper to be the consequence of ease and cheerfulness: the first exerts itself in acts of compassion and beneficence, the other shows itself in equality of humour and compliance. Mrs. Phipps and I are intimate, and you not unacquainted, with one who exemplifies this distinction; one who, superior to Titus, has not lost a day, but has, ever since she had the power of doing good, exerted it daily to some object or other; and yet, from a temper of which she is not mistress, makes herself continually, and her friends frequently, extremely uneasy.

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To return to the prince. To have made a perfect good figure, he should never have left the camp: there he shone both as a soldier and a general; and his courage could only be equalled by his conduct in the field. At home, he was insolent to his superiors, intolerable to his inferiors, bitter in his raillery on all his acquaintance, treating even his equals with contempt and derision, and, in the common affairs of life, impracticable, and not to be depended upon; insensible of the obligations he had to others, and never thinking those he laid on others sufficiently acknowledged: he was extremely interested; and towards the latter end of his life, in spite of all his pride and his royal blood, solicited, with all the meanness of a common courtier, to have the honour of contaminating that blood by matching it with a natural daughter of the King by Madame de Montespan.

I agree with you in admiring Monsieur de Molé* and Madame la Palatine, and think as you do about Monsieur de Bouillon. The Cardinal

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* Matthew Molé de Champlatreux, First President of the Parliament of Paris; an able magistrate, who particularly distinguished himself by his dignified fortitude in the riots of the Fronde. There is a fine portrait of him in the tumult of the famous "Journée des Barricades," in the first *salon* of the Louvre; copied, if I may use the expression, from the still nobler picture by De Retz.

himself had certainly great faults; but, as they were truly *great* faults, I forgive them. I know but one he had of another kind, which was vanity; and that led him into telling a very silly story (which I always want to blot out of his book), only to gratify it on the two favourite heads of courage and gallantry. It would be endless for me to attempt to point out the passages that please me the most in his book, which would be only transcribing it; for, though I have read it six or seven times over, I find in it new beauties every time I look into it. As to the man, he was a man; but I have neither known nor read of any politician since his time who had a better heart, or near so good a head.

I am ashamed of the length of my letter, as it will take up so much of your time in reading it, and as it has employed too much of mine to leave me any time to acquit myself of some debts of this kind of a long standing. You know I have renounced all forms at the end of my letter; therefore, depend upon it, it is not in compliance with them, but from the sincerity of my heart, that I assure you, sir, I am very truly your humble servant.

LETTER XX.

Ickworth-Park, August the 17th, 1744.

You have given yourself a great deal of trouble, sir, to procure me so much intelligence about Mr. Le Pelley's* family and arms; the last of which is a full conviction that he was no relation to us. I am ashamed of the trouble you have had, but cannot be sorry for it, as every new proof I receive of your friendship is a pleasure to me. I make use of my secretary again to-night; not that my eyes are very bad, but to prevent their being so, for I have got a cold, and find it affects them a little. I return you the impression of Mr. Le Pelley's arms, with a great many thanks.

I have seen the King of Prussia's manifesto†, which I think very well and very artfully drawn for his purpose, very bitter against the Queen of Hungary, and very impertinently embarrassing to our King, as there are very odd insinuations, and even a sort of an appeal to the people against the present measures. He is certainly

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* This name is so spelled in the manuscript copy; but I suppose it must have been written *Le Pelle*, else there would have been no doubt as to the families being different.

† From Berlin, Aug. 10th, O. S.

a very interested, and, I fancy, a very artful prince; and I cannot but think his projects and his ambition still more extensive than people at present imagine them*.

My son told me a piece of news you writ him word of; which, if it prove true, will, I fancy, cause great consternation, and excite no moderate resentment a little way out of town†. Though you know I am bound, both by my inclination and the duty I owe *my* country‡, to rejoice at any advantage they obtain, yet I cannot help being a little sorry for Prince Charles. He has hitherto made so great a figure, and, if I have heard true, joins so much humanity to his bravery, that he is a sort of favourite with me, though he is unluckily engaged against *us*‡: I wish he would do like Prince Eugene of Savoy in one thing, for I am almost inclined to believe he can almost do like him in every other.

I have received the Davila, which I take to be a very good edition, and I am sure it is ex-

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* With what sagacity Lady Hervey anticipates the designs and the abilities of Frederick the Great.

† At Kensington, the King's usual residence.

‡ See note in page 64. The French had forced the allies, under Prince Charles of Loraine, to repass the Rhine.

tremely cheap: I hope Mrs. Phipps has been so kind to pay you for it. May I trouble you to get a little sixpenny pamphlet, published by the Bishop of Cloyne*, with farther and fuller directions how to make and take the tar-water? it is in answer to some trifling pamphlet against the use of it. His first is indeed a chain of reasoning, but it is so long a one, that it extends far beyond the first link of it. I wish I was more mistress of the subjects he takes in; but there is always something agreeable in the productions of an ingenious good mind.

If I had said *great* instead of *good*, it would have led me, by an easy and natural transition, to mention the principal subject of our late letters; and yet I cannot think his (Cardinal de Retz's) mind was so bad as the generality of people have agreed to think it, and as many of the writers of those times, particularly on the court side, represent him.

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His distribution of money under the cover of his aunt's piety, and his familiarizing himself with *Ranon* and *Babet*, were as artful as agreeable by his manner of relating it. But I confess

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* Berkeley.

I was surprised to find you mention with approbation the most improbable, and, in my opinion, the weakest, part of his whole book; which nothing, I am persuaded, could have induced him to make a part of it, but the egregious vanity of informing his readers that Mademoiselle de Vendôme's passion for him gave him, in her opinion, the preference for bravery over Monsieur de Turenne, who was esteemed one of the most valiant of his time: but I appeal to you, upon second thoughts, if it is likely that a procession of monks, which is a thing that happens every day in a catholic country, would occasion so much surprise and emotion to a people of the country. I will acknowledge, with you, that what he says of Monsieur de Turenne's approaching and speaking to the supposed phantoms "*avec le même ton qu'il auroit appellé dîner ou donné bataille*" is the most concise, at the same time that it is the fullest, encomium on his intrepidity that it is possible to make.

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That circumstance, which you observe, and with justice admire, of his art in making the court party the instruments of carrying the army out of Paris, was in my opinion, without exception, the greatest masterpiece of artful

policy that ever was employed. Your criticism on Monsieur de Bouillon's conduct is perfectly just, as well as your approbation of the inimitable maxim the Cardinal makes on that occasion, and which he follows by as true an observation and as pretty a distinction as possible; I mean where he says of Monsieur de Bouillon, "*Il ne fut pas habile en cette occasion, parcequ'il voulut être fin.*" The expedient he found to make the parliament refuse, out of great respect, to receive the herald from the King, was a great proof of his ingenuity and quickness*; and, indeed, I think he excelled in the fertility and readiness of his expedients more than any man I ever knew or read of. As to the religious turn you say you now and then observe in him, I must confess I have not penetration enough to find it out; and I think one may say of him, as Urban the Eighth said

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* It was indeed.—The King, encamped before Paris, had sent an herald with offers to his rebellious subjects, so gracious and liberal, that they could hardly have been rejected. De Retz, whose private interest required the non-acceptance of the terms, persuaded the Parliament to refuse, out of respect to the King, to admit the messenger, on the grounds that heralds were the messengers between sovereigns, or *equals;* but, as they were his majesty's faithful and loving *subjects*, they could not receive a messenger, whose very name and office implied equality and hostility.

of the Cardinal de Richelieu, "*Se gli è un Dio lo pagard, ma veramente se non è Dio è galant' uomo**."

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LETTER XXI.

Ickworth-Park, Sept. 3d, 1744.

I AM quite ashamed to be three letters and a pamphlet in your debt; but my occupations and avocations have lately been so numerous, that I have not had time to say thank ye, though the letters first, and the pamphlet next, deserved it much sooner.

All your reasonings on the *cardinal*'s conduct and maxims are worthy even of himself; and one may properly say yours is a *cardinal* style. I wish it may be ominous: I shall be very glad to acknowledge your *eminence*. I think we are in a fair way (thanks to the patriots of these last twenty years!) to have a chance at least

* If there be a God, he will pay for it; but, if there be not a God, he is a fine fellow!

for the restoration both in church and state. I find by your letters both to my son and me, that you are in a *patriot* fright, which, on this occasion, is synonymous to a panic fright on any other. I wish you were here; you would make a trio in the pathetic political performance I hear every noon, which I sometimes hiss, and sometimes parody—*what should be great I turn to farce:* if I did not, the tragedy would be too deep to hear repeated every day. I hope things are better than my tragedians represent them, and have one reason to hope it; which is, that above five-and-twenty years ago I heard the same dreadful prophecies from the same dreadful prophets*, and was advised to sell immediately out of the stocks, for there would come a sponge† in less than a year. That year

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* Lord Bristol appears to have taken a very gloomy view of public affairs. Lady Hervey saw, with her usual good sense, the groundlessness of his lordship's and Mr. Morris's occasional panics; yet we have seen, in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth letters, that she herself sometimes indulged in the same prophetic strain, and trembled at the approach of public calamities, which, imminent as they seemed, blew over; as, it is to be hoped, the dangers of our own times will also do.

† A cant phrase which was in use at that period to express a breach of faith with the public creditor.—The Duchess of Marlborough uses the expression in her apology.

and four-and-twenty more are passed without the sponge, therefore, *dum spiro sperabo**: my reason, my experience, and my spirits (which latter, I thank God, are not English), all concur in enabling me to do so. Had I cried for my country as long as Lord Bristol has been telling me I ought to do so, I should not by this time have had an eye left to cry with; and now I have two, and a mouth to laugh, which I am resolved to make use of as long as I can. I don't know whether this is philosophy or madness; but, if it be the latter, I may say with Torrismond, "*There is a pleasure in being mad, which none but mad folks know;*" and if any wisely endeavour to cure me of it, I shall say with the Argive lunatic, "*Pol, me occidistis, non servastis*†." When I remind Lord Bristol how long it is since he bespoke my tears for my *ruined country*, he shakes his head, and says, "Ay, madam! but it is nearer and nearer, and must happen at last:" therefore, according to his method, one should begin to weep for one's children as soon as they are born; for they must die at last, and every day brings them nearer to it. Let his lordship be a disciple of

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* While I breathe I will hope.

† Zounds! you have undone, and not saved me.—Hor. *Epist.* ii. 2, 136.

Heraclitus if he will; I prefer Democritus, and should be glad to have you of the same sect. *Ride si sapis*!*

LETTER XXII.

Ickworth-Park, Sept. 29, 1744.

I AM quite ashamed to be so many letters in your debt, and as much concerned to be now so little able to discharge that debt. You tell me the French fleet is in our channel, and the newspapers inform me that Admiral Davers is sailed †. Where, then, is he sailed? To meet them? If so, I conclude to give them battle. But how does that agree with another report that Admiral Davers's fleet is much inferior to the French one? I agree with you that we had best wait for what *le chapitre des accidens* may turn out to our advantage: we have in that an equal chance with our enemies; though, when

* Laugh if you be wise.

† On advice of twenty French ships being in the Channel, Vice-Admiral Davers sailed from Portsmouth on the 25th of September, with nine sail of the line, two 50 and two 40 gun ships, with three Dutch men of war of 50 guns.

that cast is thrown, and it is ever so favourable, if we don't play it well, we may still blot on, and never win a hit, which I am apt to believe will always be our case. England has certainly produced, and I believe can still, good soldiers, good sailors, good writers of all kinds, but never good politicians—*non omnia possumus omnes**. It is not our *forte*, and, luckily, seldom our business; but we unluckily will make it so, and have contrived it so at present, that *nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum sufficimus*†.

The Harleian Miscellany is intolerably dull, and therefore intolerably dear, and yet I don't know how to give it up, though I think if it does not mend before this second volume is concluded, I will retire with the first loss, which in most things is the wisest way: I have learnt to think that all things for which people pay much are too dear; for there are not many that have any value, but what our opinion puts upon them; few, very few, there are which have an intrinsic worth: what has not been paid for names rather than things! and sometimes what has been paid for such things as hardly deserve a name! Would to God we had our money

* All men are not fit for all things.—VIRG. *Ecl.* 8, v. 63.

† We cannot brave, nor even stem the flood.
VIRG. *Æn.* lib. 5, v. 21.

again; though I must say, as a prudent old man did to an extravagant son who had lost a great sum at play, *all I desire of you now is, that you won't win it back again.* Therefore, I am for sitting down with our first loss, and spending no more money to purchase or exchange names or things.

LETTER XXIII.

Ickworth-Park, Oct. 20th, 1744.

I HAVE not time, and perhaps not arguments, to answer all yours, as to the superiority contended for by the two nations in debate between us; but so much I must say, that if, as you say, the English people are so superior in their genius to the French, and that it is only owing to the nature of their government that they have in all their treaties and transactions so manifestly the better of us, then I am sure you must at least confess our government, that is our constitution, is a very bad one; which indeed I always thought it in practice, though I grant it sounds well in theory, till that practice has proved how little one can judge by theory, and plausible reasoning of what is really and practicably beneficial.

The Duchess of Marlborough * and Lady Granville † have paid a debt they have long owed to nature; but the first will not enable the Duke of Marlborough to pay those he owes on another score: I like her disposition in favour of his children; it shows more good-nature and more judgment than usually appeared in her actions.

The Duke of Aremberg ‡ acts on the same principle that all politicians and I fear most other people do. You see I confine the *all* to the politicians, in which class I immediately rank all patriots of all nations, by whom all countries as well as all kings suffer much more than by any other people whatever. I wonder the Dutch are yet come to declaring what they will, or rather what they will not do §; according to their usual tortoise pace, they should not have arrived at a resolution yet of some years:

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* Sarah Jennings, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. She died on the 18th of October, 1744, aged 84.

† The mother of Lord Carteret, by her death, become Earl of Granville.

‡ Commander in chief of the allied armies in Flanders, which went this year into winter-quarters rather earlier than usual, and with no great honour. It is probably to some secret motive for this proceeding that Lady Hervey alludes.

§ The Dutch declared, rather unexpectedly, their resolution not to enter into the war against France.

but the Dutch, and the Austrians, and the Prussians, and all *but the French**, are quite indifferent to me; and as long as Mrs. Phipps is well, and Mr. Phipps happy, *vogue la galère*, I say. It is true I am embarked with all my effects; but I shall fare as the rest, and I will not anticipate evils which I may never feel, and are always time enough felt when they do happen. I have not kept my word, and have made my letter longer than I intended, for which I beg yours and Lord Bristol's pardon; for I am too late for dinner, but always your humble servant.

LETTER XXIV.

Ickworth-Park, Nov. 24th, 1744.

I AM so ashamed, and yet so pleased with having this morning received a fourth letter from you, sir, without having yet answered the other three, that I cannot forbear thanking you for them all this night, though I shall hardly be able to answer one. I employed all the morning in writing about business, and this evening, which I designed to dedicate to pleasure, by

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* See note in page 64.

writing to Frederick and you, was very differently, and consequently disagreeably, employed. Some busy visits interfered with my intentions, and have kept me till within a quarter of an hour of the time I am called to Lord Bristol; however, I will make use of what I have in thanking you for your letters and your advice; the former always give me pleasure, and the latter I believe would do me good if I wanted it, but my eyes have been pretty well for some time, though Davila has of late given them full employment of an evening. I am charmed with the history, but not with the proceedings of those times, and his language as well as his narration is extremely good. I have received my summons, and must very abruptly take leave. I am greatly in your debt as well in money as letter. I will beg Mrs. Phipps to acquit me of the one, and will endeavour to discharge myself of the other very soon.

LETTER XXV.

Nov. 29th, 1744.

I AM doubly obliged to you, sir, both for the punctuality with which you answer my letters, and for the indulgence you afford me when I

am not so regular in my replication; indeed, four hours every morning bestowed on my exercise and my daughters' instruction is a great drawback on the time I should otherwise have to bestow on my friends and my studies, to both of which I am at present very wanting. I am extremely sorry you were not put to study law, instead of divinity; not that I do not think you succeed as well in the latter as any one can do, but, as self-interest is the prime motive of all our wishes, that governs me in this, for I think you could have done us more service in pleading for us, than you can do in praying with us.

I am really of Mr. Glover's mind, that five hundred pounds* was neither enough to reward his trouble, nor to purchase such a veil as he must have thrown over great part of the D. of Marlborough's life, had he writ it†: I think he is in the right to refuse both.

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* This alludes to the 500*l.* left by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough for the writer of the best life of her husband, the great Duke.

† These considerations probably prevented the accomplishment of the Duchess's wishes; though she had, with her usual sagacity, endeavoured to obviate some of the difficulty by directing that the history of the Duke's life should commence with the Revolution. It is a melancholy truth, that this great man, whose subsequent life was so

I am persuaded the King will be extremely concerned to part with Lord Granville, and I fancy he will not be less concerned to keep the Pelhams; but whether his concern is as justifiable in the one as in the other is a question which I could, but won't decide. I pity the King extremely; and think the present situation of affairs is exactly the *derilant reges plectuntur achivi** of Horace, *inverted*. I like your application of Sabinus's character to Lord Harrington exceedingly; but I am not sure the *par negotiis* is so proper as the *neque supra erat*†. I only wish all the changes that are and will be may some way or other tend to peace, for in my opinion *melior certa pace quam sperata victoria*‡: then, how much better than a probable defeat! I really believe our political affairs are in a very bad way; I wish they were otherwise, but I cannot, like some people, pass the whole day in sighing,

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illustrious, betrayed his benefactor James to William, and afterwards intrigued with the exiled James to betray his benefactor William; and that he actually betrayed his country, by acquainting the French of a projected attack on Brest!

* "The people suffer for the monarch's fault."

† Equal, but not superior to business.—*Character of Sabinus, in the 6th book of Tacitus's Annals.*

‡ A certain peace is better than a probable victory.

fretting, or scolding about them: I have but a little more time in this world, and I choose rather to follow Anacreon's advice, and

> Of a short life the best to make,
> And manage wisely the last stake.

*Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est**, says Seneca, and Seneca was as wise a man as Lord Bristol; therefore, according to the doctrine of probability, when two great doctors are of different opinions, I may choose which of the two I like best, and cannot incur a censure, whichsoever I adhere to. I long now more than ever for post-days, though I dread them too; I conclude next week we shall hear the opinions of all the council; begging Lord Bristol's pardon, I have the good of my friends much more at heart than that of my country: and am a thousand times more impatient to hear of the success of the one than the prosperity of the other.

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* He grieves too much who grieves too soon.

LETTER XXVI.

Ickworth, December 26th, 1744.

INSTEAD of making excuses for not having written to you sooner, I ought indeed, sir, to apologise for writing to you now; and so I would, could I give you any good reason for inflicting a letter upon you at present, when I cannot pretend business, nor furnish amusement. The occurrences here are not worth repeating; and the late ones that have happened where you are, and are really interesting, I suppose you have heard so talked over, so sifted, examined, scanned, condemned, and applauded, that our stale country observations and opinions would be now as ill-timed, as perhaps always ill-judged: besides that I have been for the last ten days so ill, that ideas no more circulate in my head than blood does in a dead body. The only symptom of thought or sense that has appeared in me since that time, is the pleasure I have taken in reading your last letter, and the agreeing with the opinion you have given in it. The subject is to me the most interesting that can be, and the manner in which you treat it the plainest and the best. I do assure you I understand more of the merits of the cause, and comprehend the opinions of the lawyers upon it much better, from what I have found so accurately,

clearly, and compendiously stated of both in your letters, than in the lawyers' case and opinions. I wish you would exchange the pulpit for the bar, at least till this affair is over. There is but one thing in your whole letter in which I disagree with you; and that is, your opinion that no man would think it worth his while to labour to get a fortune, if he was not assured that the disposition he made of it at his death would stand. Do you believe, then, that the pains the generality of people take to enrich themselves is for the sake of their heirs? Certainly not; that consideration has the smallest share in the trouble they take: a thousand other motives excite them, which would equally weigh if their last disposition were entirely out of the question. I don't mean by this, that I am in general for overturning wills; nor am I ever for doing so, where the testator has made his will at all plain: but in this case, by giving the estate to either of the legatees, you risk doing a double injustice, by giving it to him who was not designed to enjoy it, and by depriving the heir, who had the natural right to it.

I am so stupid, so thoroughly disordered, to-day, that for both our sakes I will bid you adieu.

I shall see you in about ten days, but hope to hear from you once more before then; and

to *bribe* you to it (for they say it is the fashion), I will promise not to trouble you with another letter.

LETTER XXVII.

Ickworth Park, Feb. 25, 1745.

I RECEIVED both your letter from London, and that, *not from Nursling* *, with as much pleasure as even you wrote them: there is such a spirit of joy and satisfaction runs through them, that indeed, sir, they communicate both to me, and have afforded me as much pleasure as your new habitation seems to have given you. I like the description of your house, and the country it stands in, extremely; but not so well as to wish you fixed there, unless you can hold it *in commendam*. I would have your present situation like the common you so agreeably describe, where the place on which you stand is very pleasant, and your prospect no less than the *sea* (*see*). I rejoice that Mr.

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* Mr. Morris had been lately presented by the Bishop of Winchester to the living of Nutshalling, in Hampshire, vulgarly called Nursling; and he, probably, when he went down to see his new abode, wrote Lady Hervey a letter from the neighbourhood, which he perhaps dated "*Not from Nursling*."

Knowles is so sensible and so worthy a man as you say he is; were he less the one or the other, he would be less agreeable to you, and less fit to converse with you. I send you the enclosed, which I received the day before I left the town: you may guess the tenour of mine to him by his answer. I hope he will soon enable you to enjoy your present only wish; without which, whenever I return to London, I shall almost repine at the Bishop of Winchester's * kindness. Pray continue to let me hear from you, wherever you are; for though you make whatever news you send agreeable, yet you don't want news to make your letters agreeable from any place. I am just going to

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* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly. His lordship was almost a dissenter, or, at least, what would now-a-days be called a very *liberal* Christian. When some free-thinking writers were mentioned before Archbishop Secker as being Christians, "Yes," said he, in allusion to the principles of the Bishop, and the title of the books printed for Winchester School, "Yes, Christians *secundum usum Winton!*" And yet we find that the orthodox Archbishop himself has not escaped similar and even worse imputations. I have read somewhere that Secker was an *atheist!* This is the third or fourth prelate mentioned in these notes as being of doubtful orthodoxy. Malignity is always glad of an opportunity of depreciating the character of the clergy, and particularly of the hierarchy; but there is some reason to fear that the influence of Queen Caroline, who was somewhat of a latitudinarian, raised several prelates to the bench whose tenets were not in perfect unison with the established church.

mount my horse, a great favourite, though perhaps not so good a one as either of those I shall see grazing at *Nursling*.

You see I endeavour to make my letter agreeable to you by repeating that favourite word: I do assure you there is nothing at present I wish more should be repeated to you than such a benefice.

LETTER XXVIII.

Ickworth, March the 18th, 1745.

I AM ashamed, though always pleased, to see your hand a third time before mine has acknowledged the other two. I have nothing to plead in my excuse but what must condemn me: I have a great deal of time, and very little to do, for which reason I do nothing. The little exercise that I have been able for some time past to give my body has made me unwilling, and, indeed, as incapable, of giving any to my mind: in short, I am grown so lazy and so indolent, that a pen seems a most formidable machine to me, and the action of thinking an Herculean labour to my mind. However, I have attempted to conquer the first difficulty; the other must be a work of time: at present I

am not able even to set about it, nor am I sure I ever shall. I see many who go through the world without giving themselves that trouble at all; and I don't see why I should not, for the future, exempt myself from it, as it oftener gives one pain than pleasure: that which you seem to take in your new habitation gives me a great deal. I hope it will soon be made still more agreeable to you.

I am, I confess, impatient to hear how the affair about Mr. Mathews and Mr. Lestock will turn out, that is, as much of it as we shall hear; for, in all those sort of things, I am persuaded one never gets to the bottom of them.

I cannot say I am extremely solicitous as to the Imperial election: I fancy, at the end, it will prove much one to us whoever is emperor, when once he is so. I think the only thing one has to wish in that case is, to have him chosen who has the best sense, and will see his own true interest. Pray what do you hear of my friend's negotiation, and the success he is like to meet with? I hear from him sometimes, but not a word of politics: however, I can collect, from his manner of writing, that he is well pleased and in spirits; which I do not fancy he would be, if he was not likely to succeed. The sun shines, and I must haste to enjoy the benefit of it, though the park is still so wet that I

can do no more than ride up and down the causeway. I approve of flowers and sweet shrubs for your garden, but pray what have you to do with exotics? they are things of little beauty, great expense, and only matters of curiosity. Pray stick to what will make your *parterre* gay to the eye and sweet to the nose. I am so much pleased with* Lord Palmerston's civility to you, that I have much ado to forbear expressing my approbation of it to him, in spite of all my laziness, which I believe you'll think by this time I have pretty well got the better of. I am sorry Lord Granville goes to Aix-la-Chapelle. I believe those waters will agree better with him than with us, though I fancy he will take none himself, but means to put water in the wine of our new king.

LETTER XXIX.

Ickworth Park, April 1st, 1745.

I NEVER received a letter from you till your last, sir, that did not please me; and that would have done so too, had I been selfish enough to prefer my own satisfaction to that of my friends.

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* Broadlands, the seat of the Viscounts Palmerston, is in the neighbourhood of Nutshalling.

There was sense, spirit, information, and every thing, in it, that could make a letter agreeable and entertaining either from or to a common acquaintance; but there was not that cheerfulness of mind, that inward satisfaction, that used to make you see all things on the whitest and best side. There are terrible apprehensions, black prospects, and every thing that must make a friend uneasy to perceive in a friend. Is it owing to the company you keep, who infect your gaiety with their spleen, or is it indigestion, want of exercise, or any other bodily disorder? If the first, take your leave of them; come immediately and make me a visit: if the latter, take Indian root, bleed, and ride twice a day. In short, get rid of these black thoughts at any rate. It is true, the whole seems in disorder; but the universe itself was once a chaos (as you tell us), and yet out of that disorder came forth order; at least, such order as we have ever had. All I ask or wish is but to be kept from civil war and democracy; the two worst things I have any notion of. I confess I have no notion, if all the present people are out, where they will find hands, not only that can manage the reins of government, but that can even grasp them. I always said, when Lord Orford* was worried

* Sir Robert Walpole. Posterity has justified Sir Robert's fame and Lady Hervey's foresight.

out, there was not another head in this country that could conduct the whole so well and so steadily as he had done. He had a capacity and a temper joined which enabled him to go through more business, and more difficulty, than one could believe it possible for any man's understanding or nature to bear. I had no partiality to the man; he was to me disagreeable in many articles; but I always saw, and did both him and myself the justice to say, that he was one of the greatest and ablest men that ever was at the helm, and with fewer faults as a minister, and as a private man, than most people have. He was very unjustly abused; but future times will, I am persuaded, do that justice to his character which his own have refused to his person. That will signify nothing to him; no more, now, does all the unjust slander and ill usage with which he was treated whilst living, and with which they vainly load his memory. History will, some hundred years hence, show him as he was, not only one of the greatest, but the best minister that ever was in this country.

Invidiâ morbo præsens male judicat ætas,
Judicium melius posteritatis erit*.

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* Envy impairs the judgment of cotemporaries; that of posterity will be more just.

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I hear my friend has done wonders in Holland; more than any one expected, and than some people desired. Is Mr. Pitt turned out, or did he give up? Does Mr. Littleton continue, or is his turn next? I have read two pamphlets concerning Mr. Mathews and Mr. Lestock*; and, by what I can judge, they may each say, like Peachum, *Brother, brother, we are both to blame.* Your Scotchman's *bon mot* is *un vrai mot.* The whole was infamous, and both ought to be punished: and yet what have they done, at sea, more than our state admirals have been and are doing at land? Are not private intrigues, from private interest, the cause of all the public jars, disputes, altercations, and enmity, we do see, and have seen? Do they not, and have they not, all risked and put the whole in confusion from the same cause? And yet these people will dare to condemn the seamen; nay, to punish them, perhaps: more impudent in their wickedness than the Scribes and Pharisees, whose con-

* No doubt they were both to blame; and both, in some degree, sacrificed the public service to their private animosities; but, on the whole, there seems no great reason to doubt the justice of the decision, which cashiered Mathews and faintly acquitted Lestock. At first sight, Mathews, who hurried unskilfully into the action, seemed less reprehensible than Lestock, who appeared as if he had employed his skill to keep out of it: but, on the inquiry, Lestock was enabled to shelter himself under Mathews's signals and orders.

sciences would not suffer them to cast the first stone at the adulteress; whilst these are pelting not only the sinners, but the righteous.

LETTER XXX.

Ickworth-Park, April 6th, 1745.

About five minutes before our letters went from hence last post, I received yours, sir, with that pleasure which I always feel when my friends are and have reason to be pleased. If you think I can be any way instrumental in bringing it about, or any other way serviceable to you, let me know it: when I find any opportunity to serve you, I will always lay hold of it; and when you can point me out the means, you will please and oblige me. I thank you for all the news you send me: one part of it I am truly concerned for, which is Captain Norris's * infamous behaviour. I heartily pity his poor father, who is a brave, and, I really

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* Son of Admiral Sir John Norris, and captain of the Essex in Admiral Mathews's disgraceful action off Toulon 11 Feb. in the preceding year, where he, in common with so many others, misbehaved: but the infamous conduct at this moment referred to was, that when his majesty's ship

believe, an honest man. What a cruel thing, when the best wish a parent can make for a child is sudden death! I have got cold, and with it the constant attendant of a cold with me, inflamed eyes: but I could not resist writing these few words to you, and I cannot add one word more, nor need I; since I hope it is unnecessary to tell you how truly I am, sir, your sincere friend.

LETTER XXXI.

Ickworth-Park, April 26, 1745.

You cannot, sir, give me a greater nor a more agreeable proof of your friendship, than by your giving Frederick and William * the advantage of being now and then with you. I know how much they may learn from you of all kinds; how much they may cultivate their

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Newcastle, which was bringing home the officers to attend at the court-martial, touched at Gibraltar, Captain Norris absconded into Spain, where he changed his name, and died in utter obscurity. He need not have been so alarmed: for six or seven other captains, all as guilty as he, escaped with slight and very inadequate sentences.

* Her two sons, Frederick late Earl of Bristol, and the Hon. William Hervey, who died a general in the army.

understandings, and correct their faults, not only from precept but example, when they are with you. I think a public school education, how advantageous soever it may be to their literary improvement, is at least very deficient in their moral one, if not destructive of it. Children's temper and dispositions should be watched and managed with the utmost care; for though I am far from thinking one can totally change nature, yet one may certainly help it; and reason, interest, and fear, which have not strength to conquer nature, have force enough to constrain it: which is a sort of temporary conquest, that, if extended into habit, will go a great way towards a change. But in the way of education, people take no care of what is much the most essential to their children's happiness, their temper, and their morals. Boys are thrown out into the world, to form or not form the one as they will; and the other is unwatched, uncurbed, and suffered to grow to any excess. If they get languages, they pass tolerably; if they retain facts, and repeat words, they are scholars: and that word is sufficient recompense for all the child's trouble and time, and all the parent's money. The father inquires particularly if the boy can construe Homer, if he understands Horace, and can taste Virgil: but how seldom does he ask, or examine, or think, whether he can restrain his passions? whether he is grateful, ge-

nerous, humane, compassionate, just, and benevolent? Yet these are the qualities that must make him amiable to others, and happy——

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[Here there is a chasm in the correspondence; and the letters between the 26th of April, 1745, and the 24th of October, 1747, are lost. They were probably about thirty in number; and considering how rich that interval was in domestic anecdote, we very much regret the accident which has befallen the manuscripts. The correspondence proceeds with the following fragment of a letter.]

* * * * * * with some verses both in French and Latin. This extraordinary young man* was what they call a *conseiller* in the parliament of Bourdeaux: he was born in the town of Sarlat, which is in the province Guienne, and in the territory of Perigord; so that he was Montaigne's countryman, as well as his friend. Besides the study of the law, which was his profession, and in which he made a great figure for his age, he had a very extensive knowledge both in philosophy, language, and all sorts of polite

* This, as the reader will see presently, is an account of Etienne de la Boethie de Sarlat, an eminent French scholar, the friend and countryman of Montaigne.

literature: when he was, as Morreri says, but sixteen, and as Monsieur de Thou says, but nineteen, he composed a book entitled *La Servitude Volontaire*, which was a miracle of erudition, but in which, I fancy, there were some republican notions, not in my opinion very proper to be broached in those times, and in that country. He married a widow whose name was Madame D'Arsat, by whom he had no children, but he behaved extremely well to a son and daughter she had by her first husband; and was esteemed throughout a man of strict probity, of a most amiable disposition, and who did honour to his profession and his country. He died of a dysentery in the thirty-second year of his age, in August, 1563. I fancy he was of no distinguished family, as I find no mention made of it. The great Monsieur de Thou, in his History, mentions him and his famous book, which he calls *Anthenoticon*, with the greatest eulogiums; but I believe I should have liked him better than his book. This is all I can tell you of Etienne de la Boetie; his friend, the agreeable Montaigne, has done honour to both by his panegyric on him. I have no time to add any thing, and it is very late.

As to Frederick, if he is not troublesome, I never think him so well as when he is with you.

LETTER XXXII.

Ickworth-Park, Oct. the 24th, 1747.

THE idle business or busy idleness of the country has so absolutely engrossed me of late, that I have run myself deeply in debt to all my correspondents, and have no way to extricate myself out of this difficulty but by running to, not from them, which I shall do this day seven-night.

For these last three weeks, or indeed a month, I have been stuck as deeply in my garden as any of the plants I have set there, and I wish they may flourish half as well; for though I can't say I have run up in height, yet I have *spread* most luxuriantly. I wish you could come and see my garden; you who remember what it was. I have made a rosery; perhaps you will ask what that is: it is a collection of all the sorts of roses there are, which amount to fifty*. This rosery perhaps may bring me to an untimely end, but it is a very pretty thing: I have made the whole design of it myself. In the middle of it, raised above all the

* This delightful taste has been so much cultivated, and its sphere so much enlarged, of late years, that some of the nursery grounds round London can now produce, I am told, near five hundred varieties of roses.

others, is one of the most *beautiful kind*, who, conscious of the right to possess that place, does not *blush* in doing so. Poor Mrs. Walsh would admire this disposition most extremely could she see it; but she is either much better or much worse disposed of herself. Are not you sorry that she is dead? I am so; we owe her many a merry hour. Poor Mrs. Phipps has lately had many painful ones: that young, abstemious, careful woman has had a tedious rheumatism, which at last terminated in a severe fit of the gout. She is now well of both: but what must that poor dear creature expect, who at four-and-twenty* is wrapped up in flannel with the gout? it is really dreadful. What say you to such things, Mr. Morris? I think too much to say any thing. You are full of politics; I have almost forgot that there are any such things. I perceive you believe that Berg-op-Zoom† was sold; and, indeed, one can hardly think otherwise by appearances; but some people, who are, or ought to be, better informed of the truth of it than we are,

* Notwithstanding this early infirmity, Lady Mulgrave lived till 1780.

† The capture of Berg-op-Zoom on the 15th of September by the French under Lowendahl, was certainly an extraordinary event; but there can be but little doubt that it was taken by a bold *coup-de-main*, which was successful because it was considered impossible.

assure me the loss of it was owing to Dutch lead, not French gold: however, thus much you must own, that if the French do buy their conquests and their allies, they are far better merchants than we are; for they have what they purchase, whilst we disburse continually, and never get any thing by it. What have we had for our subsidies abroad, and our taxes at home, but allies that won't fight, and troops that don't march? *We are become a scorn and derision to them that are round us:* and now I think the clouds are gathering afresh, and a storm seems to threaten again from the north. Lord Elcho, Lord Drummond, and Lochiel, are again returning to Scotland. This blow must fall heavy somewhere: many a brave man will suffer on each side. These are unpleasant times for quiet people to live in.

I shall be glad to hear you are going to town, and that I shall see you there before I leave it: for you, that are anxious as to politics, it is time to hasten to the capital. This winter is likely to be productive of many incidents of consequence: may all things turn out for the best, for the public, and you in particular. As for me*, *Sit mitis quod nunc este;* I ask no more:

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* I suspect some mistake in the translation of these words; but I know not where to find the original passage. The meaning seems to be, "Let me be quiet in my present state."

it is time for me to look only towards the *secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ**.

LETTER XXXIII.

London, Nov. the 21st, 1747.

THIS is the third time I have sat down to write to you within these three days and have been interrupted: lest (as it is very possible) the same thing should happen again, I will abruptly come to the material part of my letter, and desire you, sir, to send me word, the first post, how I can send you a small box, which contains a reflecting telescope—a necessary, or, at least, an agreeable utensil in a country where, I am told, you have such beautiful and extensive prospects. I am very sorry it is not in my power to magnify and draw nearer your prospects of another kind: I do assure you it is not my fault that something better than what you have is not in your possession.

I hear the Duke† goes back to the Hague in a week, will stay there some time, then return here, and, if affairs require it, go back there to

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* "The private pathways of deceitful life."
Hor. Epist. i. 18.

† William Duke of Cumberland.

prepare for another campaign. I have often heard we should make peace with our swords unsheathed; but I fear this *blade* is so *sharp*, that, if we trust him out of our own scabbard, we shall not get peace. Did you hear of Lord Gage's* performance last night on the affair of the Seaford election? He was so active, so careful to count noses, and to observe and remember faces, that he contrived to be shut in, and vote with the majority, against his own side.

Mr. Potter†, the lawyer, is a second *Pitt*, I

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* Thomas Viscount Gage, Steward of the Household to the Prince of Wales. His brother, the Hon. W. Hall Gage, was one of the petitioners: Mr. Pitt was the sitting member, and "treated," says the Parliamentary History, "the petition with great scorn." The allegation was the undue interference of a peer.

† Thomas Potter, son of the late archbishop of Canterbury, and secretary to the Princess of Wales. Frederick Prince of Wales was now in the most decided opposition to his father's government, and Mr. Potter's speech was, *for those days*, extremely violent. Mr. Pelham, offended by a portrait of a minister which Potter was drawing, called the young gentleman to order; but the interruption, as usual, only made the matter worse; for Mr. Potter turned the interruption into an appropriation of the picture, and acknowledgment of the likeness. Potter was afterwards, I believe, secretary in Ireland, and was mixed in the ministerial intrigues of 1756-7, in the course of which he obtained the office of vice-treasurer of Ireland; but held it only for a year or two.

hear, for fluency of words: he spoke well and bitterly, but with so perfect an assurance, so unconcerned, so much master of himself, though the first sessions of his being in parliament, and the first time of his opening his mouth there, that it disgusted more than it pleased. I have been interrupted greatly to your advantage, for I have now time to add no more, and you will not pay for what I have already wrote, which in truth is not worth it.

LETTER XXXIV.

London, December the 10th, 1747.

I HAVE not time, sir, to answer either of your letters; I have a dozen plans, a compass, ruler, &c. lying before me, and expect Mr. Flitcroft every instant*. I can only say I am far from blaming your moderation, but wish I could have made you resign it: it is impossible at present, as I find every thing is that is right. That silly article about *Ruffles* is not true, and is perhaps the only silly thing that could have been told that is not so. There is no hope of a peace *till some are drubbed* into a necessity of

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* Lady Hervey was, at this period, engaged in building her house in the Green Park, since occupied by Lord Hastings, and now divided into two. Mr. Flitcroft was her builder.

making one, when they must accept of a much worse than they might lately have had: but weak and wilful people will turn even success into ill-luck. This is a little enigmatical, but I trust to your solving it. Mr. Potter* has, I hear, spoke well again, but too undauntedly—not a set speech, but a casual reply. Here comes the executor, so the architect must give her directions.

LETTER XXXV.

Ickworth-Park, Jan. 25, 1748.

I RECEIVED your letter, sir, about seven or eight days before the date of it; so that you

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* This second speech is not to be found in the Parliamentary History. The next reported speech of Mr. Potter's is one on the 19th Feb. 1748, against "the bill for holding the summer assizes at Buckingham;" and, considering that *youth* and *effrontery* were objected to Mr. Potter himself, the opening of his speech is worth noticing.—"Sir, *modesty* has always been reckoned as a sign of merit; and the people of a country have always been deemed virtuous, when the *youth* amongst them showed a becoming *modesty*, and a due respect to their superiors in age or character. What, then, shall we say of the people of this country? What of the *young* gentlemen who are the undertakers of the present bill?" &c.—It is quite clear that Mr. Potter could not have uttered sentiments, which, in his mouth, would have been so eminently absurd. But thus parliamentary debates are reported!

may say, in the Irish phrase, you were *after* writing a letter to me. I suppose the mistake must have been in putting 23 for 13. I hope it is a good omen, and that your fortune will soon be as near doubled as your date. You sent me in your last one of the most extraordinary stories* I ever met with, and the most impudent pieces of knavery, unless the lady knows more of the story than we or Mr. I. I. If that be not the case, I should think her husband may certainly punish the attorney, or make him produce his principal. If neither can be done, I think our laws, like our constitution, are better to read of, than live under; and that a little more arbitrariness (if one may say so) would be better in both. *Nam deteriores sumus omnes licentiâ*†. The news wrote me of Lord‡ Coke and Lady Mary was very near being quite true;

* I do not find what this extraordinary story was. When all Horace Walpole's scraps shall be published, we shall have a body of this kind of anecdotical erudition.

† "We are all the worse for want of control." *Ter. Heaut.* 3. a. i. 3.

‡ Edward Viscount Coke, only son of Thomas Coke, *only* Earl of Leicester of that name. He died in 1753, without issue. His lady was Mary, daughter and one of the coheiresses of John Duke of Argyll. Lady Mary is well known by the Correspondence of Horace Walpole, with whom it was often reported that she was to be married. She died so lately as September, 1811, at a great age, having enjoyed extraordinary good health, to which probably her constant practice of working with her own hands in her garden may have contributed.

but things are patched up for the present at least; though, in my opinion, whenever they want so much darning, they seldom last long.

Lord Leicester has once more paid his son's play debts, which are very considerable; and has made up the differences between Lady Mary and him; which, I believe, was rather a more difficult affair; and has in return got a promise, that Lord Coke will, for the future, be fonder both of his money and his lady; and, in short, reform his whole conduct; which, by what I have heard, very much wanted it, in every respect. Whether this treaty will be better kept than those generally are between higher powers, time will show. You know, by the papers, that*

The disputes of this ill matched couple soon came to an irreconcileable rupture; and, what is more extraordinary, this domestic squabble took the appearance of a national feud; for the Scotch, resenting the indignity shown to the daughter of their idol, the Duke of Argyll, were, on all occasions, and in a body, violent opponents of Lord Coke; who, notwithstanding very considerable abilities, afforded, by the irregularities of his conduct, every advantage to his enemies.

* Henry Bilson Legge, fourth son of William, first Earl of Dartmouth. He was afterwards celebrated as the political friend of Mr. Pitt; and was, in the space of three or four years, three times appointed to, and removed from, the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. His talents, though considerable, were not well suited to diplomacy; and Lady Hervey's apprehensions were fulfilled. By his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Lord Stawell,—created herself a peeress in her own right,—his sons succeeded to the title and estates of Stawell.

Mr. Legge is going minister plenipotentiary to the court of Berlin: he is a very little man; but I hope he has a very long head, or he'll make no better work of it there, than our ministers have hitherto done here. Stocks fall extremely; and nothing rises but taxes, and the price of things taxed. God help us, for I am sure men will not!

I am extremely pleased with all your reasoning on statesmen, and those concerned with them, as one always is with whatever tallies with one's own way of thinking. What you say about good men entering upon the management of public affairs, is my constant argument with Lord Bristol: we dispute upon it regularly every post day; and, if I may take the liberty of saying it, there is not common sense of his side the question. How favourable has this season been to the Dutch, and, consequently, to us;—not a week's continued frost this whole winter: they may well say, like the Psalmist, *If the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick.* I but half agree with you about the *Adelphi: I take both the capacity and honesty of *Ctesipho* to

* This allusion to Terence's play of the "Brothers" probably refers to the Duke of Newcastle, and his brother, Mr. Henry Pelham, now at the head of affairs. The latter is, probably, Ctesipho.

be much less problematic than that of *Æschinus;* but I will not write all I think and know upon this subject.

Have you read the Letters of Sir Thomas Fitzosborn? They are wrote by Mr. Melmoth, who translated Pliny's Letters so excellently well; and are, I think, very good, and very entertaining. Have you seen an Ode* of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, to Lord Chesterfield? 'Tis, in my opinion, a very indifferent performance: there is but one stanza that has any thought in it: that one is pretty enough.

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* This is, I believe, the ode printed in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for February, 1748, under the name of the Reverend Samuel Virasel; of thirty stanzas; which, on the whole, appear to me, as they did to her ladyship, little better than *indifferent;* I am not able to select one, so far above the rest, as to justify me in fixing on it as the object of Lady Hervey's praise. It is perhaps, however, the following, expressing the sorrow of Ireland, on the recall of her lord-lieutenant; and her fears that he will no longer be able, in his new office, to attend to her interests.

So, when a worthy monarch dies,
He soars an angel to the skies,
And thinks on earth no more:
Engaged on offices too high
To cast below a watchful eye
On those he blest before!

This is extravagant; but it is the only single stanza which has any new thought in it, or which seems to warrant even the epithet of *pretty.*

How do you approve of the additional five per cent on all imported commodities? I fear it will affect trade; but I am no very good judge of those affairs. At present, my thoughts are greatly taken up with the plan of my house, which I have made entirely myself, and is to be executed next April. Perhaps you'll think I ought to begin such a plan the first day of that month: but though it may be, and certainly is, contrary to all palladian rules, yet, as it is for myself, and not for others, that I build it, I think I ought to consider my own convenience and taste in it. You are obliged to my paper for your release.

LETTER XXXVI.

Ickworth Park, Feb. 8, 1748.

My riddle is now fully expounded: you guessed it before; but I would not, then, acknowledge it. I have been very remiss, of late, to all my correspondents; for I have been so taken up in my different vocations of nurse and gardener, that both my time and thoughts have been sufficiently employed in those occupations. This whole family have been ill, Lord Bristol and myself excepted; and some of them still.

are so. The *Bishop of Ely, poor man, has at last paid the debt, which diseases have so long summoned him to discharge. I am sorry, for the sake of his family; for, as to himself, death is only a deliverance. What say you and your friends to Lord Chesterfield's† resigning the seals? I fear 'tis not only of bad consequence, but a bad sign for us: for I conclude he has resigned them from the same honest, laudable motive that he accepted them—the love of his country: and finding, I suppose, that he could not preserve it by the one, will at least avoid, by the other, the concurring in its destruction; which, I fear, is too near. His capacity, with his integrity, might have saved us. However, we don't seem to perceive, or, at least, not to care for our danger; and are resolved to die merrily; for the town and court were never more gay and magnificent. The Duke‡ of Bedford's ball was, I hear, one of the best ordered and most magnificent things that ever was seen: the Duke of Cumberland was there *as himself;* and the King, attended by sixteen

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* Dr. Robert Butts.

† Lord Chesterfield resigned the seals, and was succeeded by the Duke of Bedford.

‡ John, fourth Duke of Bedford, afterwards so cruelly and so unjustly celebrated by Junius. He was born in 1710, and died in 1771.

ladies, and as many gentlemen, went there in masquerade, about nine o'clock. Does not this put you a little in mind of Hob, in the farce, who went of an errand, in a dark night, whistling all the way, to show he was not afraid. If that was not the case, it was like another clown (whom I won't name), that whistled for another reason*. But, pray, is there not something very extraordinary in ordering a † fast, and countenancing a feast in the intermediate time? Looking over, yesterday, some of Swift's works, which are ever new and entertaining to me, I read his "Battle of the Books" (which is wonderfully clever): that started a thought, which I wonder I never considered before; that is, to know exactly who are properly to be reckoned the ancients? I proposed my question to Lord Bristol, and to Mr. Knowles, who are the only two people in this family who know any thing; but neither of them seemed to me to be at all certain about it: they spoke by guess, doubtfully and differently; and, I believe, had never thought about it before, any more than myself. Pray, if

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* Cymon, who

"Whistled as he went for *want of thought*."

† This fast was observed on Wednesday, the 17th of Feb. Sermons were preached before the Lords and Commons of such a tone as induced Orator Henley to exclaim, "Seditious texts, preached before *Houses* in *churches!*"

you can, resolve me, which is that period of time, which properly distinguishes and separates the *ancients* from the moderns? Who is the last author you would call one of the former, and by whom would you begin the latter? Without there is some definite time prescribed to make that separation, the title of ancient, at least, will be arbitrary; and people may dispute to whom it belongs. In searching among some of the few books I have here, in order to settle it in my own mind, I find Kennet, in his Roman Antiquities, names Tacitus, Suetonius, Plutarch, and all of that century, as moderns. Sir William Temple, in his "Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning," seems to imply, though not directly to say, that he considered those only as moderns, who lived since the time of Antoninus Pius. But in Chanter's Dictionary I find, that Naudé, a learned French author, brings that distinction down much lower; and reckons those only moderns, who have wrote since Boetius, who lived in the time of Theodoric, king of the Goths, and was his first minister, in the year 510. I have searched several other books, both French and English, that I thought might, possibly, have cleared this up; but find nothing in them that gives me the least light into it. I shall be obliged to you, if you can help me in it; for people, who, like me, are not engaged in the active part of life, and live very much

alone, make all these trifles material to them; and 'tis well one can do so; for without these little exercises of the mind, thought itself would stagnate. I desire you will observe this is the second letter I have wrote to you since I received one; so I have two good. Do you ever hear from Ireland?

LETTER XXXVII.

Ickworth-Park, April the 2nd, 1748.

WHAT say you, sir, to the Peace *? If you are as pleased with it as I am, I wish you joy of it. Not that I think, by what I have yet heard of it, that it is what one can positively call a good peace, but it is certainly a timely one, and so far surely a good one: for if *melior est Pax certa quam sperata Victoria*†, how much more so than *certa strages*‡, which would undoubtedly have been the case. In short, as it is, our men *will* be saved, and our money *may* be saved.

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* The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; the preliminaries of which, however, only arrived in England on the 24th, and were returned and ratified at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 30th. Perhaps there is a figure omitted after the 2 in the date of Lady Hervey's letter.

† A certain peace is better than an expected victory.

‡ Certain defeats.

Have you seen any of the late pamphlets? It is only the seconds as yet who have engaged; but I wish it may not draw on the principals; and I have seen so much of those sort of things, that I am always sorry for it when I care for any of them; although, when I don't, I am entertained, as it always happens at the expense of both.

I thank you for the particulars you gave me, in compliance with my desire; your description of Mrs. Morris's* temper and disposition persuades me you could not, if you would, have avoided the match; she is certainly your counterpart, was made on purpose for you, or rather originally a part of you, but split from you, to be rejoined, according to the rabbinical tradition of Adam and Eve. That great good nature, cheerfulness, and perfect content of mind is yourself, and I wish you joy again, as this is the case.

I cannot quite give up my opinion with regard to vulgarisms in writing; which, let an author have what other merit he will, must always be a blemish to his works, at least in the age he writes; for, in length of time, I believe that will go off, and if he has great merit it will be overlooked, or rather excused, by candid readers, *ubi plura nitent*†.

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* Mr. Morris had lately married Miss Frazer, a near relation of the Lovat family.

† Amidst the brilliancy of the rest.

Dr. Middleton has that peculiar spirit and liveliness of style, so clever and artful in maintaining his own side of an argument, and exposing that of his antagonist, that little faults will be excused. But certainly no one who has lived and conversed with the most polite people of the age, such as are Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Chesterfield, and such, I may say, as was Lord Hervey, but will wish, when they meet with those little vulgarisms, that they had been left out. I agree with you, that a great genius has a right to adopt, to make, and to revive words; nor do I object to expressions because trite, if significant or energetic; but then it must be such words or phrases as are common among people of fashion: by that word *fashion* I don't mean such who are in vogue, but rather such who should be so, I mean, people who are polite in their manners and language: I would not have a word or an expression made use of that must have been picked up from the illiterate, or the vulgar, or perhaps retained from the nursery; and of that kind are, *under the sun,—in life,—upon the face of the earth,—the world cracking about our ears*, and many more such, with which Tillotson abounds; and some of which one meets with even in undoubtedly one of the best writers of the age. I would say the best, were it possible to forget, or do so much injustice to Lord Bolingbroke.

You say Tillotson was obliged to adapt his language to the capacity of the common people.

Possibly that may be an excuse for him, though I confess I do not think it one; for, provided he had avoided technical terms, difficult subjects, and subtle reasoning, the common people would have understood him without just making use of their own phrases; but I will suppose that these popular words and phrases were requisite in the preacher; but then don't let his elegance be extolled, nor his style given as a sample of good writing. Say he was an artful preacher, but don't say he was a fine one. You say Terence, who is a standard for good language, was an African slave; 'tis true, but was it not always said that Scipio and Lælius corrected, nay, some say composed those plays that bear his name; and may it not also be reasonably concluded, that Horace and Virgil themselves submitted to, even sought for, corrections, at least verbal ones, from Mæcenas, or even Augustus himself? Why not, when I know that Dr. Middleton's Cicero, which still wants so much polishing of that kind, had many low words and collegiate phrases blotted out of it by Lord Hervey; that Lord Bolingbroke's criticisms improved Mr. Pope's performances, and that Lord Halifax did not only patronize the poets, but correct their poetry: and Horace, whom you quote as an authority, though he says that new words may be coined, and old ones revived by a good author, yet does not make his authority extend to the ennobling a mean or vulgar expression: rather, on the contrary, he seems to think that new words re-

quire a learned derivation to make them gain credit.

> Nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
> *Græco fonte cadent, parcè detorta* *.

I fear I shall quite tire you with this tedious letter, and another time you will give up any thing rather than have your opinion so contested. Adieu. I now quit you, Middleton and Horace, for Mr. Flitcroft, angles, feet, Greystock bricks, cornice, fascias, copeings, and, what not only torments me at present, but I fear will undo me in the end. My old house is now a heap of ruins and dust; but I hope out of its ashes there will soon arise a Phœnix house, where you will often eat as plain a dinner, see as fine a prospect, and as beautiful a verdure as at Nursling. I build but part of my house at present; time, economy, or my heir, must finish it. Once more, and now indeed, adieu.

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* Words new and lately invented may be admitted, if derived from the Greek, with a slight inflexion.—*Hor. Art. Poet.* 52.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Ickworth Park, May 31st, 1748.

I AM as glad of the peace, sir, as you can be, for without it we were certainly undone; for which reason I am, I confess, astonished that the French, who had the whole in their hands, would give it us. There are four people who have certainly had a narrow escape by it; for one campaign more, and the Duke of Cumberland, with his little army, would have been cut to pieces; the Prince of Orange would have been deposed, and the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Sandwich would, or should have been called to an account, which I fancy they could not have made up and balanced to their advantage. But why we had not this peace a year ago, and conquently have saved ten millions in our pockets, I fancy the ablest of our statesmen will find it hard to give a satisfactory reason for; but, in short, we have a peace, and be it what it will, it is certainly better than such a war as we must have had: yet I confess I cannot be so rapturous about it as you are, nor admire Lord Sandwich so excessively for doing nothing more than accepting, when he was ordered to do so, the terms of peace the French prescribed and offered by

Sir John Ligonier* a year ago. Don't be so excessively concerned for the king of Sardinia, and his generosity; we have only stepped in and prevented his doing by us what we have done by him. In these times neither princes nor private people do any thing but for some selfish end: what they used formerly to do I know not: what all do now, I see, and, to say the truth, despise. The pamphlets you mention are just what you say: the first is wrote with more spirit than judgment; the second is a very indifferent performance, but not a bad one; and the last is, I think, as artful a piece as ever I read in my life; but I hope my friend won't, though so pressed, enter the list, and be drawn into a paper war, which never was of use to any man of character, but has often essentially hurt those who had a good one before. I have seen a great deal of it, always advised against it, and always found, by consequences, I was in the right for so doing. Hitherto, I will venture to answer for it, he has kept himself clear, and I hope he will continue to do so. I thought to have given *over*, though, I confess, not to have given up, the dispute about *vulgarisms;* but I must just say thus much, that I either very much misexpressed myself, or

* He first distinguished himself under the Duke of Marlborough. He was created an Irish Viscount in 1757, and an English Earl in 1766, both by the title of Ligonier. He died in 1770, at the great age of ninety-one.

you misunderstood me, if you thought I imputed to Dr. Middleton the two additional ones I quoted from Tillotson; nor can I allow you that the people of rank and fortune in every age and country seldom write. To be sure the writers of that kind can't be so numerous as of the others, as the class itself is not so. Lucretius, among the poets, was of a noble family; Ovid was of an ancient equestrian family, and a courtier; Catullus was a man of family and fortune; Tibullus was so too; Lucan was well born; Persius was of an equestrian family; Martial was a tribune, and of the equestrian order; Seneca also was of the equestrian order, and a courtier, and extremely rich; what Cæsar was need not be told; Livy was also thought to be of family; Paterculus was of a very considerable family, the intimate friend of Vinicus, to whom he addresses his history; Sallust was a man of good family, and in considerable employments; Pliny was a courtier.

Among the French it would be endless to name the people of birth, quality, and fortune who have been authors; and indeed among ourselves too, in different, very different ways, have there not been Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Thomas More, Lord Bacon, Lord Clarendon, Waller, Lord Rochester, Lord Dorset, Lord Roscommon, the two dukes of Buckingham, Lord Shaftsbury, Sir William Temple, Lord Halifax, the eminent Mr. Boyle, besides many others I cannot im-

mediately recollect*. In our own times the best writers have been among men of rank, and the best of them all a man of quality, of fortune, and who was a first minister†. I forgot, among the ancients, and it was inexcusable to do so, Xenophon and Demosthenes; Polybius also was a man of rank, and employed as an ambassador by that great republic of the Achaians; Dion Cassius also was a consul; that I should have forgot Petronius Arbiter, too, is extraordinary; but many more I have omitted; and indeed, in the hurry in which I have wrote all this, I wonder I have remembered so many. But I must add, too, that it is not merely noble birth that is in question, but the living in the best company; and Mr. Pope himself would certainly never have wrote so elegantly, but that, as he bragged, *envy must own he lived among the great.*

I have neither time nor paper to add any thing more; and 'tis well for you I have not, or I should have sent you a volume instead of a letter; but it would have been better for me had I had a little more time, for then I might have

* If Lady Hervey meant to give a list of authors of noble or equestrian *birth*, she ought to have omitted some of the most illustrious names in this list, who achieved their own nobility. If she meant to include the gentry, the list is miserably defective; for the majority of the British poets have been gentlemen by birth, as well as by education and station.

† Lord Bolingbroke.

put this into better order and better language, but the coach has waited for me this half hour.

LETTER XXXIX.

Ickworth-Park, June the 18th, 1748.

I AM almost ashamed to date my letters, when I look at that of yours, in which you earnestly desire me to solve the enigma of the *Pantin;* but I have had so many letters to answer about business, and so many papers to copy, having an estate to sell, arrears to recover, accounts to settle, and a house to build, that I have been thoroughly employed.

As to a full explanation of this *Pantin** mystery, that is quite impossible for me to give; and though you desire it of me, you seem to admit

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* These *Pantins* were pasteboard figures, the limbs of which were fastened and moved by threads, like the harlequins and scaramouches which children play with now-a-days. They had a great vogue, both in England and France, and were in every lady's hand. An indignant moralist, in the Gentleman's Magazine, for May, 1748, doubts whether posterity will believe the prevalence of such a folly; and he attributes the invention and the name to Mlle. Pantine, one of Marshal Saxe's ladies! I have met, somewhere, a song of the time, called "Monsieur Pantin," the meaning of which I did not understand.

the impossibility, by terming it a mystery: however, as much as I know I will communicate to you. This amusement began at Paris about a year and half ago; and, as is supposed, owed its rise to some trifling accident or joke, which, being adopted by some lady very much in fashion, soon became so itself. *Pantins* and *Pantines* were made in ridicule of some people whom they were designed to burlesque and expose, and were caricatures of those people: they then were the vehicles of satire, of compliment, of ridicule, and even of *gaillardise*, having little ballads and stanzas annexed to them, the burden of which was *pantin*, *pantine*, like our old Derry down, &c. The English, who heard of this fashion by the time the French were tired of it, according to their usual custom, took it up, without any *finesse*; and so have only the amusement of twirling about a card scaramouche, as I have seen a thousand children do of three years old. In the French there was at least some humour and entertainment in it, but our people mean nothing by it but an awkward dull imitation, and put me very much in mind of Jack Pudding, who, when some very dexterous tumblers have been showing all that the most exact equilibrium can do, comes, and, endeavouring to imitate them, puts himself into the most ridiculous attitudes imaginable, and gets two or three falls, or breaks his head by his clumsiness and awkwardness. So much for *Pantin*.

As to the peace, I can't tell what to make of it.

I shall hold *my* peace about it. God help us, for I see no hope in any thing under Heaven.

The answer you make to my question for our *ablest statesmen*, give me leave to say, is no answer at all, and yet, I really believe, as good a one as any of them could make; but, in the first place, I deny your major that the terms are very tolerable; for I fear they will turn out to be very much otherways; they are just better than a bad war, and that is all; but, such as they are, we had much better have taken them a year ago, for there certainly did not seem to be any probability of this campaign's proving in the least better than the former, but just the contrary. The French, they knew, or might and should have known, had, by *their* vigilance, not only replaced the men they had lost, but had even collected a greater army than they had before. The Stadtholder's capacity was too well known to expect great things from him; more especially, as he would certainly meet with all the obstructions that a still not inconsiderable party could underhand throw in his way. The queen of Hungary's engagements they had no reason to depend on, more than formerly; she wanted, and would most undoubtedly send the choicest and greatest number of troops into Italy, where she was far more materially interested. The Russians, they knew, could not arrive to be of any use, if they came at all, for they were stipulating for them when the troops should have been marching, and the treaty was not finally concluded till the time

they ought to have joined our army, if they were to be a reinforcement to it. All our other disadvantages, which I shall not recapitulate, were the same; so that I can't find out any prospect or reasonable hopes we had of our being in a condition to exact better terms this year than the last; all we have done by holding out is to impoverish ourselves, and add ten millions to the many we already owe.

I cannot let this go without one word on the old dispute. You say, (and very prettily too), "that, as in dress, any particular fashion, when it comes into common use, will be avoided by the polite part of the world, merely because it is common; so, in language, elegant writers will not choose to make use of an expression that has been hackneyed by the pens of common scribblers, yet neither the beauty, neatness, nor convenience of the dress is diminished by its being out of fashion, nor the clearness, energy, or accuracy of the expression." To which I say, that neither in dress nor writing would I leave off any thing that was beautiful or useful, because the vulgar had taken it up; but I would not seek for my ornaments nor my expressions from them. What I call *vulgarisms* in writing are what an author adopts from the vulgar, not what they have borrowed from him: the first never happens but when a writer, from having kept low or bad company, by habit, insensibly comes to use their words and phrases; in which case I should no more reckon Dr. Middleton's example an authority

for such vulgarisms, than I should have done Sir Robert Walpole's for *Norfolkisms*. I believe every one will confess that in the main there were few, if any, better speakers than he was; and yet his example will give no sanction to his provincial dialect. Even Livy himself, who has always been esteemed a most excellent writer, was blamed for his *patavinity* by those who lived in his own time, and near enough to it to know all the delicacies of the Latin language; were it possible to suppose that our language and writings would last as long as the Romans have done, no doubt the defects, like many of the beauties, would also be lost too; and ignorance, not judgment, adopt and imitate both indifferently; but yet the cotemporaries of these writers, if they have taste and delicacy, will object to their faults, as well as do justice to their perfections.

I have made so many blots and blunders, that I believe you will find it hard to read this letter; but this is the third I have wrote this morning. It grows very near dinner-time, and I am quite undressed; I shall, therefore, take my leave with a plain adieu.

LETTER XL.

Ickworth-Park, July 20th, 1748.

When I tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Phipps are here, (yes, actually here), you will not be sur-

prised, sir, that I do not answer your last letter, or think of politics and controversy. When I enjoy society and friendship, I am too happy with the present to look back to the past, and can think of no words but such as they utter, or can best prove my affection for them. They have a boy, too, who is the most surprising child * I ever knew, though I remember what his mother was; in short, there is nothing wanting to my present happiness but the thoughts of its continuance; but the knowing how short its duration will be, is *the cruel something* that *corrodes and leavens all the rest.* In a fortnight they return to London, where they will continue till the middle or latter end of October. They both talk often of you, and are sorry your present situation leaves them without a hope of seeing you before they leave England. She will lie-in the latter end of next month, and about that time I propose being with her in town. We should have been glad to have seen you there, but you have married a wife, and cannot come. If you think my letter short, think what I leave to make it even thus long, and then conclude that I am, (which you may justly do), your sincere friend.

* Constantine John, first Lord Mulgrave, now about four years old.

LETTER XLI.

Ickworth Park, Aug. 25th, 1748.

I LAST night had the pleasure of a very long, and a very entertaining letter from you. Mr. and Mrs. Phipps also had theirs. The reason we did not receive them sooner was Lord Hervey's being gone to make a week's visit at a distance from this place; and as such things may frequently happen, I beg you will always inclose your letters for me (when I am here) to Lord Bristol. Mrs. Phipps frighted us all sufficiently, a week ago, by being taken ill in the night, and brought to bed a month before her time; however, she is very well, and the boy, though the least that ever was seen, we hope will live *. I do not give up, though I discontinue our old dispute; but I have not had time, not only to write, but even to think, since they have been here. I am like one who, half famished, after a long abstinence sits down to a feast, and, wholly taken up with satisfying my hunger, have only jaws, but neither ears nor eyes; when the entertainment is taken away, I shall begin to converse; till then I can only feed. Your excursion was, by your account of it, very agreeable. Oxford I have seen, and you do it justice

* The child did not live.

in the commendations you give it. Cornbury* I have often heard of, as one of the most agreeable places in England: there is no one who has a better taste than its master: I wish his health was as good; but it is far from being so; he goes next month to the South of France, to try what a better climate will do. Blenheim, which you with reason dislike, is the emblem of him for whom it was built—an edifice that ornaments the country, but has plundered the people;—a *great* house, but not a *good* one.

All here wish you well, and desire me to assure you of it. Mr. Phipps, who longs to see you, will write to you soon. We shall leave this place the middle of next month.

LETTER XLII.

London, Nov. the 14th, 1748.

I AM grown to have the appearance of a very lazy correspondent; and yet am, in truth, continually employed in writing. My children

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* The seat of Henry Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon and Rochester; called up, in his father's life, by the title of Lord Hyde. He died, without issue, in 1753.

being now all of an age to be corresponded with, expect to be so in their turn, and fail so little in any duty or opportunity to please or oblige me, that I cannot omit giving them any satisfaction in my power, especially when even that very satisfaction is an additional obligation on my part. Added to this, the many letters I am forced to write to my architect, when in the country, and the hours I pass with him, now I am here, employs a good deal of my time; but I am always glad to hear from you, though sometimes a little ashamed, when I have done so often without thanking you for it. However, sir, depend upon it, I will never be wanting in essentials; and, whenever it is really and properly in my way to serve you, I will readily and joyfully snatch the opportunity. I do assure you, I have remembered you when you have not guessed that I thought of you; and it has not been my fault, but that of others, that you have not known, beyond a doubt, the truth of this. It is seldom in my power, but it is always in my thoughts and wishes, to serve those for whom I have any regard; and you, I sincerely assure you, are of that number. I am extremely glad to hear, by Frederick, that you continue in health, in spirits, and in all the cheerfulness you used to be master of. I am glad your plantations thrive; I know the disappointment of their not doing so, as well as the satisfaction it is, when one's plants prosper. My house is covered

in; 'twill be a very agreeable, but, I fear, a very dear one. I have certainly done by the first purchase and the building, what most people will call a very indiscreet thing; that is, I have laid out too much in that one thing, in proportion to my fortune; but it is for what I like better than any other expense whatever. If I am contented with two dishes rather than four, and with four servants rather than eight, and choose to make that diminished expense in a good house, I please myself, and injure no one; —after that, let them condemn, wonder, or ridicule—'tis indifferent to me; for so much I know of human nature, that, in general, most people are more prone to find faults than beauties.

I hear the distemper among the cattle breaks out in many new places. The town is sickly; and nothing seems prosperous but gaming and gamesters. 'Tis really prodigious to see how deep the ladies play: but, in spite of all these irregularities, the Prince's family* is an example of innocent and cheerful amusements. All this last summer they played abroad; and now, in the winter, in a large room, they divert themselves at base-ball, a play all who are, or have been, schoolboys, are well acquainted with. The ladies, as well as gentlemen, join in this amuse-

* The family of Frederick Prince of Wales, at Leicester House.

ment; and the latter return the compliment, in the evening, by playing for an hour at the old and innocent game of push-pin, at which *they* chiefly excel (if they are not flattered), who ought in every thing to precede. This innocence and excellence must needs give great joy, as well as great hopes, to all real lovers of their country and posterity*.

I have, as you judged, had an invitation from the Duchess of Richmond†, to go to Paris: 'tis a great temptation; but I shall withstand it, at least for the present. The time they will go Lord Hervey will be in town; and then I cannot leave Lord Bristol alone. I wished, with all my soul, I could conveniently have gone there when I came here; it would then have been most agreeable to me. I thank you for your good wishes, at the end of your last letter; I accept the omen; and will then endeavour to prove to you, that I am truly your sincere friend and humble servant.

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* I suspect a little irony here. Lady Hervey *never frequented Leicester House;* and always disapproved of the Prince's undutiful conduct towards the King and Queen, to whom Lady Hervey was very much attached. Nor had her ladyship any respect for his Royal Highness's understanding.

† Sarah, eldest daughter and coheiress of William Earl of Cadogan, and wife of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. She died in 1751. Two of her numerous children, Lady Louisa Conolly, and Lady Sarah Napier, are still living (1820), great-grand-daughters of king Charles the Second.

LETTER XLIII.

London, Dec. the 6th, 1748.

Don't be alarmed, sir, at seeing my black paper; I am in mourning, but not at all in grief, as you will easily guess, when I tell you 'tis for Mr. A.* The town is now pretty full; I shall empty it of one in ten days. I could willingly have staid a little longer, both for the sake of my house, and of my friends; but 'tis not convenient; so I comply, rather sorry to leave this place than unwilling to go to Ickworth.

I fancy your information as to Lord Chancellor is very true; he will be president of the council; the Duke of Dorset† will go to Ireland; Lord Harrington‡ will have a pension. 'Tis said Sir Dudley Ryder will be chancellor;

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* This probably means the Honourable and Reverend Henry Hervey Aston, son to Lord Bristol, who died on the sixteenth of the preceding month; as this is the only death which I find, about this period, which could have obliged Lady Hervey to have used black paper. What the reasons are which prevented Mr. A.'s being regretted, are fortunately forgotten.

† Lionel, first Duke of Dorset, born in 1678; died 1765. The Duke did not go to Ireland till June, 1751.

‡ William, first Earl of Harrington, better known as General Stanhope; minister more than once at the court of Spain, and at the congress at Soissons. He was now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He did not make way for the Duke of Dorset till 1751; and he died in 1756.

Mr. Murray*, attorney-general; and ———, solicitor-general. I hear of no other changes.

As to the French politics, unless I was better informed of their situation, designs, and meaning, than I confess I am, I cannot pretend to judge, and, consequently, not to argue on their conduct. I grant you it seems very extraordinary. I think the inclosed epigram, upon the peace, is well enough.

Louis, dit-on, fut fort surpris
En donnant la paix à la France,
De voir le peuple de Paris
Temoigner tant d'indifference.
Pour rendre le calme aux esprits,
La paix n'est pas la seule voye;
Qu'il traite ses sujets comme ses ennemis,
Qu'il rende ce qu'il leur a pris,
Il ne verra que feux de joye.

The Duke of Somerset's† death has, for these

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* The great Lord Mansfield. He did not become attorney-general till 1754, on the promotion of Sir Dudley Ryder to the King's Bench.

† Charles, seventh Duke of Somerset, born in 1662. In early life he had honourably distinguished himself—in arms, against the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth—and, in court, against the popery of King James. He was colonel of dragoons, and first gentleman of that unhappy king's bedchamber; and was dismissed from both for refusing to attend the pope's nuncio to a public audience. When Queen Anne was in the agonies of death, and the Jacobites in the agonies of hope, on the 30th July, 1714, he, with John Duke of Argyll, suddenly and unbidden, appeared at the council; and their unexpected presence is supposed to have stifled Bolingbroke's

three days, been the subject of all conversation: every different company gives a different account of the disposition of his fortune, and of his power to dispose of it. As I can't distinguish the true from the false, I will not fill the rest of my paper with a parcel of very uninteresting lies. Mr. John Stanhope's * estate, which is worth between three and four thousand pounds a year, comes to Lord Chesterfield by entail, and all that he was worth in the world he has left him by will, as a proof of his gratitude for the great obligations he had to the kindest and most generous brother that ever lived. I hear the king looks very well, and is in very good spirits. The duke (of Cumberland) waits only for a fair wind to bring him over. I wish it would blow

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designs, if he entertained any, in favour of the Pretender. From this period the Duke left public affairs, and seemed absorbed in what the Grecian sage thought the wisest study —the contemplation of himself. By his extravagant vanity and haughtiness, he acquired the title of the proud Duke of Somerset; and a note is too short to detail the absurdities by which he earned this distinction. It is singular that this duke received the garter from Charles the Second; and that, on his grace's death, it was conferred on his late majesty, then Prince George. So that this garter, had it not fallen to the sovereign, would have been but once bestowed in 140 years.

* Mr. John Stanhope, third son of Philip, third Earl of Chesterfield; born in 1708. He had been made a Lord of the Admiralty in the beginning of this year. He died unmarried.

kindly for the sake of the poor troops, who, the officers say, have, as well as themselves, been more fatigued and harassed by this pacific campaign than by the whole war.

LETTER XLIV.

Ickworth-Park, Feb. 1, 1749.

If you have not heard, from Frederick, how very ill Miss Hervey has been ever since I returned, till within these four or five days, you will probably be surprised at my silence, though I hope you know me too well to harbour the least suspicion of its proceeding from any alteration or coolness of my friendship towards you; I promise you I never alter towards those I esteem, till I have perceived some very material alteration in them, or at least till I have convincing proofs that I was much mistaken in them; and, I thank God, this has seldom been my case with any for whom I ever professed any regard. I have had several friends, and never lost but one, except by death; I have some remaining, who will never lose me whilst I live, if they care to keep me. I have nothing to ask of any of them, because I want nothing; because I am and will be content with any thing. I wish you joy of Mrs. Morris's being safely

brought to bed; and I wish your daughter may give you both as much joy as mine (Mrs. Phipps I mean) both has given and continues to give me.

I am extremely pleased to find we agree about Dr. Middleton's last performance*; I think it excellently well wrote, but had marked in my own book, (which he was so obliging to send me), the two passages in the preface that you have

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* His "Free Inquiry into the miraculous Powers which "are supposed to have subsisted in the Christian Church, from "the earliest Ages through several successive Centuries;" a work which, though ostensibly directed against the post-apostolic miracles, was supposed, by its reasoning, to invalidate the authenticity of the Gospel miracles themselves; and, of course, created a great deal of serious, and some angry, controversy. After all, Lady Hervey was probably right in thinking that little good was to be derived from controverting his arguments; which, apparently, attacked those miracles only, of which the whole *Protestant* church doubts. I believe that Middleton was by no means a sincere Christian; and one cannot but agree with Bishop Douglas, who, in his Criterion, (although he allows Middleton to be an able writer, and does not complain of him as heterodox) convicts him, on more than one occasion, of great unfairness and misrepresentation, not to say downright untruth.

It is worth remarking, that, in the preface to this work, Middleton boasts that "Providence had placed him beyond "the temptation of sacrificing philosophic freedom to the "servilities of dependence," &c.; and yet I have quoted an instance (page 60) where, for a paltry little living, this philosophical and incorruptible doctor disgraced his character and belied his conscience.

observed; and I confess I wish they had not found a place in it, as I fear some people, who wish him less well than we do, will make an insidious use of them against him. I also agree with you in thinking his antagonists had better drop their pen; they will neither do their cause nor themselves any service by the use they will, or can make of it: they may write against him, but they will never answer him.

Have you read Lord Egmont's* political pamphlet? It is a bitter one, but I can't be so partial to deny, as some do, its being well wrote. There is great spirit, and the whole not ill put together; some facts no one can deny; nor the probability of some of the motives he has assigned, being the secret spring of some actions; but many of them, I believe, are very unjust, and on several occasions he has imputed to bad designs what I verily believe were owing to no designs at all, the fortuitous concurrence of events, either not foreseen, or weakly and injudiciously guarded against.

There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of wickedness in mankind, but indeed there is a great deal more folly; and I have always found more springs of action in the weakness than in the wickedness of our natures: he has drawn one character in such colours as is enough to discredit the whole pamphlet; to put black upon

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* See note, p. 149.

us, for white, is too gross: if he had endeavoured to have softened it into grey, some of his most ignorant readers might have given him some trust, and have thought his eyes better than theirs, but he has overdone it. I see there is an answer to it advertised, and have sent for it. I like to read and hear of all sides; and indeed I think I do both with an impartiality which I meet in very few people. As for the Sosia, I agree with you, and firmly believe the *prologue* and epilogue are both his own; at least they are, (as Lord Paulet, when he was Lord Hinton, once told him, on being asked his opinion of some of his poetical performances), worthy of his Royal Highness*.

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* Why Frederic Prince of Wales is here called Sosia, I do not see; but the rest of the allusion is to the play of Cato, performed on Wednesday the fourth of January, at Leicester House, by his Royal Highness's children, and some other boys. A copy of the cast of characters may, perhaps, amuse the reader.

Cato	Master Nugent
Portius	Prince George (George III.)
Juba	Prince Edward (Duke of York)
Sempronius	Master Evelyn
Lucius	Master Montague
Decius	Lord Milsington
Syphax	Master North
Marcus	Master Madden
Marcia	Princess Augusta (Duchess Brunswick)
Lucia	Princess Elizabeth

I really think your manner of accounting for the corruption of the Latin language a very good one; and if it is not the true cause, 'tis at least a very probable one. It is undoubtedly true, that nothing is more contagious than bad company; the generality of people are quite of the cameleon kind, and are only the reflected shadows of their companions; many want ideas, but most want sentiments and taste, and borrow them occasionally from those they see oftenest, or like best. I am in a very *chit-chat* disposition, and should have spun out this letter much longer, but that Sir Robert Smythe is just come up stairs to your rescue.

The Prologue, spoken by Prince George, and Epilogue by Princess Augusta and Prince Edward, were but indifferent compositions, particularly the latter; which may, indeed, have been written by the Prince himself. As a specimen, I shall copy the concluding lines.

Prince Ed. In England born, my inclination,
Like yours, is wedded to this nation:
And future times, I hope, will see
Me, General in reality—
Indeed, I wish to serve this land;
It is my father's strict command;
And none he ever gave shall be
More cheerfully obeyed by me!

And all this mummery and doggrel was intended less to amuse the children, than to vex their grandfather, and make the father popular in his opposition to the king.

How do you like Thomson's Coriolanus? I think it a very moderate performance.

LETTER XLV.

Ickworth-Park, March the 14th, 1749.

I AM glad to hear you are in town, sir, as I think a little variety of that kind good for every body; not but that your spirits and turn of mind are of a sort to want it less than most people's, but 'tis a maxim of mine, that neither the body nor the mind should be kept to the same food; variety not only gratifies the taste, but quickens the appetite. In general, I have observed, that those who live in town think too little, and those who live in the country think too much; the one makes them superficial, the other sour. You very agreeably and very judiciously blend study and amusement together, and by that means preserve your cheerfulness, and improve your understanding. I was extremely pleased with all your manner of thinking and expressing yourself on two very different subjects, that of the young Pretender, and of Lord Egmont's* pamphlet; for though we

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* John second Earl of Egmont, father of the present Earl,

agree entirely as to the latter, and not fully as to the former; yet there is in both something so ingenious, so candid, and so sincere, that even where I differ with you in opinion, I concur with you in practice, making the same allowance for your way of thinking that you do for mine. The generality of people with whom I either argue or differ are so unfair in their arguments, so false in their conclusions, or so perplexed in their method, that 'tis mere wrangling to talk with them, as one has no chance of convincing or being convinced, which ought to be the only end of controversy of any kind; but the truth is, (and I have for some time discovered it), very few people have any opinion; impressions

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and, by a second marriage, of Lord Arden, and of the late excellent Mr. Perceval. Though an Irish Peer, he sat in the British House of Commons; and being, as Coxe calls him, "a fluent and plausible debater," and attached to Frederick Prince of Wales, he was one of the leaders of that prince's party. The famous pamphlet of "Faction Detected by the Evidence of Facts," was his; but the pamphlet *here* alluded to is "An Examination of the Principles, and an Inquiry into the Conduct of the two Brothers"—the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham. Lord Egmont was an able man, with some peculiarities. Horace Walpole took it into his head, that his lordship was mad enough to contemplate the re-edification of the feudal system in England; and makes many allusions to this visionary scheme. But there must have been some mistake. Lord Egmont, though he held some singular opinions, could, I think, have hardly dreamed of such a palpable absurdity as this.

pass for such, on the weaker sort, and the men of parts square theirs by no rule but their own interest, or at least what they judge to be so. True sound sense is much seldomer to be found than what is called *parts*, but it is a thousand times preferable to the latter, for one's self, one's friend, or one's instructor, though one should be extremely glad to be now and then enlivened or entertained by them. I don't question but that there was at all times a great deal of selfishness and mean interestedness in the world, but certainly not so much as at present; and the cause of it is evident; people were formerly ashamed of such conduct, they at least saved appearances, and couched it under other names; now they glory in it, and 'tis looked upon as a proof of superior understanding to be governed by it; it is a weakness to let any other bias prevail; he is a fool, a whimsical, or a madman who does not act upon this plan. Thus the meanest of vices, by being encouraged, is increased; and it is in this, as in all arts or sciences, there are always people in all times capable of them, but it is only the encouragement given that makes them prevail and predominate at one time more than another.

I have not quite so great an opinion of Mr. Foster* as you say you have. I believe he is a

* Dr. James Foster, a dissenting minister, whose own

man of *parts*, but, with all his presbyterian sanctity, as much a man of the world as any one. I believe I shall not read his book, not for that reason, but for that which you give: what can be said more and better on that subject than what Cicero, Seneca, and many others have said? I laughed heartily at the woe you denounce against the readers of those books.

Jackson's* little pamphlet against Dr. Middleton's book I have read, but it is a very slight performance, I think, and takes in too little. I shall be glad to read any better on that side the question; but, to tell you the truth, wish much more for Middleton's promised performance than for any of those against him: there is a charm in his style that is irresistible. I am far from thinking with many people, that he designed

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works are now nearly forgotten; but who will live for ever in the famous distich of Pope:

> Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
> Our metropolitans in preaching well.

The work which Lady Hervey mentions is probably his "Discourses on Natural Religion and Social Virtue."

* "Remarks on Dr. Middleton's Free Inquiry, by the Rev. John Jackson;" a very voluminous polemic writer. He had been the friend of Clarke, and the antagonist of Warburton, and was scarcely worthy of being either. His best work is his last, on Chronological Antiquities. No man of his day had more Greek and Latin, or less taste.

a formal attack upon Christianity; if that is wounded by his book, (and I don't say it may not be so), I should certainly, were I one of his jury, bring it in *chance-medley*. Resentment and vanity I believe directed his blow at the fathers, and in the eagerness with which he aimed it, he did not enough consider that Christianity stood so near that it might probably come in for a share*. One only thing seems pretty evident to me, which is, that the fathers and the protestants can hardly be supported together. All those things which we call superstitions and innovations of the Roman Catholics, were, undoubtedly, the practice of those primitive Christians; and, though I believe the papal power was an innovation, yet their ceremonies and faith were to my apprehension not so; therefore I must stick to my old opinion, that the Reformation, as managed by Henry VIII. was warrantable, according to Christianity; but that introduced by Luther and Calvin, and adopted in

* As one becomes inevitably in love with one's heroine, I am pleased when I see Lady Hervey, as in the present instance, exerting her own good sense on the subject of Middleton, to whom her regard for Lord Hervey's memory made her but too indulgent; and I regret to say, that there are several passages in these letters, which seem to prove that Lady Hervey had not, in spite of her habitual good sense, been able altogether to resist Middleton's sophistry.

the time of Edward VI., was not quite so clearly founded in authority. I am sorry if in this we really disagree, because 'tis then probable I may be in the wrong; but if I am so, 'tis the fault of my judgment, and my will at least is ready for conviction, *errare possum, hæreticus esse nolo**.

I am very glad to hear the †Bishop of Winchester is so well, both for your sake and his. I have been always particularly distinguished and obliged by him, am very sensible of it, and grateful for it. I like and honour the man. Pray when you see him assure him of my sincere regard. I am obliged to you for the kind offer you make me, whilst you are in town, but you will be there too short a time for me to think of being so unreasonable as to employ you whilst you should only be amused; however, one favour I will beg of you, which is, if you happen to meet an Ammianus Marcellinus in Latin and French, of which I am told there is a very good but a very scarce edition. I am, with great truth and sincerity, your faithful friend.

What do you think of the military bill‡ that

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* I may err; but I would not willingly be a heretic.

† Dr. Benjamin Hoadly.

‡ The mutiny bill was strongly contested this year, chiefly on account of a provision which it contained to make half-pay officers subject to martial law.

"When the bill was sent to the Lords, it there met with a fresh opposition; and it was unaccountably proposed to re-

has made such a bustle in parliament and in print? I have read only a pamphlet of one side, and heard nothing of either from people capable

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strain all courts-martial from inflicting any punishment affecting life or limb. But this question was carried in the negative, by a majority of 88 against 15. The judges were then consulted, "whether the half-pay officers, not being included in the number of 18,857 effective men, mentioned in the preamble, could be deemed subject to it, or to any of the pains and punishments mentioned therein, were it not for the last clause contained in the bill then before the House?" Upon this question the Judges were divided in opinion. The Lord Chancellor was clearly for the affirmative. Some Lords thought that if the last clause should pass, some provision should be made to compel the government to do justice to the officers upon half-pay, by preferring them, according to the date of their commissions, and the rank they had in the army. They likewise affected great fears lest the clause, if it should pass, should strengthen the hand of the ministry, by giving them power over all the half-pay officers in the kingdom, many of whom were men of great fortunes and families, which might have a dreadful influence at the general election. The clause was carried by a majority of 72 against 15. After this, an attempt was made to get a clause inserted in the bill, to exempt any peer of the realm from being tried by a court-martial. But this was likewise defeated, and the bill at last passed. Those debates made very serious impressions upon the minds of many people, both without and within doors. A great jealousy of the army began to take root, and many plans were published, particularly one by Mr. Thornton, a member of the House, and the same who had distinguished himself so remarkably during the Rebellion, for rendering the militia a kind of counterpoise to the standing army."—TINDAL.

of stating it clearly, or willing to state it fairly; so I can form no judgment of it yet, but I have sent for all the pamphlets on that subject.

LETTER XLVI.

Ickworth-Park, April the 5th, 1749.

We have had such a fresh alarm again from Lord Bristol, that I have not been able to sit down quietly to write till he was once more quite out of danger. The sort of agitation that such an affair necessarily causes in a family, and the uneasiness that seeing any one suffer gives to a mind that has any degree of humanity, occasions such a thorough perturbation of thought, that it is impossible, whilst that lasts, to turn one's mind to any thing in which those thoughts have not a part: this was the cause of my silence. I should otherwise have thanked you a week ago for your letters, and the obliging offer you made, or rather renewed, to me, of executing any commission of mine in town; your stay there is too short for me to make so wrong a use of your offer as to accept it. I am extremely pleased to perceive the same agreeable vein of cheerfulness run through your letters now as formerly, and that no change of situation of life

makes any in that agreeable and happy disposition of yours, which is the happy result of an innocent mind, a good constitution, and a good understanding; but I earnestly and sincerely wish that one more good ingredient to happiness were added to that amiable composition, and that your fortune was as easy as your temper. It is not my fault that it is not so, but it is your misfortune as well as mine, that I am so thoroughly insignificant.

I can join with you in your worship of the sun; which, in its universal beneficence to the world, is the best type or representation of the Deity:—'tis the most cheering, most enlivening part of the whole creation—a better restorative than all that the pharmacopœia officinalis can produce, and more exhilarating than all the wines of France. I am luckily situated here, in a little room, where I enjoy it in its full meridian. It gilds and beautifies a scene that is as pleasing as lawn, trees, extent, and diversity can make it. Nor is my sight the only sense that is gratified in this situation: a profusion of flowers and sweet shrubs perfume the air; and a variety of beautiful birds, whilst they please my eye, delight my ear. I have drawn a prodigious concourse of all kinds to the garden, and to my window in particular, by plenty of seeds, crumbs of bread, oatmeal, and all that can please their taste, and solicit their abode. I have planted them a retreat in bad weather, and provided

them with conveniences in good: they repay me by the most delightful music; and the first sound that strikes my ear, in the morning, is their melody. It is descending very much, I think, to fall from these delightful subjects to that of pamphlets and of pamphleteers; yet I must thank you for the two pieces you sent me, though one is not very good, and the other is very bad. The answer to Lord Egmont's is not ill wrote, and is a proper answer enough to his very virulent Examination; which, though written with great spirit and sense, is such a mixture of facts and conjectures, of truth and romance, of sanctity and flattery, that I think his condemnation and punishment are both very just. I don't know who has answered Mr. Jackson: but I think the answered and the answerer will neither do good nor harm to any cause, and may write for ever without running the risk of being read, when they are known to be the authors. As to Dr. Middleton, I would advise nobody to write against him, because I truly think no one can answer him. He is doubly armed by his cause and his style; and, I think, a *Protestant*, who aims at answering him, cannot possibly keep clear of Scylla or Charybdis.

Whether Mr. Lyttleton* or Mr. Legge in the treasurership of the navy, or the Duke of New-

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* See page 161.

castle or Earl of Granville in the direction of the government prevail, is entirely indifferent to me: all ministers, as ministers, are much the same to me; and I believe, as things and people are now constituted, the public and I shall be equally benefited by either. I will enjoy this sweet place, and quiet way of living, as long as Lord Bristol's life enables me to live here; and, in the mean time, am preparing a dwelling that will suit better with my purse, though not so well with my inclination. I have paid dear to make that dwelling *look** as like the country as I can; but I have been too much used to grass and green trees to bear the changing them for brick walls and dust.—Adieu: I can wish you nothing *better* than that *sana mens in sano corpore*†, which you so perfectly enjoy already; and all I can wish you *more*, is *crescentem pecuniam*‡.

* She alludes to her house in the Green Park; which now, as then, "looks" as like a house in the country as any house in town can do.

† A sound mind in a healthy body.—Hor.

‡ Increasing wealth.

LETTER XLVII.

Ickworth Park, Aug. 23, 1749.

I HAVE this moment received your letter, sir, for which, and two others now before me, I give you thanks. I am grown a very irregular and dull correspondent: the last owing to my spirits not being quite so good as they were; partly, I suppose, from that natural decay in every thing which increase of years necessarily produces; and partly from such sort of dissatisfaction and vexation, in particular circumstances of life, which time naturally occasions. Don't imagine, by this, that I am very low spirited or splenetic; for I am not so; but the great cheerfulness of spirits I used to have, that made me converse and correspond with pleasure and alacrity, is subsided; and to that has succeeded a sort of inactivity and indolence, that leaves me a pleasure in hearing and reading, without a desire to move my tongue or my pen to answer.

Mr. and Mrs. Phipps are now so near me, that I see them almost every day, which is a great satisfaction to me. They are both most agreeable people; and she is the best, the most amiable child that ever any parent was possessed of: were she only an acquaintance, one should prefer her as a companion; but she has every other tie and merit to make her dear to me. Frederick

is with them for a few days: I believe he studies very hard, and I am glad of it; but I agree with you there should be a mixture of amusements with it, otherwise he may be a deep scholar, but never an agreeable companion: and nothing is truer than what you say, that there ought to be a conformity to the pleasures, manners, and dress of others, exclusive of their vices or ridicules. I agree entirely as to your opinion of the ancient philosophers: their tenets were, for the most part, extremely absurd; but so, indeed, are those of most systematics; and, to say the truth, I never yet read of any system that was not a heap of wild, ridiculous absurdities, with some right things thrown in, to make them pass; which convinces me they have all been formed at first, or deformed afterwards, by knaves or madmen. I could add much more on this subject; but my time will not allow it.

Mr. Lyttleton* has not married a woman

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* George Lyttleton, first Lord Lyttleton. His first wife was Lucy Fortescue, whose death, in 1747, he deplored in an elegy *longer than his widowhood*. His second lady, mentioned in the text, was Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Robert Rich. Lord Lyttleton died in 1773; and she not till 1795.

Horace Walpole tells a ridiculous story of a Mr. Shelly's having answered Lord Lyttleton—who asked him, why Beard, the actor, had left Drury Lane?—that "the fellow had been "*such a fool* as to go and marry a *Miss Rich*." Lord Lyttleton, like the Queen in Hamlet, had "promised too much;" so that all allusions to his second marriage were supposed to

without fortune, or a reasonable share of beauty: she has five thousand pounds at present, and will have as much more at her father's death: she has a good complexion, fine hair, and good teeth; has very good sense; lived a more reasonable, retired life, than young ladies now do; was an intimate friend of his first wife's; and from that friendship sprung his affection. He is a man who gives into neither the vices nor pleasures of the gay world; likes his own home; and those domestic sort of men always marry, and love their *wife*, be she who she will.

LETTER XLVIII.

Ickworth Park, Dec. 1749.

It is indeed, sir, I confess, a long time since I have wrote to you; not occasioned by Lord Bristol's being ill, as you think (he is now as well as he has been these twelve months), but by a complication of different impediments. Had there been any thing in which my writing could have been of any real use to you, I would have broke through all impediments; but as that was

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be satirical, and generally were so: though, in the instance quoted, poor Mr. Shelly testified his *bonne foi* by a rapid retreat.

not the case, I depended upon your not thinking me silent from want of friendship, and gave myself up to all my other vocations; among which, a visit I made in town, for three weeks, to a friend, who, after seven years' absence, came there on a very disagreeable affair; and all the necessary, but tiresome, frequent attendance at my house and for my house, took up the chief part of my time. It was in town I received from you the agreeable news of my having judged rightly about the Bishop of Winchester's intention as to Millbrook*: I never was better pleased to be in the right; and had I judged differently about it, should, upon my word, have been happy to have been proved in the wrong: what you tell me about it, is a strong temptation to me to wish, what I never yet did on my own account—that there was a life the less to be numbered in the world, but I pray with redoubled fervency for the life of the good bishop.

I don't know how your *pot of coffee wager*†

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* A living between Nutshalling and Southampton, of the next presentation to which it appears that Mr. Morris had just received a promise from the bishop.

† This wager of a pot of coffee was as to the event of the contest for Westminster between Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput. The numbers on the poll were—T. 4,811. —V. 4,654. On the scrutiny, which did not end till the 15th of May, they were—T. 4,103.—V. 3,903.

will be decided; if you, and those with whom you laid your wager, are litigiously given, I think it may make as good a lawsuit as that in Martin Scriblerus about the black and white horses; for though Lord Trentham was declared on the poll, I hear Sir George Vandeput will certainly be returned on the scrutiny. The royal family have been, as most families are, greatly divided on this occasion. The Princess Amelia wrote many letters with her own hand to solicit votes, and the duke sent about both his lord of the bed-chamber and the captain of the guards, not only to solicit, but expostulate with tradesmen; whilst the zeal of the prince on the other side induced him to join with the mob, who followed his chair, in crying out, No French strollers! Englishmen and English hearts for ever! For my part I was so tired of the two names of Trentham and Vandeput, whilst I was in town, that I could almost have joined with the gentleman who, beset on both sides his coach, by the opposite mobs crying out for the opposite candidates, called out G—d d—n them both! and indeed I fancy one may say of those two candidates, as Lady Townshend very humorously did of the two Sir Thomas Robinsons, the one of whom is very tall and thin, the other very plump and low, and who had both offended her: "I can't imagine why the one should be preferred to the other. I see but little difference between

them; the one is as *broad* as the other is *long**."

You did not judge quite right as to my objection to Montesquieu's book; the fault I found with it is the evident preference he gives to a republic, which I take to be the worst government to live under that can be, next to a despotism. A monarchy, or such a sort of compound government as ours is, I take to be the best. Upon the whole, I like his book very much; there is a great deal of good sense and good learning in it, and some very sagacious observations, in endeavouring to trace the origin of many customs, and the cause of different forms of government, from the nature of different people, as affected by the climate in which they live. I like what he says of our constitution, that it is *une republique qui se cache sous la forme de la monarchie;* is it not pretty?

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* Lady Townshend's pleasantry was not quite just. The *broad* Sir Thomas was a man of consideration and merit, some time secretary of state; and afterwards created Lord Grantham. The *long* Sir Thomas was a celebrated *bore* and *butt* of the day. Lord Chesterfield used to bear his dulness for the sake of laughing at him; and one day, when Sir Thomas requested his lordship to honour him with some poetical mention, Lord Chesterfield gratified him with the following distich.

> " *Unlike* my subject will I frame my song;
> " It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be *long!*"

I have from hurry, (for the bell has rung for dinner), blotted this last part of my letter so much that you will hardly be able to read it. I hope soon to have a letter from you dated from Millbrook. Adieu.

LETTER XLIX.

Ickworth-Park, Jan. 27, 1750.

JUST as I had finished two letters full of directions about my building, and was going to begin one to you, I received another from you, for which I must thank you before I proceed to answer your others. The whole purport of it is so friendly, and so sensible, that I cannot forbear commending it as the latter, as well as thanking you for it as the former. I believe what your* correspondent threw out to you was only for the sake of saying something that we thought was pretty on the subject; for by what I hear from others there is no neglect or inapplication. I find he sees Dr. Middleton sometimes, but whether so often as one would wish I know not; he has made several excursions this year; and I am quite of your opinion as to

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* Probably Mr. Frederic Hervey.

the disadvantage it is to any young man to confine himself to a narrow set of acquaintance; therefore I am always pleased when I hear of his increasing the number of his, and diversifying the scene a little. He has certainly very good parts, and knows how to make himself agreeable; he sent me Dr. Middleton's book* the very day after he himself received it, and the day after it a very obliging message from the doctor, who had asked him where he should direct one to find me. I long as impatiently to have you read it, as you yourself can. It is wrote with great spirit, and not without some bitterness. He has, in my opinion, proved contradictions, absurdity, and bad reasoning, on the bishop. There are some very sly and delicately touched insinuations and hints; at least such as appear to me to be so. We shall soon see and hear a great deal of it, if those things strike others in the same manner they have done me. I am impatient to hear if your thoughts of it tally with mine.

I am sorry my being in the country prevents me from now and then furnishing you some entertainment, by sending such things as newly

* "An Examination of the Bishop of London's (Sherlock) Discourses concerning the Uses and Intents of Prophecy. By Dr. Middleton."

come out, and make the present topic of conversation. Montesquieu's book I think you would like. I never read Harrington's*; but, to say the truth, I think all those theoretic writers on a plan of perfection no better worth reading than Scuderi, or any other romance writer; nay, in my opinion, they both do a great deal of harm in their different ways; and where the one meets with a head turned to politics, and the other a disposition inclined to love, they leave neither at quiet till each is gratified, without the least degree of that perfection they set out in the search of.

You ask me about my French journey, to which I can give no answer, but that I fully intend one some time or other. I am persuaded it would do both my health and spirits good. There are in that country both people and places I wish to see; and the cheerful good humour and obliging behaviour one meets with in general, is a great restorative to broken spirits: besides that, I shall have another inducement to go, for Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald† pro-

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* Oceana—a kind of Utopia.

† Lady Hervey's second daughter, Mary, born in 1726, married George Fitzgerald, Esq. of Ireland. She, with the other daughters of Lord Hervey, obtained, by king's warrant, in 1753, the rank of earl's daughters. She died soon after the date of this warrant.

pose doing so as soon as she is brought to bed, and they have settled all their affairs, neither Ireland nor England agreeing with him. Adieu.

LETTER L.

Ickworth-Park, March 17th, 1750.

I SHOULD be ashamed to see three of your letters lying before me unanswered; and what is worse, unacknowledged, but that I have both the best and the worst reason that can be for my silence; in short, both my health and my spirits, like my age, and from my age, are on the decline. There are some days on which I look on writing a letter like an Herculean labour; and at other times, when I have wrote the necessary ones on business, I am so tired, so exhausted, that I cannot prevail on myself to add a line more; do not, therefore, I beg of you, think my silence proceeds from any change in me, but that of my health. If ever I could do you any service by writing, I would exert myself; and my zeal on that occasion would supply every deficiency. I shall be glad to hear the Bishop of Winchester is quite recovered. What do you hear of Mr. Broome*? I hope, for all your sakes,

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* Mr. Broome appears to have been Rector of Millbrook,

you often see Mr. and Mrs. Phipps: their boy, I suppose, is gone to school, but they must contrive to let you see, I mean hear him, for so extraordinary a child I believe you never did hear. The time now draws near that Mr. Phipps's appeal will be heard in the House of Lords. I suppose you will attend it. I wish it may answer your wishes rather than their expectation. Pray go and visit my house, and then tell me sincerely what you think of it. I must inform you first that it is but two parts in three of it that is carried up; the rest remains to be done about two years and a half hence; so that the great stairs, an antechamber to my great room, and a servant's room to the bedchamber, are all as yet unbuilt: make these allowances, and then tell me if you like it. If you say, as you did once before, that you wish I had made a bow window, consider what would have been the consequence of it; instead of those windows which now afford me as fine a view as possible, I should have had but one window that would have looked towards Chelsea and the country: from one of the oblique windows I should have looked into Sir John Cope's room, and have afforded him a view

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of which living Mr. Morris seems to have had a promise from the Bishop of Winchester; and to which he soon afterwards succeeded.

of mine: from the other I should have seen the Duke of Devonshire's house, when the dust of Piccadilly would have permitted it.

But what is become of the earthquake*? I

* On Thursday the 8th an earthquake was felt throughout London and Westminster, and some miles round, which excited great alarm. There had been auroræ boreales, and great storms of wind in different parts of England about this period; and it is recorded that subsequently the season grew so warm, that on the 20th wall-fruit was in blossom, bees swarmed, lady-birds were caught, and the roads were dusty; and these phenomena, in the enthusiastic jargon of the day, were attributed to an *airquake*, which was supposed to have accompanied the earthquake; and new earthquakes were bespoke by the vulgar, and promised by the philosophers for two months to come.

The happy climate of these islands renders such phenomena so rare, that one is not surprised at the panic with which the vulgar were infected on this occasion; but it is not much to the credit of the candour or of the judgment of Dr. Sherlock, then Bishop of London, that he should have condescended to write a pastoral letter, to increase the alarm, and to turn its effects to the conversion of the people from the sins to which they were addicted. This pastoral letter seemed, to some pious minds, a prodigious work, and a subscription was made to distribute 40,000 of them to the poor; but even before the panic terrors of earthquake had subsided, this pious labour was laughed at, in some pamphlets of the day: what must serious people have thought of this attempt to prove an *immediate* interposition of the Almighty, and a tremendous and *exemplary* manifestation of God's will, from two slight shocks of an earthquake, which did no mischief, and which had no consequences? Nothing certainly can be more absurd, more immoral, I may say, than

am told we must no longer believe in it, for that the wise have decided that it was an airquake. Be it what it will, I believe it was a very alarming shock.

Lord Cornbury has sold his estate and seat in Oxfordshire, and I think him extremely in the right of it. He has left a country where he never had health or spirits, to live in one where he has both; and, wisely making that choice, is above the weak vanity of keeping, at a vast expense, a place he does not intend to see any more, only because eight favourite letters form both the name of himself and that place: he has sold it for a great sum, the interest of which will enable him to please himself and people who can be pleased. Pray look on this transaction of his in this light, and unbiassed by common prejudice, and then tell me if he is not rather to be approved and congratulated than condemned and pitied.

Your news of Lord Orford* surprises me ex-

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his lordship's concluding paragraph, in which he gravely "exhorts masters, parents, and magistrates to exert themselves in the cause of religion and virtue, *if not* from public "principle or religious sentiments, at least *from fear of* "*chastisement by an earthquake!*" for, lo! since that day there has not been one felt in England.

* Robert, first Lord Walpole, and second Earl of Orford, the eldest son of Sir Robert. It is singular that the son was created a peer twenty years before his father. He died in

tremely; but is it certainly true? How has he run out his vast estate in so short a time? I never heard that he played, for that would account for the ruin of a still greater fortune than his. There is something very melancholy in seeing the dissipation of what one has seen collected.

I want to hear what you think of Dr. Middleton's last book. I have yet seen no tolerable answer to it*; and indeed he is so particularly sagacious in finding out the weak part of any argument or system he has a mind to attack, that it is very hard for any antagonist to support himself against the doctor. I am sorry our journeys to town are always in such different seasons, that we can never meet. I may perhaps make one before it is very long, that will set us at a still greater distance. Besides the amusement I propose by it, and the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Fitzgerald, I really believe it will be of use to my health, and that I shall return with a fresh stock. I am sure the old one is almost exhausted. Adieu. Wherever I am you will have a sincere friend.

1757. He was the father of George, the third Earl, whose death, without issue, in 1791, inflicted the title and the remains of the family property on his uncle the celebrated Horace.

* Answers were, if not satisfactory, at least numerous: the literary world was quite "in a foam" with this controversy. More than fifty pamphlets were published on this subject within a few months.

LETTER LI.

Ickworth-Park, April 5th, 1750.

THE ides of March are come, and will, I am persuaded, be past in all safety before you receive this letter, in spite of prophets and prophecies. The newspapers are filled with accounts of a hundred little subaltern earthquakes*, which have been felt in many different places, but which I take to be only the ghosts

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* The English nation are peculiarly liable to epidemics of all sorts; but that this earthquake mania seems to have been unusually rabid and contagious, the following extract from the newspapers of the 4th April will show.

"Incredible numbers of people, being under strong apprehensions that London and Westminster would be visited with another and more fatal earthquake, on this night, according to the predictions of a crazy lifeguardsman, and because it would be just four weeks from the last shock, as that was from the first, left their houses, and walked in the fields, or *lay in boats all night;* many *people of fashion* in the neighbouring villages *sat in their coaches* till day-break; others went to a greater distance; so that the roads were never more thronged, and lodgings were hardly to be procured at *Windsor;* so far, and even to their wits end, had their superstitious fears or their guilty consciences driven them."

This going to Windsor to avoid the earthquake, is like the story of the old Duchess of Bolton, who, on Whiston's prophecy of the approaching destruction of the world, prudently resolved to go to China, to escape so inconvenient an accident!

of the more considerable one, which haunt the timorous. There is nothing truer than what you say, that fear is an epidemical distemper: there is hardly any thing more contagious. I dare say, at this instant, nine parts in ten of the inhabitants of Westminster are shaking as much from their fear as they would from the earthquake, if it was to happen. I wish with all my heart that our bishop would surprise us agreeably with the dean of Bangor's living, or Mr. B*. with his own dying. The languishing condition in which you represent the latter is the worst sort of death. When one is dead to the pleasures of life, it is dreadful to live to its pains, and yet, sooner or later, this is what generally happens to most of us.

If you have never read a very odd oration, pronounced and published about eighteen years ago, by one Mr. Hive, I beg you will read it: the man I conclude was very mad, but the hint is certainly very good, and might, in good hands, be made something of. Swift would have made admirable work of it. I recommended it some time ago to Mr. Phipps; I don't know whether he has got it. I had a very good letter from him to-day; I find he is in spirits, and am sure by that she is in health. Poor Lord Dal-

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* Probably Mr. Broom, for whose *living*, and whose *dying*, Mr. Morris was an expectant.

keith's* death is a cruel circumstance to his family, but most particularly to his wife; they were extremely happy in each other: I pity her with all my soul. I dread to see people I care for quite easy and happy. I always wish them some little disappointment or rub, for fear of a greater; for I look upon felicity in this world not to be a natural state, and consequently what cannot subsist: the farther, therefore, we are put out of our natural position, with the more violence we return to it. If Mr. Broome should soon make way for you, that will put you in no danger; but if ever I see you possessed of a good deanry, I shall tremble for you.

For what reason, or upon what account, is the bill for the herring fishery likely to be thrown out by the House of Lords? I know but little of the matter; but it seems to me to be an advantageous thing; and I suppose if it was not thought so, the Duke of Argyll's supplemental scheme would not be allowed to take

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* Francis, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleugh, and grandson of the Duke of Monmouth. He married, in 1742, Caroline, eldest daughter of John Duke of Argyll; who afforded additional proof of the observation, that *short widowhoods succeed happy matches;* for, of the two sisters, Lady Dalkeith, who lived so happily with her husband, married again, in a few years, (the Honourable Charles Townsend); and Lady Mary Coke, whose domestic unhappiness was so notorious, remained a widow to the end of her long life.

place. Have you read either of the two answers to Dr. Middleton?—one by Mr. Church, and the other by Mr. Brooke*? I have seen neither, but have heard both, particularly the first, much commended: but as it was by those whose impartiality I suspect much more than their judgment, I have not so much deference for their declaration, as I should have for their opinion, if I knew how to get at it. With you that is not the case: I know what you think, when I hear what you say; and though you are too discreet to produce all your thoughts, yet you are too honest to give for such, what your conscience disavows. I am obliged to you for your kind wishes and your good opinion; I hope the first will be answered, and I will endeavour to answer the other. I will certainly make a little tour this autumn, and return next spring, when I hope you will be settled at Millbrooke; but not so confined there but I may hope you will sometimes breakfast in the pleasantest room in town, which several people write me word they think my great room is. Adieu.

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* In the multitude of pamphlets published in this controversy, I cannot assign to these authors their proper works; but Mr. Church's was considered worthy of the approbation of the University of Oxford, which conferred on him and Dodwell the degree of D.D. "for their Answers to Middleton."

LETTER LII.

Ickworth Park, May 27, 1750.

I HAVE now no less than four most agreeable letters of yours to answer: I wish I knew how to put out my money to as good interest as my letters; I should soon grow very rich: I have only some scruples whether, in conscience, I can continue the correspondence on this foot (as I give so little, and receive so much), lest it should be deemed usurious interest. However, as most people's conscience is ready enough to accept of a salve that is applied by their interest or pleasure, I have healed mine by considering the advantage I reap, not as exacted by me, but generously bestowed by you. I have received a very obliging letter from the Bishop of Winchester, and long to have a fresh occasion of writing to him; which I shall certainly do the moment that you are rector of Millbrooke. All those people whose life is of no advantage to others, nor satisfaction to themselves, live on eternally; and a man who, like Baron Clarke*,

* Charles Clarke, Esq. one of the Barons of the Exchequer. He had sat at the Old Bailey Sessions, in May 1750; when he and Sir Thomas Aubrey, his colleague on the bench, the lord mayor, an alderman, the under-sheriff, and several

is the joy of his acquaintance, the prop of his family, the comfort of his friends, and the resource of the needy; who enjoyed life with pleasure, and employed it with profit and honour, is snatched away by a short fever, though defended by a vigorous constitution, and a sober, temperate life. The account your Richmond acquaintance gave you of his neighbour, does not in the least surprise me; though, had it been of any other person, I confess I could not have believed it: but, with regard to him, one may properly say, like Tertullian on a different subject: *Credibile est quia ineptum est.* I only wonder you should be surprised *at such things in such people.* I remember the old French Lady Stafford*, who had as much humour and as much good sense as I ever met with in any creature, used always to say, when others were wondering at, or accounting for any great folly or absurdity in the conduct of others,—*Mais*

barristers and jurors, died of that extraordinary contagion called the gaol-fever.

* She had hereditary claims to talents: she was the daughter of the celebrated Count de Grammont and *La belle Hamilton,* and niece of Count Anthony Hamilton, the author of the Memoirs. Her name was Claude Charlotte; and she was married, in 1694, to Henry Howard Viscount Stafford, created Earl of Stafford by King James a week or two before the abdication. The earl followed the fortunes of his master, and died in France in 1719.

pour quoy s'en etonner? il n'y a rien de si naturel; c'est que les sots font toujours des sottises. 'Tis by the help of this great and eternal truth, that I solve all the surprising phenomena in the conduct of most people, which reciprocally furnishes me with matter of speculation and amusement.

Have you read Mr. Warburton's late book* concerning the miraculous impediment to Julian's rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem? I want very much to have your opinion of it: with all due deference to so able and so learned a man, I cannot help thinking he has attempted to prove a silly miracle very sillily. He rejects the crosses upon the clothes and bodies as a miracle; ascribes them to physical causes; and makes his miracle consist only in the earthquake; and the eruption of fire, which happened at that time, frightened the workmen. We have lately seen what a panic a couple of little earthquakes occasioned here: but Julian, who was above those terrors himself, was gone to the Persian war, in which he died soon afterwards, so could not revive the attempt; and was succeeded by a Christian emperor, who would not. I think the introduction wrote with great spirit; and those parts of his book, which seem calculated to overthrow the miracle, are

* The tract called "Julian."

much better argued, than the other part, in which he endeavours to establish it. He treats Dr. Middleton with great tenderness and respect; so I conclude, if the latter thinks it proper to take any notice of this miracle, it will be with more regard to the writer than his subject. I have just received, not read, Dr. Rutherford's* Letter to Middleton, in defence of the Bishop of London's Discourse on Prophecy: the best that I hope from it is, that it may induce Dr. Middleton to write again; though, to confess the truth, I had rather enjoy the pleasure of his writings on those subjects with a few here, than have them published for the multitude. Adieu: wherever I am you will always have a sincere and faithful friend.

LETTER LIII.

Paris, Jan. the 5th, 1751.

You reprove me very agreeably and very kindly for my silence: I acknowledge my fault (if it should be called one), without being able

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* "A Defence of the Bishop of London's Discourses on Prophecy, in a Letter to Dr. Middleton. By T. Rutherford, D. D."

to promise any great amendment; for as the late hours any one who lives much in company here is necessarily obliged to keep at night makes one's morning very short (as we dine at two o'clock), and as writing by candle-light does not quite agree with my eyes, I have very little time to write in; and have still several friends left me, who now and then expect a line in their turn. You, sir, have certainly a claim, and a very good one, to your share; but, then, as the whole is less, your portion must be so too. Were it any way in my power to do you any real, essential service by writing, I would borrow not only from my pleasures, but from my business, my rest, and my sleep: in short, you will ever find me as truly disposed, and as actively ready to serve you, as ever. I wrote to the Bishop of Winchester, immediately after you informed me he had put you in possession of Millbrooke*, to thank him for it, and to assure him of the gratitude you had expressed to him in your letter to me.

I hope Mrs. Morris is perfectly recovered, and that the restoration of her health is that of your spirits and cheerfulness. I know no one who possessed both in a happier degree for your-

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* It appears, that in October, 1750, Edmund Morris, A.M. had a dispensation to hold the two livings of Nursling and Millbrooke, in Hampshire.

self, and a more agreeable one for others: never overbearing or noisy from either, you contributed to that of other people, and one felt the power of your spirits only by the increase of one's own. Mine and my health are both greatly improved by the cheerfulness and dissipation of this place: whether either will continue when I return to England, I know not; and should be very little tempted to risk the experiment, were it not for the sake of a few friends, whom I have faith enough still left to believe are really so.

Here is as great variety of company as can be imagined: *coteries* to suit one in every humour (except a melancholy one) that one can be in. I dine sometimes with a set of *beaux esprits*, among which old Fontenelle presides. He has no mark of age but wrinkles, and a degree of deafness: but when, by sitting near him, you make him hear you, he never fails to understand you, and always answers with that liveliness, and a sort of prettiness, peculiar to himself. He often repeats and applies his own and other people's poetry very agreeably; but only occasionally, as it is proper and applicable to the subject. He has still a great deal of gallantry in his turn and in his discourse. He is ninety-two, and has the cheerfulness, liveliness, and even the taste and appetite of twenty-two.

At other times I dine with people who are

more, or as much, versed in arts as in sciences: the variety is amusing; so is that of supping with those who prefer pleasure and mere wit to the other two. I pass evenings with people of a more serious, but not a less agreeable turn. I was, a few days ago, agreeably entertained by meeting, at a third place, a very deep, acute, determined Deist, who undertook me and a very sensible, cautious abbé: after arguing, twisting, and turning about our several arguments very cleverly, and showing what he called our different, but continued inconsistencies, he very dexterously turned us upon another; ridiculed both our tenets; and ended by saying, my antagonist the abbé was determined to believe more than he could; and that I was ready to give up as much as I dared. I wish you had been there to have heard it all, and to have assisted me; for I own I sometimes wanted it. Altogether, it was very agreeable, and very entertaining, as there was warmth enough on all sides to keep up a spirit, and not heat enough to produce any ill-humour.

My paper and my time are both at an end, so I shall bid you adieu; as dear Augustus and Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald will soon do me, called away severally by necessary business. The first will return as soon as he can; the latter is very sorry not to be able to do the same; and I am heartily so, to be obliged to part with either. Adieu, good sir, once more:

a happy, very happy, year attend both you and Mrs. Morris: may you keep the children you have, if they are to make you happy; but may you have no more at all hazards.

LETTER LIV.

Paris, July the 30th, 1751.

I HAVE been so long and so deeply in your debt, sir, that I am almost ashamed even to make an excuse to you; though I am not quite so much to blame as you may think me; for I have been very ill of a fever, for which I kept my bed nine days, and my room three weeks; owing to a sudden stoppage of perspiration after being very hot. I was so weak after it, for some time, that I could as easily have managed a cannon as a pen; and still I feel I have not quite recovered my strength, when I go up stairs, or make use of my eyes: but I cannot forbear condoling with you on the loss of your friend (the greatest loss any one can have); and assuring you that, as long as I live, you will always have one, though a very insignificant one. You will always, sir, experience from me what you now do; which is, that your afflictions and misfortunes are more powerful calls upon me

than all the entertainment and amusement your letters afford me: I can surmount my indolence, and put off my diversions, when I think you want comfort or assistance; though I am, perhaps, too, apt to indulge both, when I have not those powerful calls.

Is there no hope that Mr.* Knollys' heir may prove a good neighbour and agreeable friend? I know an acquaintance and friend that is to be made, is not like one whom habit and experience have endeared to one: but though such a one cannot for some time, and perhaps never may, supply the loss of Mr. Knollys, yet he may that of your neighbour; and that will be some consolation to you. Happily you have one in the union and agreeableness of your own family, a blessing one sees few people can boast of, when one looks into, and knows the true state and interior of most families. You are blessed with a happy constitution of body, that makes you see every thing in the best light; and some things in a light that even the people most concerned have too good eyes to see them in: I could not help reading half a dozen lines in your letter, to one present, when I received it,

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* Mr. Knollys or Knowles (as the name has been latterly spelled) was lord of the manor of Millbrooke, Nutshalling, and Grove Place, which latter was the family seat: on his death, they passed to the family of Sir Charles Mill, the present possessor.

who is full as well inclined, but a little better informed, on some subjects, than yourself: he only lifted up his eyes, sighed, and asked me how long ago the man lived, and in what happy times he lived in, who wrote that letter?

I am going about five leagues out of town, to a very fine place*, with a very agreeable set of people. I shall stay with them three days; then return here for about as many; go again out of town to another sweet villa, where I shall pass a week, and then go, with a favourite female acquaintance, still farther off, to a very good and worthy friend of mine, whose understanding is serious and substantial enough to please you; and whose probity, good nature, and sincerity you would esteem, as much as I do his politeness and complaisance. I am sure I have reason to praise the friendly, as well as agreeable, disposition of these people: it is not possible to have found more friendly, attentive, essential marks of kindness, even in the midst of the most affectionate relations and friends, than I have found here during my illness, and on my recovery: my acquaintance called at my door every day, and sometimes twice in a day, to know how I did, and if there was nothing I wanted they could help me to? Three or four of my more par-

* Probably L'Isle Adam, in the valley of Montmorency, the seat of the Prince de Conti, whom Lady Hervey occasionally visited.

ticular acquaintance, I may say friends, passed an hour or two every day in my antechamber, to hear from my physician and woman what symptoms and changes appeared in me. I had light quilts, couches, easy chairs, and all sorts of things to contribute to my ease, sent in to me; and, on my recovery, the best sort of wines, of several kinds, lest what I bought should be adulterated. Little chickens, out of the country, new-laid eggs, warm from the hen, and a thousand other little delicacies, to please a difficult palate, and not load a weak stomach. If you could guess at all the proofs of kindness I meet with, and all the agreeableness of my way of living here, you would neither blame nor wonder at my reluctance to quit this delightful place, and most agreeable people. Adieu, sir: I have neither paper nor time to add any thing more. I hope I need not tell you, how truly and sincerely I am your faithful, humble servant.

LETTER LV.

Paris, December the 8th, 1751.

I AM really ashamed, and very much ashamed, to think how long it is since I have wrote to you, sir; but I have so very little time in which I am alone, that I can hardly snatch a moment to

write to any one. From the manner of life one leads here, one has, in general, not many hours to one's self; and as I am always on the brink of departing, my friends and acquaintance here think they have a right to all my time whilst I do stay. However, I have not yet even absolutely fixed the day for my departure; though it will certainly be some time this winter: nor can I think of it, without, at the same moment, promising myself that I will return, and, according to the royal fashion, divide my time between home and abroad*; wishing that the partition could be a little more equal than it will be. I wrote to my son William whilst he was with you at Nursling: I hope he received my letter there, that you might see how little I forgot you, even when I did not write to you. I am happy and pleased with the character you give me of his temper.

I was interrupted by a friend of mine who called me out to dinner, and would not be refused; though, as I was engaged to a great supper, I proposed to eat only my soup, in my dressing-room, and to give the time of dinner to my correspondents. I am but just come home from supper and music, that has lasted till now; that is, past two o'clock. I believe you will think

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* She alludes to George the Second's frequent visits to Hanover.

it as reasonable, as I find it necessary, to bid you adieu, and get undressed as fast as possible.

LETTER LVI.

London, May 9, 1752.

I AM glad you do so much justice to Lord Bolingbroke, and to your own taste and judgment (which is very good), as to own the justness, liveliness, and elegance of his letters, in many parts of them. I neither agree, entirely, with him or you, as to the latter end of his second letter; I mean from the forty-fifth page*. As to the stress you lay on M. de Montesquieu's opinion, that ought only to weigh with regard to our constitution as a system; for his knowledge of it is more what he has from books, than what he has seen or proved from experience; and I believe, as such, no one will deny that nothing can be better imagined on paper; though, on the trial, many parts of it might be altered to advantage in the execution of it. I shall say nothing to you on your objections to the chief parts of his two following letters. You

* The reader who thinks it worth while to peruse this train of criticism must take the trouble of referring to Lord Bolingbroke's "Letters on History."

say what is very proper for you to say; I will not contradict you; and I dare say we do not *think* very differently about it. As to Lord Bolingbroke's inconsistency between what he said and acted as a politician, and has writen as an author, I also shall say nothing; because 'tis the book and the author, not the man and his practice, that we are judging. But wherever you may have read the maxim, that *a consistency of character, even in vice*, is preferable *to levity and inconstancy*, I must confess that I think it a very bad one: for though I have as great a contempt as you can have for levity and inconstancy, yet I have not such an abhorrence for them as I have for vice. I agree with you that the remark on Abbé Paris* is ingenious and true; and I must own I think his third and fourth letters admirable, and very just; whether or no it was well to publish them, is another question. I agree with you,

* A fanatic Abbé, who died at Paris in 1727, and on whose grave miracles were said to be performed. As the Abbé was a Jansenist, a kind of Roman Catholic puritan, out of favour with the courts both of Rome and France, these miracles grew obnoxious to the government; and, of course, popular with the multitude. To arrest the ferment, the ministers shut up the cemetery where Paris was buried, and the next day there was found affixed to the door the celebrated pleasantry, which exposes, in so few words, and in such good taste, the absurdity both of the miracles, and of the interposition.

"*De par le Roi! defence à Dieu*
De faire miracle, en ce lieu!"

entirely, with regard to Davila's character of Catharine of Medicis; I think her, in every respect, a very bad woman, and in some not an able one: she had art, and courage of mind; but she had too tricking a head to have a very solid one. I do not think him so much in the wrong in the character of the Admiral, and of la Noue. Upon the whole, though Davila may have some faults, I should rank him as Lord B. does, superior to any modern, and equal to most ancient historians. I am surprised, as you are, that Lord B. does not mention Thuanus.

I intended to have gone through your letters, as you have done with Lord Bolingbroke's; though far less able for this undertaking than you for the other: but a gentleman, lately come from France, came in, and has taken up my time, till I have only so much left me as will serve to assure you that I am, with great truth, your most faithful friend.

LETTER LVII.

Chevening, Aug. the 13th, 1752.

I AM now at a very agreeable place, with some of the oldest, best, and most agreeable friends * I

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* Philip, second Earl Stanhope, and his Countess, Grisel Hamilton, daughter of Charles Lord Binning, eldest son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington.

have in the world, and feel myself easier and more cheerful than I have done since I came back to England. I seize, therefore, this time to thank you for the many entertaining letters you have wrote to me, who am, from many causes, become so insipid, and so lazy a correspondent, that 'tis not only a merit, but even a sort of charity, to continue to write to me: but in spite of that laziness, I wrote about a month ago; though I do not find, by any of your letters which I have received since, that you have ever had mine. Perhaps a change I made in the direction is the cause of it.

I am mightily pleased that you are so in the main with this last work of Voltaire's; but a little surprised that you think there is nothing remarkable in the story of *l'homme masqué**, but Voltaire's remark upon it; which, if you give me leave to say it, I think you mistake also: the *eminent personage* he means with regard to rank, not to qualities or abilities; and——

This is a very abrupt ending to a letter I designed a long one; but Lord and Lady Westmoreland's† coming in to dine here obliged me to break

* *L'homme au masque de fer.* Much the best solution of this mystery is Mr. Gibbon's ingenious supposition, that the *iron masque* was a uterine brother of Lewis XIV. of whom it is most likely that Mazarin was the father.

† John Fane, seventh Earl of Westmoreland; and Mary his Countess, daughter and heiress of Lord Henry Cavendish,

off, in order to dress; and as the post is just going out, and our company not yet gone, though 'tis near seven o'clock*, I have left them to seal my letter and send it you unfinished, rather than not give you a proof of my remembrance, and intention to write. Adieu—not a moment more.

LETTER LVIII.

London, May the 12th, 1753.

I HAVE determined every day for this week past to write to you, sir, but from one cause or other have not been able. This morning I am resolved to put pen to paper, if it be only to prove to you that I cannot write. I confess to you that the death of Lord Hyde†, so unex-

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second son of William Duke of Devon. He died, without issue, in 1762, and she in 1778. They were probably, at this period, residing at their seat of Mereworth, in Kent, which is not far from Chevening. The reader who "*remembers the eminent dulness of the man,*" (see p. 30), will not envy Lady Hervey this visit; but perhaps her antipathy had by this time subsided.

* Near seven o'clock, and dinner company not yet *gone*?—

† Lord Hyde and Cornbury, (see p. 137), was killed at Paris by a fall from his horse, on the 2d of May.

Lord Hyde figures in his friend Walpole's "*Catalogue*"

pected, and by so unhappy an accident, has affected my spirits very much, and I have been

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as the "*noble author*" of a play once acted, and two fugitive essays never separately printed. His literary pretensions to fame are, therefore, not great; but Walpole, (grateful for a vote given in favour of old Sir Robert, on a pressing occasion), records in several places the private worth and public integrity of Lord Hyde; and Pope and Thomson have immortalized his honour and his taste.—

The former says,

"Would you be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains!"

And Thomson celebrates

——"Ham's embow'ring walks,
Where polished Cornbury woos the willing muse."

As Lord Hyde was cousin-german to the Pretender, (being the nephew of Anne, Duchess of York), we are not surprised to find him in politics a Tory and a Jacobite, but I know not why Mr. Bowles, in his Notes on Pope, (vol. x. p. 35), calls him a *nonjuror*, for he sat in Parliament, and must, therefore, have taken the oaths.

But, with these political principles, how did he reconcile the acceptance of the peerage from George II.? It seems hardly consistent with the *noble disdain* which Pope, or the high *disinterestedness* which Walpole attributes to his lordship; and this transaction will take a still deeper colour, and excite more cruel doubts as to his public virtue, if we can believe, that, (as has been surmised, see p. 41), this pattern of honour and generosity was in secret correspondence with the Pretender, whom he had solemnly *abjured*, against the king, whose favours he accepted!

There seems reason, on the whole, to think that *political*

rambling out of town every morning for some time past, merely to amuse and dissipate me. I am very sensible that his life was far from being happy to himself. His constitutional misfortunes were, I believe, very great; and though the air and amusements of France were undoubtedly alleviations, yet they were nothing more; a cure was not to be effected, nor even to be hoped. A period, therefore, to such a life was no undesirable thing for him; and if there were really a disinterested friend, such a one would rejoice, and not mourn at his death; but all our affections, all our attachments are so interwoven with our own peculiar interests and pleasures; or, to speak more truly, so entirely wove by them and for them, that when we appear to others, and at first sight even to ourselves, disinterested, we are far from being so. I regret, and cannot forbear regretting this poor man, because he was often entertaining and agreeable to me as a companion, and always to be depended on by me as a friend. 'Tis true one should not sometimes see or even hear from him for three or four months together; but the least distress of body or mind brought him to you immediately, more especially if he thought it was possible for him to be of any use to one. In short, he was a

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considerations had a great share in determining him to sell his English property, and to pass the latter years of his life in France.

worthy friendly-minded man. He is gone,—so much the better for him!—we shall all soon follow,—and perhaps not the worse for us.

Gaiety of all kinds reigns here at present. Balls, masquerades, and parties for play and suppers abound so much, that not only each night furnishes one, but many nights produce two or three. That at Lord Granville's has made a very great match. Mr. Spencer* there fell in love with one of the daughters of Sir Cecil Bishop, who has a great many children, and a small estate. Mr. Spencer's family are happy that he is the Cymon of any Iphigenia† that is a gentlewoman, and they say the match is agreed upon. Lord Bristol, I find, is much mended in his looks. I have got Melmoth's translation of Cicero's letters; they seem to me to be very well done, and I like his notes very much. Adieu. I am really able to hold down my head no longer;

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* John, first Earl Spencer, grandson of Lord Granville, and great-grandson of the Duke of Marlborough. Miss Bishop was the most celebrated beauty of the day. Horace Walpole says somewhere, that when a foreigner perplexed him once at an assembly, by some embarrassing questions, he got rid of his importunity, by desiring him "*to look at Miss Bishop.*" This match, however, did not take place. Mr. Spencer, in 1755, married Miss Poyntz, and had issue, the present Lord Spencer and Lady Besborough, and the late Duchess of Devonshire.

† An allusion to Dryden's story of Cymon and Iphigenia, more complimentary to the lady than the gentleman.

but I would force myself to give you this proof, that 'tis not want of inclination but of ability to write that has kept me so long silent.

LETTER LIX.

Basville *, July the 30th, 1753.

I WILL make you no excuse for my long silence. I am now at a very fine and agreeable place, about eleven or twelve leagues from Paris, where I have been about a week, and shall stay as much longer; but the country here is not a solitude, a retreat, as in England; we are near sixteen in the house, and every two days makes a change in our company, some going and others coming. This place is delightful, and the weather not less so; for whatever you may think, you have not changed climates, however you may have changed politics with us. Our sky is as clear, and our sun as warm as ever; our grapes ripen kindly, and we expect the most favourable vintage that has been known of many years. This advantage even you English do not repine at nor grudge us. You are greatly mis-

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* I presume the seat of the second branch of the family of Lamoignon.

taken in thinking that Paris is in any confusion. The two chambers that are exiled*, and the *grande chambre* that is not exiled, only transferred from Paris to Pontoise, are as cheerful as all the rest of this kingdom, who laugh, sing, talk, eat and drink as much as if there had never been a *bull unigenitus*, or any *billets de confession*†.

I was (before I came here) twelve days at the Prince of Conti's‡, in the neighbourhood of Pontoise; and as that prince labours hard to conciliate those affairs, and works both with the king and parliament to effect it, we had every day two or three presidents of that *chambre* come over to L'Isle Adam (the prince's house), who, after being shut up three or four hours

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* The parliament of Paris, thinking the liberties of the Gallican church invaded by the Pope's bull, (called *Unigenitus*, from its first word), had resisted both it and the measures of the Court so firmly, that two of the three chambers, which composed the parliament, were interdicted and exiled; and the great chamber was transferred to Pontoise, a little town, about twenty miles from Paris. This was the beginning of those disputes which led eventually, though indirectly, to the revolution.

† These "*billets de confession*" was a monstrous attempt, of the orthodox clergy, to subdue their Jansenist antagonists, by refusing the last sacraments of the church to the sick, the dying, or the dead, unless a certificate of conformity, *by confession*, were produced.

‡ Louis Armand Prince de Conti, the patron of Rousseau, and the centre of the literary and philosophical circle whose efforts led ultimately to the ruin of his family.

with him about business, supped with us as cheerfully, played after it as gayly, and sat up as late as any of the rest of the company. And the prince himself, after the double fatigue of business and pleasure, set out after supper, two o'clock in the morning, to go and work with the king, returning the next evening to supper with as much life, ease, and gaiety as if he had only been at rest; and this he did twice, whilst I was there; but how or when things will end, I know not; for the parliament continues very firm, (and are not as yet venal), and the clergy are generally apt to yield.

I am sorry to break off so abruptly, but a coach full of my acquaintance, just come from Paris, and who stay but 'till to-morrow, will not allow me to add any thing more. They are all in my room, and too cheerful to let me know what I write. Adieu. Dear sir, believe me truly and constantly your sincere friend.

LETTER LX.

Chevening, July the 18th, 1754.

I RECEIVED your letter, sir, at this place, where I stopped in my way from Dover, to pass a week with some of the oldest and best friends I have*;

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* The Stanhopes.

from hence I shall go on Sunday next to London, and a few days after that to Ickworth. The winter I shall spend in London, and the latter end of the spring I shall make another visit to my French friends. This is a full account of all my motions, and so far I have answered your letter.

I am glad that you were entertained with the memoirs of Sir James Melvil*. I confess they pleased me very much when I read them. There is a plainness and truth that shines throughout them, which is very pleasing; for as to what he says of his own queen, I am persuaded he wrote what he thought, blinded as he was by his own partiality, which deceived himself, not seeking to deceive others.

Queen Elizabeth was certainly vain; and, as you too truly say, far from being the only eminent person who had that weakness. Cæsar might also be vain, for what I know; but the instance you give of it is none, in my opinion. His delicacy about his person only proved his desire of being agreeable, not his persuasion that he was so; nor do I think that desire in the least inconsistent with his other views. Cato, who was a sour sloven, might call Cæsar a fop, for being desirous to please; but I can discover nothing in his character, as delivered down to us, that

* The friend and counsellor of Mary Queen of Scots.

can justify the believing him either vain or a fop.

I am quite of your opinion about the affair of Elizabeth Canning, which is, on her part, one of the silliest, worst formed, improbable stories I ever met*. Indeed, people are grown very credulous, or something worse in this country, to give such sanction to such a creature.

I was going on much longer, but company is come into my room that obliged me to end very abruptly.

[Here there is another chasm, but only of a few pages.]

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——— of his opinion; and, therefore, I will skim over both history and romance, and even

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* The story was all that Lady Hervey calls it, and yet, by the epidemic credulity of the people of England, it agitated and divided the public mind for full eighteen months, and brought two innocent creatures to the very foot of the gallows. The details of the affair are to be found in the publications of the day, and in the new edition of the State Trials, and afford, upon the whole, one of the most degrading spectacles of private imposition and public folly that even our fertile annals can afford. But what is the most extraordinary of all is, that the original *motive* of the imposture and knavery is still quite incomprehensible. Canning had never seen or heard of the unfortunate creatures whom she particularly accused; and it did not appear that she had herself committed any personal fault which could have led her to seek for concealment in the accusation of others.

metaphysics, whenever they are so wrote as to be entertaining.

Your old friend Frederick is this day come from Ely, *the reverend* Mr. Hervey. I pass my time here very agreeably. Ickworth is more improved than it is possible to imagine, without seeing it, and my son makes it as pleasing to me as I could wish. Adieu. Dear Mr. Morris, I can wish nothing better for you than a continuance of that good health and cheerful temper you enjoy; but I should be very glad to have both attended by every other *agrément* in life.

LETTER LXI.

London, Jan. 7th, 1755.

I CONCLUDE you impute my long silence wholly to laziness; and you are mistaken if you do so. I have been two months confined with the gout, sometimes in my right hand, sometimes in my left; and even when the pain quitted my hand, the weakness it left was so great, that I could not, nor dared not, attempt to use it. I have not yet ventured out of an evening, but that I am amply made amends for, by some very agreeable conversable people, who pass some

hours with me. I wish you had been in town at this time, to have shared and added to the agreeableness of the society; but to let you see that I have not been unmindful of you, I have recommended you as an acquaintance to one who is already your neighbour, that is, as he tells me, within four or five miles of you; and I am much mistaken if I don't next summer receive the thanks of both: 'tis Mr. Stanley* who I mean, a very ingenious, sensible, knowing, conversable, and, what is still better, a worthy, honest, valuable man: he has books which you will like to read; he has acquaintance with whom you will like to converse; and he himself you will like the best of all.

The deaths that have lately happened, and even those that have not happened, have served to fill the newspapers, and amuse their readers. Lord Harrington†, so confidently asserted by

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* Hans Stanley, Esq. a person of some note in the political history of his time. He was often in office at home, and was employed in one or two missions abroad. He was an odd and an awkward man, and some traditions which have reached me about him do not quite agree with Lady Hervey's high commendation, but he must have had some talents to have filled many considerable offices, and some amiability to have deserved her ladyship's friendship. His residence of *Poultons* was in or near Mr. Morris's parish.

† William, first Earl of Harrington, (see p. 141), did not die till December 1756. The manner in which Lady Hervey records the *posthumous life* of this nobleman reminds one of

them to be dead, is as much alive as he has been for some years past: dined abroad the very day he was said to have died, and took the air the following day. Lord Albemarle*, thanks to his ungovernable gluttony, has left the ministers great powers to keep the wavering, and to gain the adverse. Some talk of Colonel Yorke† to go to Paris, and others of Lord Rochford, but only as envoys, for our economy will not allow us to send another embassador. The king has been so good to give Lady Albemarle‡ a pension of 1200*l.* a year,

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Lord Chesterfield's pleasantry on himself and old Lord Tyrawly: "We both," he said, "have been long dead, but do not choose to have it mentioned."

* William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle, ambassador at Paris, where he died on the 22d December 1754.

William Henry, fourth Earl of Rochford, was now minister at Turin, but on the Earl of Albemarle's death, was sent for, post haste, to return to London, which he did, with great expedition; but the embassy to Paris had been already disposed of, and Lord Rochford kissed hands, the day after his arrival, as groom of the stole, and lord of the bedchamber.

† Joseph Yorke, third son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; afterwards a general, and finally field-marshal in the army, knight of the bath, &c.; and in 1788, Lord Dover. He did not go to Paris, but was near thirty years minister and ambassador at the Hague. He died without issue in 1792.

‡ Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Her large family were, however, afterwards well

which, added to 500*l.* which she receives for having been lady of the bedchamber to the late queen, is a good income. All she has of her own are two houses, one in town, the other about twenty miles off, which, it is hoped, will produce a moderate fortune for her two daughters. The present earl has not sixpence but what his regiment and places bring in; all the other sons likewise are provided for by the government, but without a farthing from their father. The king, when he was solicited for Lady Albemarle and her family, readily granted the request, but said it was hard that a man who for thirty years past had every thing he asked for, which *was every thing* that was to be had, should, at his death, leave him his whole family to keep,—adding what he had often said of him when alive, that he was *un vaurien aimable.*

Lord Montford's* strange end surprised me a good deal, as he seemed as happy as a great taste

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provided for. The second son was the celebrated Lord Keppel. The next, William, was a lieutenant-general in the army, and commander-in-chief in Ireland. The fourth, Frederick, was dean of Windsor and bishop of Exeter; and Lady Elizabeth was the mother of the late and present Dukes of Bedford.

* Henry Bromley, first Lord Montford. He died on the 1st January. He had been member for the county, and was at his death high steward of the town, of Cambridge. He left an only son.

for pleasure and an ample fortune to gratify it could make him, with many friends, few disappointments, and a cheerful temper. I never heard of more coolness than that with which he put an end to his life. I as yet hear no reason assigned for this event, but that *tedium vitæ*, which is so frequent in this country. He had supped and played at White's, as usual, the night before, but sent to a lawyer he made use of, to come to him the next day at eleven o'clock, having himself *business* at twelve. The lawyer, with Lord Montford, read over his will three times, examining very carefully every word, that there might not be any flaw or room left for a dispute. He then sealed up the will and the duplicate, putting the one into his drawer, and desiring the lawyer to take care of the other; went immediately into his bedchamber, and before the man could take his papers and get down stairs, Lord Montford shot himself through the head. These things are what our countrymen attribute to more reflection, solid reasoning, and greater resolution than other people are masters of; I impute them to more phlegmatic constitutions, thicker and more uncirculating blood, and lower spirits; natural effects of our climate on our bodies, and therefore a physical evil, not a moral excellence. Happy shall I be when I return to that country where the air, the people, and the manner of living dispose one to cheerfulness, and to enjoy life, not to destroy it. You

are of a happy temper and constitution, cheerful from them, and reasonable from your understanding. Long may you enjoy the benefit of both, and find, for you deserve them, friends as desirous to serve you as I am, but much more able. Adieu. I hope I shall see you a month or two in town before I take my leave of it. There is a report prevails in town that the Duke of Newcastle is to be groom* of the stole, added to his other employments. Some say the Duke of Dorset has asked for it. You know, I suppose, that the Duke† of Marlborough is to be privy seal, and the Duke of Rutland lord steward. Mr. Fox is of the cabinet council. Once more adieu; neither my hand nor my paper will allow me to say more.

LETTER LXII.

London, the 22d April, 1755.

I CARRIED your letter of the 15th with me to Mr. Doddington's‡. Though you were extremely

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* Given to Lord Rochford.

† These latter appointments actually took place.

‡ The noted George Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe. The unwarrantable publication of his *Diary*, by

regretted there, it met with as good, as kind a reception as you yourself could have done. I beg of you, whilst I stay, to continue writing as usual to me, in the same easy, cheerful, lively style, and let your reading, your garden, your

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a person to whom the papers were left on a condition "of publishing such only as should do honour to Lord Melcombe's memory," has disgraced his memory, and rendered his name a synonyme for political profligacy; yet the more we discover of the motives of the men amongst whom he lived, the more it appears that Doddington differed from his companions only in having committed to paper what they more prudently cast on the oblivious stream of verbal intrigue. It is but candid to give Walpole's character of Lord Melcombe.

"A man of more wit and more unsteadiness than Pulteney; as ambitious, but less acrimonious; no formidable enemy; no sure political, but an agreeable friend. Lord Melcombe's speeches were as dainty and pointed as Lord Bath's were copious and wandering from the subject. Ostentatious in his person, houses, and furniture, he wanted in his expense the taste he never wanted in his conversation. Pope and Churchill treated him more severely than he deserved; a fate that may attend a man of the greatest wit, when his parts are more suited to society than to composition. The verse remains, the bon mots and sallies are forgotten. To Lord Melcombe Dr. Young inscribed his third Satire, and Lord Lyttleton the second of his Eclogues." *Orf. Works*, vol. 1. p. 458. Thomson also dedicated his *Summer* to Doddington, who was to him a knowing and generous patron. He was also the early friend of Richard Cumberland, who, in his Memoirs, has given us a delicious portrait of this witty, generous, ostentatious, and (politically speaking) unprincipled man.

reflections on what you see and hear, as formerly, be the subject of those letters.

I shall be glad to hear your daughter is recovered, and has found that benefit by her natal air, which some imagine, and I never found by mine; but I shall be more glad to hear you have recovered your looks and your spirits, which, I was sorry to find, were both altered when you was last in town. I can as yet tell you nothing of my motions this summer. The king will regulate them. If he crosses the water, I shall do so too; if he goes westward of this capital, I shall migrate northwards. Lord Paulet's intended motion was deferred, then put quite off, is since taken up again, and is expected to be made to-day; but as his lordship has frequently changed his intentions on that head, I will not answer that they may not be altered again*. I fear I shall not be able to give you any account of it by this letter, for I dine out of town, and shall not come directly home when I return. I write this with two great talkers, and one great laugher in the room with me, who are impatient to get into the coach,

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* Lord Poulett's motion was for an address to the king not to visit his electoral dominions, and was made on the 24th April, but with so little approbation, that his motion was not seconded, nor his speech answered. Mr. Legge said pleasantly on this occasion, "Poor Lord Poulett has had a stroke of apoplexy, and has lost both *speech* and *motion*."

not for the pleasure they expect in the journey, or at the end of it, but for the love of changing place, and a certain childish impatience, which most people have, in common with children and dogs, to leave the place they are in. Perhaps you will think this my case with regard to my French journey; but if you would be disabused, come to Paris and see if it is so there. Adieu. I have no longer time allowed me.

LETTER LXIII.

Paris, the 7th of June, 1755.

As I have an opportunity of sending a letter without costing you any thing, at least as far as London, I cannot omit giving you this proof of my remembrance.

I received your letter of the 18th a few days after my arrival here. I am very glad Mr. Stanley has so agreeably kept his word with me, and sorry to find, by what you say, that my other friend can only be agreeable, not serviceable, to you. I wished and meant that you should find the *dulce et utile* in him; but as most things and people are, one may compound for the half; and indeed I think the first is the best half, where one does not actually *want* the other. I am

persuaded you will find the acquaintance of both those gentlemen very agreeable to you, and possibly some time or other it may prove advantageous.

People here talk of peace as of a thing sure; yet I find they are daily augmenting their marine. It is certain that in general the people wish for peace. Marechal Lowentdahl's death is much lamented by some, but the officers do not seem to think him so great a loss as Monsieur D'Argenton does, who declared, with tears in his eyes, that the king had lost a good subject, and France a great general.

Mademoiselle*, who interrupted me, staid with me, till I have barely time to bid you adieu, and give my letter to the person who carries it to England. I go out of town to-morrow for three weeks, and shall then return but for a few days. I wish you health, and every other blessing that can make you and your family happy.

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* Probably Madamoiselle de Charolais, a princess of the blood, with whom Lady Hervey used to reside in Paris.

LETTER LXIV.

London, the 17th Jan. 1756.

THOUGH I have two of your letters to answer, sir, I shall postpone every thing I have to say on their account, in order to tell you a most material piece of news, which I learnt last night. Yesterday morning the Duke of Newcastle signed the treaty of defensive alliance made with the King of Prussia; whereby the king engages himself, *totis viribus*, to withstand the entrance of all foreign troops whatsoever into the empire; so that the French will now find it very difficult to draw us into a land war. How far they may be able to cope with us at sea, and in America, God knows. But you see the blow we most feared is happily warded off; and, I believe, by our treaty with the Prussians. Mr. Doddington, though made treasurer of the navy, did both vote and speak against the subsidies; and has, therefore, not acted inconsistently*. It was a measure he disapproved; but

* Notwithstanding Lady Hervey's partiality, it must be confessed, that Doddington's own account of this affair justifies Walpole's mode of announcing the appointment to Mr. Bentley—"That so often *re-patrioted* and *re-prostituted* prostitute Doddington, is again to be treasurer of the navy." —(Orf. Works, vol. 5. p. 348.)

that is no reason for depriving the government of his services on other occasions; or that he should not receive a mark of the king's favour. The material part of the changes that have been made lately, are more likely to strengthen than weaken the hands of government: 'tis true there are, as you observe, some insignificant persons preferred, but that must always be the case in all ministries. I could wish, indeed, that some who are insignificant as to business, but much worse as to morals, had not been distinguished by new marks of favour: but that was from the old, not the present ministry.

I suppose you know the Duke* has been very much out of order for five or six days: he had a hurt in his leg, unluckily near the wound he received there at Fontenoy: it caused the wound itself to open; he was obliged to keep his bed for two days; but is now pretty well again.

One has heard of nothing for some time past but the magnificence, or rather the silly, vain profusion on account of Mr. Spencer's† wedding; and, what is the most extraordinary

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* Of Cumberland.

† See page 197.—He married, 27th Dec. 1755, Margaret Georgiana, daughter of Stephen Poyntz, Esq. His mother, mentioned in the text, was Lady Georgiana Carteret, who, on the death of Mr. Spencer, remarried with Lord Cowper, and died in 1780.

is, that it was quite disagreeable to both the young people, and entirely the effect of the vanity and folly of a daughter of Lord Granville's; I mean Lady Cowper, Mr. Spencer's mother. They came to town from Althorp, where they were married, with three coaches and six horses, and two hundred horsemen: the villages through which they passed were put into the greatest consternation: some of the poor people shut themselves up in their houses and cottages, barricading themselves up as well as they could. Those who were more resolute, or more desperate, armed themselves with pitchforks, spits, and spades; all crying out it was the *invasion* which was come; and, to be sure, by the coaches and six horses, both the pretender and King of France were come too. In short, great was the alarm, and happy they were when this formidable cavalcade passed by without setting fire to the habitations, or murdering the inhabitants. There is a great rap at the door; I hope it is somebody who can free my letter, for indeed it is not worth postage. Adieu, sir.

LETTER LXV.

London, the 23d of March, 1756.

I HAVE had so many letters to write, on my own and other people's affairs, that my eyes, my mind, and even my hand, have been quite jaded with it. I have this moment finished a letter, of four sides of folio paper, to my son Augustus: judge, then, how great a desire I must have to give you a proof of my remembrance, to be able to write even these few lines more. This is the time of year you used to come to town: I hope you will not break off so good a custom: come, then, and hear a little what is going forward: you will be alarmed with invasions which are not intended; you will hear the most warlike inclinations from people, who object to every tax by which money can be raised to make the war they wish for so eagerly; you will hear of ladies of quality who uphold footmen in insulting gentlemen*; nay, you will

* This probably alludes to the following story, told by Walpole of (as is supposed) Lady Caroline Petersham, daughter of the second Duke of Grafton, married, in 1746, to William Lord Petersham, afterwards second Earl of Harrington.

"Your friend (Lady C—— P——), not to let the town quite lapse into politics, has entertained it with a new scene. She was t'other night at the play with her court; viz. Miss (Ashe), Lord Barnard, Mons. St. Simon, and her favourite footman, Richard; whom, under pretence of keeping places,

hear of ladies, who steal not only hearts, but gold boxes. In short, you will see and hear of every kind of luxury and of vice, without delicacy, taste, or pleasure. Such is the place, and such are the people to which I invite you; but you will find a sincere friend and humble servant in St. James's Place.

LETTER LXVI.

St. James's Place, June 15th, 1756.

You would have heard oftener from me, sir, had I been in a writing condition; but after having passed all the winter laid up in my house with the gout, sometimes in my feet, sometimes in my knees, I was got pretty well, and had even fixed a day to go to court, where I had not been able to go since I came from France; and was

she always keeps in her box, the whole time, to see the play at his ease. Mr. Stanley, Colonel Vernon, and Mr. Vaughan, arrived at the very end of the farce, and could find no room but a row and a half in Lady C——'s box. Richard denied their entrance very impertinently: Mr. Stanley took him by the hair of his head, dragged him into the passage, and thrashed him. The heroine was outrageous—the heroes not at all so. She sent Richard to Fielding for a warrant: he would not grant it; and so it ended."—(Orf. Works, vol. 5. p. 44.)

seized, the 30th of April, with a violent attack of the gout in my right hand, which, after a fortnight of great pain, left such a weakness in my hand, that, till within this week, I have not been able to hold a pen. This is the third letter I have attempted to write myself: had there been any agreeable news to send you, I would have found out an amanuensis to have conveyed it for you; but I know nothing but what I had rather conceal, even from myself, if that were possible. What can I say to you on Mr. Byng's* affair? We know nothing of it but what has come from France: if the ministers do, they do not let it transpire; and as they were so ready to communicate what they learned from the Spanish minister's correspondent at Paris, 'tis probable they would be equally communicative had they received any accounts directly to themselves. 'Tis certainly the most unaccountable as well as the most unfortunate event that could possibly happen. I have always

* Admiral Byng's own account must have been received in a few days after this. The action took place on the 20th May, 1756. Byng had thirteen sail of the line and five frigates: his antagonist, La Galissoniere, twelve of the line and four frigates. The English had forty-three killed, and a hundred and sixty-eight wounded. The French had thirty-eight killed, and a hundred and eighty-one wounded. After the action the French fleet resumed its blockade of Port Mahon, and Byng retired to Gibraltar.

heard Byng spoke of as a good officer, and a brave man: he has proved his personal courage in more than one duel: what, then, can mean his retiring from a fleet inferior in number and in strength of all kinds to his own; when nothing but his destroying their fleet could preserve Minorca, and that gallant old man*, who has behaved in it like a hero of antiquity? All I can do is, to hold my tongue and suspend my judgment of this extraordinary and fatal proceeding, till I hear what he has to urge for himself. My poor Augustus† is in Majorca Bay, blocked up there by three French men-of-war.

What say you to the treaty between France and the Queen of Hungary? What say you to poor England, who feebly stands alone, without any one support? I could say a vast deal on this subject, for there is a great deal to say; but to what purpose? Every thing goes on as it did—luxury increases—all public places are full (as

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* General Blakeney, who commanded in Fort St. Philip, and did not surrender it for five weeks after Byng's retreat, was now in his eighty-sixth year. He was an Irishman, born near Kilmallock, in Limerickshire. He was created a peer for his conduct in this affair.

† Captain Hervey, in the Phœnix, had joined Admiral Byng off Majorca on the 17th; and, in consequence of Captain Hervey's own offer, his frigate was fitted the morning of the action "to serve as a fire-ship, but without damaging her for a frigate till the signal should be made to prime."

I hear)—and Arthur's is the resort of old and young; courtiers and anti-courtiers; nay, even of ministers; and at this time!

Those knives you mention, taken in a French ship, made so terrible by the formidable sound of scalping-knives, were no other than common wooden-handled knives, usually sent from Europe, as cutlery ware is less well made in America; and might equally serve to cut their meat, or their enemies' scalps: but this is not more barbarous in them than in us, who, at Philadelphia, have offered a reward for every scalp taken off an enemy.—I am interrupted, but will, if the company who dine with me to-day go away in proper time, finish my letter: at all events, believe me, with truth and esteem, your faithful servant.

LETTER LXVII.

Mellerstein*, Sept. the 11th, 1756.

Since I came into this country, which is now about ten weeks ago, I have been so taken up with seeing places, receiving and returning visits, and enjoying the conversation of my

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* Near Roxburgh, Scotland.

dearest, oldest friends, Lady Murray* and her family, that I have had very little time to write, except to Lord Bristol and Augustus.

This country is far from being so bad an one as English prejudice and English ignorance represent it. A great part of it is barren, because they want hands to cultivate it; or at least they did so formerly, when the borderers and they were at perpetual war: but now they begin to improve their lands, and to plant. The whole face of the country will be totally changed in fifty years more. I never saw greater quantities of fine corn, of all sorts, than here: the hills are planted with all sorts of forest-trees, and thrive uncommonly well; the country is well watered; there are several noble, beautiful rivers, full of excellent fish. The sea, that beautifies so many of their towns, and their views, yields them great quantities of the finest fish. As for herrings and crabs, I do not believe I shall ever be able again to taste what is called so in England; they are not like the same fish. The Tweed and the Tiviot afford the best salmon I ever tasted: the trout,

* Grisel, eldest daughter and heiress of George Baillie, of Jerviswood and Mellerstein (by the celebrated Lady Grisel Hume), widow of Sir Alexander Murray, of Stanhope, by whom having no issue, the Jerviswood estate devolved to her sister Rachael Lady Binning, and to *her* second son George, who took the name of Baillie. (See more of this lady hereafter.

the smelts, the perch, are incomparable: nor are the air and the land less favourable: all the wild fowl are excellent; and the moor-fowl and black-game, which I never tasted till I came here, exceed all other fowl: the hares are as good as in France, and far beyond any in England. As for beef and mutton, I never eat such before. The venison, indeed, is not good, but they lay that to the season, which has been very bad; and to the same the very little and indifferent fruit they have had this year: not a peach, an apricot, or a nectarine is to be seen; very fine-looking raspberries and strawberries; but hardly any currants: yet their gardens abound with fruit-trees, and bushes of all sorts; and they tell me, in good years, they have great quantities, and very good. I have seen many very pretty places, and some very fine ones. The Duke of Roxborough has two very fine seats, with noble plantations; one of them has a terrace of seven hundred feet long, that slopes down to a beautiful meadow, with the Tweed washing the bottom of it; which turns meandering in view of the house, and meets the Tiviot. The opposite shore is beautified with plantations; meadows full of cattle; with views of several gentlemen's houses: on one hand is the town of Kelsoe, with a very good bridge, with four arches: on the other hand is a sort of hill, covered with trees and shrubs; at the top of which rises out of it the ruins of Roxborough Castle. The house is a great pile of stone

building, in a bad, though modern taste: but from the size of it there is an air of grandeur and magnificence. His other seat has a fine and large park, planted with all sorts of trees, of about sixty or seventy years good growth: all one side of the park lies open to the sea, which has a fine effect; and from thence one sees the town of Dunbar, and an island in the Frith.

But 'tis Lord Haddington's* that has the finest, the most extensive, and the most surprising plantations: he has a wood of four hundred acres, that is planted in the very sand of the sea, and seems to rise out of the sea itself: this consists chiefly of firs, oaks, and beech, and are the straightest, finest trees, with the most beautiful heads, I ever saw. His avenue is three hundred feet wide, nobly planted on each side, or rather cut through a vast wood; at the end of it, over three or four large fields, the sea, or rather a frith, terminates the view; and on each side a large hill or rock, on the top of one of which are the ruins of an old fortress; the other points up like a sugar-loaf; and by the side of it is the Isle of May. From the avenue, also, one sees the town and harbour of Dunbar. On the other side of the house is a large plain, through which the Tyne runs, and branches

* Tyningham, near Dunbar.

itself out in several arms, beautifying the prospect, and fertilizing the lands. Beyond that are several gentlemen's houses, with plantations (for that is greatly the turn of these people within these fifty years), and fine corn fields. He has also another wood, at half a quarter of a mile from the house, which is one of the finest I ever saw, from its size, the great variety, and thriving condition of all the sorts of trees. In the centre of it there is a vast, large star: eight walks or ridings issue from it, some of which are a mile and a quarter long, and the shortest is above half a mile; from each of which you have a different view: the sea terminates two of them; a church another; a high hill, cultivated, the top with trees, and the lower part with corn, bounds another view; an old castle another; a gentleman's seat another; and one is *à perte de vue*. This place still wants much to be done to perfect it, particularly a fine house, which the place deserves: that it now has is large, roomy, and convenient, but as it is very old, it is very irregular.

Lord Hopton's* is, of all the places I have seen here, the most complete, and by far the finest: the house is really a palace; and his stables are, next to the Prince of Condé's, the most prince-like I ever saw. I have not time to

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* Hopetoun House, situated on the Frith of Forth.

describe this noble seat; but it has all that building, planting, a most prodigious fine view of the sea, a beautiful landscape, inequality of ground, gardens, finely laid out in the modern taste, and perfectly well kept, can do for it. He himself is extremely agreeable; has a countenance in which sense and good-humour are displayed: both his lady and he are extremely well-bred.

I have seen many more fine places: the worst thing in Scotland is its capital, which is a frightful dirty town*, though paved as well as St. James's-square. I like the people in general; they are most of them sensible and learned; and have a very cheerful heartiness and good-humour about them: but I must leave them soon, to my great regret. I shall be in London about the five-and-twentieth of this month.

I say nothing to you of politics, for many reasons. May those suffer, whoever they are, who have been to blame; but may none suffer who have been more unhappy than blamable! Adieu: I have wrote my eyes out, and shall make the company wait dinner. I wish you

* The New Town of Edinburgh is now one of the most regular and cleanest in Europe; yet its regularity appears somewhat dull, compared with the picturesque variety and grandeur of the Old Town.

health; your old spirits; and then you cannot fail to be happy, which I most sincerely wish you.

LETTER LXVIII.

Jan. 1, 1757.

I HAVE not time, dear sir, to do more than thank you for your last very agreeable letter, and for all the others which I am still in your debt: but however I may go on with it, I was determined to begin the new year by what is agreeable to me, and so much due to you, in the assurance of my sincere and constant friendship for you. My eyes grow weak, and the occasions to use them multiply upon me: my son* insists on long letters from me every week, and puts me under a necessity of writing many by the frequent commissions he gives me. Augustus is at Portsmouth, and I write to him almost every post: his mind and time are now engrossed† by one subject: but when he returns, if he does return, I will not forget what

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* Her eldest son, Lord Bristol.

† Admiral Byng's trial. The court-martial began the 28th December, and sat till the middle of February.

you desire. Let me know what you would inquire about Mazarine: if I can satisfy your curiosity I will: at present, all I have time to add is, that I am your faithful and sincere friend,

M. HERVEY.

LETTER LXIX.

13th of Jan. 1757.

I AM just come home, and 'tis so near eleven o'clock, that I have barely time to tell you the news of the day, which arrived by a courier from France this morning to Mons. D'Abreu, the Spanish minister. The King of France was stepping into his coach to go to Belle-vue, and a fellow*, who seemed to be gaping and looking at the coach, *en bayeur*, took his opportunity, and aiming at the king's heart, thrust his dagger into his side, just over against the heart; but a lucky and sudden motion the king gave with

* Francis Damien. I have heard that General Dumouriere (now alive), who was at this period about nine years old, was present at this event. He is probably the only person now alive who was.

his elbow at that moment, turned the dagger, which made only a slight wound in his ribs, as they say, which is judged not to be dangerous. The fellow was immediately secured; which was all that was known when the courier came away. If, as I suppose, this blow is struck from ecclesiastical hands, or at least heads, they will certainly pursue the blow till they find a Ravaillac, who will complete the imperfect work of this *Jean Châtel*. I wonder what effect this attempt will have upon him. Whether it will awaken and fortify his own dormant bigotry, or whether it will open his eyes to the danger of it in others.

LETTER LXX.

May the 12th, 1757.

I SUPPOSE you have heard by the newspapers of the advantages* the King of Prussia has gained over the Austrians: they say nothing ever was so fine, so great, as his plan—nothing unattended to, and all laid out by himself. He

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* The King of Prussia, after a series of advantages over the Imperialists, won the battle of Prague on the 6th of May.

has penetrated into the heart of Bohemia, by four different avenues; and the whole, on his part, without firing a gun. His people made their way with their bayonets fixed; stood all the fire of the enemy, advancing in the midst of it, and doing the greatest execution with sword and bayonet. 'Tis reported, that he said he would answer for the success of his people, if they had the resolution not to return the enemy's fire, but pierce through it all: they did so, with a resolution worthy of the King of Prussia's soldiers. We expect, every day, to hear of further success on his side; for the Austrians have taken such a panic, that the very name of a Prussian makes them fly. He is really *the man of the age.*

I can tell you no home news; all things are as uncertain as they were. I hear Mr. George Selwyn has proposed to the old and new club at Arthur's to depute him to represent the freedom* of each club in a dice-box to the Right Honourable William Pitt and the Right Honourable Henry Bilson Legge. I think it ought to be inserted in the newspapers.

There is a book of Dr. Brown's† lately

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* A sneer of Mr. Selwyn's (who was no patriot) at the freedom of so many corporations which were about this time presented, in gold boxes, to Messrs. Pitt and Legge,

† "No work perhaps was ever more extravagantly ap-

published, which I would send you if I knew how; 'tis entitled an Estimate of the Manners, &c. of the Times. 'Tis, in my opinion, one of the most sensible, judicious, best wrote things I have seen a great while. Adieu, sir. I end very abruptly, but I am forced out to take the air, because it rained in the night, and the sun shines at present.

LETTER LXXI.

Eastbury, the 12th Sept. 1757.

THIS morning I received, with great pleasure, your letter of the 7th, as it is a certain proof of the continuation of those cheerful spirits that make every place, thing in life, and situation of

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plauded, or more extravagantly censured," than the Estimate. Walpole, in his letter to Mr. Montague (4th May 1758), calls the work *silly*, and the author a *jackanapes*; but Brown had just then quarrelled with Sir C. H. Williams, a great friend of Walpole's, who, I think, deals rather hardly by a poor man whom he knew to be insane; and after all, it is probable that Brown was not alone to blame: for alas, both he and Sir Charles soon after became notoriously mad, and died insane, Brown by his own hand, in 1776, and Williams in confinement, in 1759.

affairs, appear in the best light to you. Long, nay, ever may you see through the same happy medium! I heartily wish events may justify your prognostications, and that this attempt at least may prove prosperous. Success somewhere or other I am sure we want, or it is over with us, in spite of all the sunshine which you see, and which appears to common eyes rather impending ruin. Bad news comes from Germany, and not better from America. Nothing is expected from the Mediterranean; so that from this expedition* alone have we any hopes; and now again the wind is turned against them. Various are the guesses on its destination; some think with you 'tis going to Brest, others say to the Isle of Rhè, to Rochefort, to Bordeaux. We shall soon know, and God send we may hear a good account from them.

I am going from hence for a few days, to meet Mr. Fox at his brother Lord Ilchester's, but shall return here for eight or ten days longer, if Lady Murray prolongs her stay in England till the middle of next month, as I hope. If so, I shall be in town to pass a week or ten days with her. If, on the contrary, she goes away sooner,

* The expedition under Sir Edward Hawke, which sailed early in September, and attacked, on the 28th, the Isle of Aix, and took an inconsiderable fort; after which it returned to Spithead, without ever attempting to land the troops, or otherwise disturbing the French coast.

I shall fly to town as fast as post-horses can carry me.

This is a most delightful place, and, from the uncommon dryness of the soil, fineness and smoothness of the turf all about us, particularly adapted to the constitution and tender feet of a gouty person. Mr. Dodington's conversation is adapted to all understandings; but I think his spirits much depressed since the death of his wife; however he is much better company than the generality of people are in their best spirits, and, upon the whole, our time here passes very agreeably. I was unlucky in missing Mr. Stanley*, who went from hence the day before I came. I hear he is immediately to kiss the king's hand, on being a lord of the Admiralty, in the room of the late Mr. West.

We have a sensible, modest, well behaved young man here, who has the seeds of poetry in him. He has wrote some lines on Eastbury and its master, which show, that time and a little cultivation will enable the soil to produce very good fruit. His name is Cumberland†; he was of Cambridge, and is a *protegé* of Lord Halifax.

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* Mr. Stanley was gazetted as one of the lords of the Admiralty on the day after the date of this letter.

† Richard Cumberland; his poetry has not justified Lady Hervey's anticipation, but he wrote a tolerable comedy or two, and his memoirs of his own life are entertaining, though certainly not very *modest*. He died in 1811.

Adieu, dear sir; the dinner-bell rings, and I have brought a sharp appetite from the Downs.

LETTER LXXII.

London, the 14th *, 1757.

I SEND you inclosed the mandate, as you desired me. Pleased, when it is in my power to contribute to your amusement, or to enable you to oblige your friends, I came to town yesterday, having stayed ten days longer in the country than I designed, and I shall make one or two more excursions into the country this summer.

I hear no news, and am almost afraid to inquire after any. The king of Prussia's defeat was, I fear, full as bad as it was represented. He was very unluckily deceived by false intelligence; but his presence of mind, and his own and his troops' bravery, was worthy of that truly great hero. The duke† I fear is in a bad

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* The date of the month is wanting; but from the preceding and subsequent letters and the news of the day, it is evident that, though she talks of the summer as not yet over, it was written in October; she talks also of the *duke* as still abroad, who arrived in London on the 12th October 1758, "in a very private manner,"—*so private*, that Lady Hervey did not, it seems, know it two days after.

† Of Cumberland, now commanding our army abroad.

situation; so near an enemy, who are above double his number. They say he has shown by all his different positions, and the manner in which he has hitherto prevented refreshments arriving to the enemy's camp, as much generalship and military skill as 'tis possible to have.

I am surprised to hear you still mention our superiority at sea; that is not at all the style here at present. Holbourne is thought to be very much inferior to the French fleet he was intended to encounter; and I do not hear that we are any where thought to be stronger than they; so that I believe we may even now say *Lord have mercy upon us.*

My chaise is at the door. I am going in all the dust and heat to dine at Holland House; *Lord have mercy upon me.*

LETTER LXXIII.

London, December 6th, 1757.

I DON'T question, sir, but you think me very remiss in answering your letters, if you do not know that I have been very ill ever since the 9th of October, when I came to town, and have not quitted my room since, nor shall I probably do so a great while; for though I am now recovering, so long and so painful a distemper as

I have had has left me very weak both in body and spirits, the latter of which is a thing I am quite unaccustomed to.

As I see no company, I can tell you nothing. The little I have heard or do know of our public affairs are too bad to mention with common patience. There is no one but the king of Prussia who is worth thinking of, or turning one's eye towards. What a persevering spirit, what courage, what sagacity, how able a legislator at home, how formidable and humane an enemy abroad; a pattern and a model of arts and sciences! In short, something in the great scale of beings between a man and a Deity; and whatever the weak admiration for antiquity may be in general, I make no difficulty in preferring him to Cæsar, and consequently very much before Alexander. He has the virtues of both, without their vices, and they wanted some of the virtues that he has*.

I have been interrupted by my physician coming in, and have neither time nor spirits to add any thing more.

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* Lady Hervey seems to have been a little infected by the exaggerated admiration which the French *philosophes* professed for Frederic; so far from approaching the excellence of a *deity*, he was not merely a man, but a very bad man, though a politic prince and a great soldier.

LETTER LXXIV.

London, the 4th of March, 1758.

You would have heard of me before now, sir, but I have not been very well, and my mind and spirits greatly affected by seeing a good and very valuable friend dying in the most painful manner imaginable, of a cancerous humour in her blood, which eat away her life by degrees, but in the most exquisitely painful way, which she bore with a fortitude and strength of mind that I believe few but herself could have supported. Poor Lady Allen*! She had a manly understanding, and a truth,—a warmth of heart,—a zeal for those to whom she proffered a friendship, that few human beings of any sex can boast of. I have lost a sincere and most agreeable as well as useful friend in that worthy woman; to the last day of my own life I shall regret her.

The king of Prussia's answer, I believe, was not so definitive as represented to you. It is certain that he wants men and arms much more than the money we offered him.

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* Margaret Viscountess Allen, daughter of Samuel Du Pas of Epsom. She must now have been of a considerable age, as she had been married in 1707.

Mr. Yorke* is setting out to execute a private commission to him. I wish they had chose any other man, for by what I am told of the king, and what I know of the minister, he is the most unlikely man on earth to succeed with him. We are unlucky in the choice of the men we employ. Sir Charles Williams†, who is just come home, is as mad, literally mad, as any man can be, who cannot be shut up as such. His family are in the utmost distress, not knowing what to do with him.

I have been interrupted by a message from Miss Allen‡, who herself is not well, and has sent to desire to see me. I must go this minute, but will write again as soon as possible.

LETTER LXXV.

April the 6th, 1758.

As I am grown too old and too dull to afford you any amusement by my letters, but from the

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* See p. 205.

† Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, late minister at the court of Berlin. See note p. 230.

‡ Probably Frances, daughter of Joshua, second Viscount Allen, who was married on the 15th July 1758 to William Lord Newhaven.

matters of fact I can transmit to you, I have hardly now any justifiable reason for writing to you, as facts are what one can hardly ever come at. Every piece of news, however well it seems founded, is either flatly contradicted, or greatly doubted, in two days time. Whether Mr. Osborn* has taken, or even engaged Monsieur de la Clue's squadron, is become doubtful; and indeed it seems very extraordinary if such an event had happened, that in all this time a sloop should not have arrived from him with an account of it.

The victory of Prince Ferdinand, so positively asserted for some days, is at present known to be not true. What I fear is so, is the numbers and march of the Russians. I confess I fear greatly for the king of Prussia; and knowing General Yorke, I am still of opinion he was a very improper person to be sent to him. But whoever represented him to you, either did not know *him* in particular, or was a

* Henry Osborn, admiral of the blue. On the 28th February he had fallen in with a French squadron of three sail of the line and a frigate. He took the two largest of the ships, and drove the third ashore, the frigate only escaping. The English fleet had at least three times the number of the French; yet, so entirely had Mathews' and Byng's actions lowered the British spirit, that this affair was thought sufficiently important to entitle Admiral Osborn to the thanks of the House of Commons. Captain Augustus Hervey was in this action, in the Hampton Court, which, with the Swiftsure, assisted the Monmouth in taking the Foudroyant.

very bad judge of characters; for I find they have given you a very wrong idea of him. He is no fop, nothing like it; but he is a coxcomb, overbearing, insolent, and always aiming at a sort of subtlety, and will try and think he can overreach the king of Prussia. He has no address, no good-breeding, but utters every thing as if he expected to have his parts, sagacity, and *finesse* admired. This is the man; judge then how proper to succeed with the person he is sent to.

Poor Lady Allen is really a great loss to me; she had an uncommon understanding, and the most friendly mind I ever met with; her fortitude to the last, amidst the most excruciating pains, was wonderful. One seldom meets with so much strength of mind, and such judgment in any one, either man or woman, as in her: she was old and infirm, but her mind partook of neither of those destroyers of parts.

How fares your garden and fruit-trees? I saw the finest bloom, the greatest promise of fruit, last Saturday in Mr. Dodington's garden at Hammersmith; and yesterday he told me the frost and cutting north-east winds we have since had has destroyed it all. How every thing, from the greatest to the least trifle, disappoints our promised pleasures and hopes. Hardly any thing that is called pleasure, or is to produce it, does more than give one an imperfect taste, or,

in short, enjoyment of it. All is expectation and disappointment.

Do you come to town this spring? You were not here the last, and I think your journeys are usually of the intermitting kind; so we may expect one now. Adieu, sir. Cold as the day is, I am going out to take a little exercise in a coach.

LETTER LXXVI.

The 21st of April, 1758.

NEITHER my mind nor body are enough at ease to answer your two very agreeable letters, or to write you any thing that passes here. I have a little of the gout in the very hand I am now fatiguing to write to you, and I have lost such a friend in Mademoiselle de Charolois, as I am sure I cannot replace; but I could not delay your pleasure longer than absolutely necessary, to know from you how and what way I can send you one of the most curious, entertaining, and agreeable books I ever read, wrote by Mr. Horace Walpole, in two duodecimo volumes, entitled A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors, &c. He, who never forgot or omitted any thing kind and agreeable to his friends, remembered to have heard me mention you with

kindness, and therefore thought, as it is very true, that I should be glad to contribute to your amusement; so has sent me a copy for you. It is printed by himself, at his own house in the country, and by him given to his friends, with a few copies for their friends. It is not, nor will ever be sold. Adieu. This is too little to say to you, but too much for my hand.

LETTER LXXVII.

May the 4th, 1758.

By the Southampton coach to-night I shall send you the parcel, as you desire; and when you have read the books, which you will soon have done, (for they are short, and so very amusing, that it is impossible to quit them), if you will write in a letter to me any compliment, or rather piece of justice upon them, I will read it to Mr. Walpole. He did not intend to have any printed, but what he himself printed and gave away; but the demand has been so very great, that, to avoid disobliging people, he has at last allowed his own printer to print and publish an edition for his, the printer's, advantage.

The Mademoiselle de Charolois, whose death you read of, is the princess of the blood royal

of France, with whom I used to reside in France, and from whom, though I had been acquainted with her but seven years, I have received more constant, uninterrupted, real marks and proofs of friendship than I have done from much the greatest number of my old acquaintance here, the Murray family and poor Lady Allen, who is also dead, excepted. Indeed it affects my spirits very much, nor has my heart any merit in it. I regret my own loss; 'tis I who suffer by her death.

Lord Bristol* goes embassador to Spain, and I rejoice at it, as that climate is so much better than where he now is. In this sensation I think I have some merit, for this change will of course retard my seeing him so much longer, that, at my age, and with my infirmities, it is next to a certainty of never seeing him again; and that at a time when his affection and duty seem to gather strength every day. This thought is no cordial to my spirits, and yet so well do I love him, and so much do I wish him well, that I protest if it depended solely on me, I would not have him return here at present; but were there no war, I would meet him in the south of France, through which I hear there is a passport obtained for him to pass. When I shall see my other son, God knows; for I find he has changed from the

* Her son; become Earl of Bristol by the death of his grandfather.

Hampton Court into the Monmouth; they are the same rate, but as the former is very foul, and the latter one of the best sailors in the whole fleet*, he hopes to be always in action when there is any. Poor dear boy, he is very unlucky; one admiral, who was his particular friend, was cruelly and scandalously murdered†, and another‡, who is also a great friend, is unfortunately struck with a palsy, to blast his laurels, and damp the happiness of his friends and family in the midst of his glory.

The preparations of all kinds getting ready for the Isle of Wight are prodigious, and seem to prophesy another expedition. If so, may it prove more honourable and more successful than the last!

I must end abruptly: Lord Chesterfield and the Prussian minister, Monsieur de Kniphausen,

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* Before the practice of coppering our ships of war, the frequent cleansing of the bottom was a matter of prime importance.

† While Lady Hervey thought that her *poor boy* remained blocked up in Majorca, see p. 219, through Byng's inaction, she thought it "an extraordinary and fatal proceeding, for which the *guilty ought to suffer;*" but when Byng promoted Captain Hervey out of the Phœnix into the Defiance, (whose captain had been killed), her ladyship began to find that he was more unhappy than blameable, and now at length has worked herself up to believe that he was entirely innocent, and that his punishment—for which she was herself anxious some months before—was a *scandalous murder.*

‡ Probably Osborn, though this officer lived till 1771.

came in, and have kept me till I shall barely have time to dress for dinner.

LETTER LXXVIII.

London, the 21st November, 1758.

I THANK you, sir, for your congratulations on my son Augustus's arrival in England. It is true we are in the same climate, breathe the same damp foggy air, but for any other use it is to us, he might as well be still at Gibraltar, and I in Kent. He has been three weeks at Portsmouth, without receiving any orders from the Admiralty, though both himself and the ship stand in great want of reparation. I wish they would order the one to the dock, and the other to London. I have now got the French memorial you wanted so much to see, and will send it you by the Southampton coach, if I do not hear from Mr. Stanley, who I shall see to-morrow, that he goes soon into the country.

There is another French book that has made a great noise both here and at Paris, which I propose sending you as soon as I receive that designed for you; and another copy for myself. It is now forbid at Paris, and can't be had for any money whatever. As soon as I heard the price was raised there, from fourteen to four-and-twenty livres, I wrote immediately

for two copies to be secured for me before they grew still dearer, or were not to be had at all. I judged right, for my bankers sent me word that three days after they secured the two copies, the book sold for thirty-six livres, *sous le manteau;* and a week after that was not to be had for any sum. It is entitled *l'Esprit*, is wrote by Monsieur Helvetius *, a man of wit, learning, probity, and every amiable quality any one can be possessed of; an acquaintance of mine, and a particular friend of Mr. Stanley's, to whom I refer you for his character, and many particular circumstances, too many for me to write, who have bad eyes.

The newspapers will inform you that the siege

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* Mr. Helvetius was the son of a physician, and having inherited a considerable fortune, was ambitious of the character of a philosopher and *homme de lettres*. His claims to philosophy were irreligion, and to literature this dull book called *L'Esprit,—à non lucendo*. This person is also said to have been the immediate writer of that infamous forgery, *Le Testament de Jean Meslier*, a work imagined and executed by the infidel junto, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, &c. It purported to be the contrite confessions of a country clergyman, repentant of having so long carried on so revolting a farce as Christianity. Jean Meslier was, in fact, a poor and obscure clergyman, who never had written any thing, but his name was selected as likely to deceive; and for a long while, this infernal book was, and perhaps even to this day is, by the ill informed, supposed to be authentic. With all our partiality for Lady Hervey, we cannot admire her French acquaintance.

of Neiss is raised, and I believe all land operations are over for the winter. There is a report in town that Lord Mansfield will soon have the seals; whether it is true or not I cannot tell; what I am sure is, that Sir Everard Fawkner, who is lately dead, has left a great many debts, a very deserving wife, and several fine children, in very bad circumstances. I don't yet hear who is to be his successor in the post-office *, but there are many candidates, it being a very lucrative employment.

The king, who has had a fit of the gout, is much the better for it; but he has declared he'll have no more night drawing-rooms, which, they say, is owing to his eyes being too bad to bear that glare of light. I am sure mine are very unfit to do what I have been obliged to this day, which is to write two very long letters, *à netter*, and this sort of *entre deux* to you. Without any form, but with great truth, I am, sir, your faithful servant.

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* Sir Everard used to play deep and ill, which gave occasion to George Selwyn to say, in allusion to his office, that some one who played with him at White's, was "robbing the mail."

LETTER LXXIX.

March the 6th, 1759.

I now write to you, sir, at the desire of a particular friend of mine*, who having picked up in casual conversation with me, that you have a living not far from Southampton, at which you don't reside, she wishes very much to be your tenant for this summer; at least, if it is not at present occupied; if it is, she and I should both be very much obliged to you, if you would inquire, and send me word, if there is any pretty place to be let, or sold, within a few miles of Southampton.

Our news is not good from Guadaloupe†, nor from Martinico: however, it is slubbered over, to conceal some part, and to give a better appearance to the rest. What our great fleet, going under Mr. Boscawen, to the Mediterranean, will do, God knows: it is supposed, it is not so much intended against any particular power, as to keep every one in awe, in case of

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* Lady Primrose.

† A joint expedition, under General Hopson and Captain Moore, which, after attacking Martinique, on the 16th of January, with every prospect of success, as they said, re-embarked to try a more advantageous conquest at Guadaloupe, where they landed on the 23d without opposition, and burned Basseterre.

the great events daily expected. The King of Spain is relapsed again; and it is thought his recovery, which was judged before improbable, is now become impossible.

I fear I shall not, of a great while, be able to send you Monsieur Helvetius's book, which I promised you, as it is put up with several other things at Paris, to have been brought me by the Spanish ambassador, who was designed to have been sent here. When you read it, you will not be surprised it has been so severely treated in a country where monarchy and popery exercise the civil and spiritual power. It would hardly be suffered in this, where liberty is prevalent in both, if licentiousness of all kinds, and among all people, was not predominant, under the name of liberty.

There is a history of Scotland, chiefly during the reigns of Queen Mary and her son James, that every one runs mad after: I have not heard two opinions about it: 'tis wrote by one Robertson, a young man, and a Presbyterian preacher, who has never lived a year out of Scotland; and yet, they say, his candour and his style are admirable. My friend, David Hume, has also just published his two volumes of the History of the Tudors, which will meet his two other volumes of the History of the Stuarts. His candour and his writing are, in my opinion, superior to any: I don't speak of Robertson's, for I have not yet read it.

My son Augustus interrupted me: I fear I shall not have him long: as soon as his ship is ready he will be ordered out. I had a letter three days ago from Lord Bristol, who, I thank God, is very well. I have company to dine with me, and not half an hour to dress in to receive them. Adieu, therefore, without ceremony.

LETTER LXXX.

May the 31st, 1759.

I OUGHT indeed, sir, to have answered your friendly inquiry after my health much sooner; and would have done so, but that I pass so much of my time in acquiring that health that I have hardly any hours to spare. In short, I have been obliged to get a chariot, and almost to live in it; for my blood was become so heavy, that Hawkins gave me the alternative of constant air and exercise, or a total privation of the use of my limbs, and perhaps something still worse. You will easily believe I did not hesitate in making my option; and indeed I find myself much better for this constant exercise; which, though it considerably retrenches the time I used to give to my correspondents and my books, yet it makes me employ what I have with more use and cheerfulness. I have a thousand thanks to

return you from Lady Primrose*, for all your obliging offers to her; which business will not, at present, permit her to make use of: but she has such a predilection for Southampton, that, as soon as she is at liberty, I am persuaded she will make a tour there.

The affair of the Dutch deputies† goes on as slowly as one can suppose Dutch business to do: each side trying to carry their own point, and not caring either to give it up, or come to a rupture.

Our grand fleet, which, they say, is a very fine one, is cruising, as they call it, in order to keep the French fleet in Brest harbour, and to pick up any stragglers they may meet with. Whether or no we shall attempt more with it this summer than to parade it on the main, I know not: but Prince Edward‡ has asked and obtained leave to go on board again as a volunteer; and, I am

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* ——— Drelincourt, relict of Hugh, third Viscount Primrose, and daughter of Peter Drelincourt, Dean of Armagh, son of the celebrated Drelincourt.

† In the maritime war between England and France, it was impossible but that the Dutch commerce should be liable to occasional inconvenience. But the States were at this time supposed to be under French influence, and to have aggravated their grievance against England; and, in order to give more effect to their remonstrances, three especial deputies were sent over with their complaints.

‡ Second son of Frederick Prince of Wales, afterwards Duke of York.

told, he sets out next week for that purpose, with Lord Anson.

I am not, any more than you, satisfied with the King of Prussia's situation: there are such numbers united against him, that all he can do is only like cutting off one of the Gorgon's heads, who has immediately another ready to be produced against him. We talk much here of an invasion: I have no great faith in the intention; but if there really is one, I don't suppose it will do us more harm on our coasts, than ours have done them on theirs.

This is a fine, cold winter's day; but such as it is, my chariot at the door puts me in mind that I must make use of it. I hope your health requires no such troublesome, tiresome props; but if it does, I hope you make use of them. I have just got a most agreeable, kind letter from Lord Bristol, who is very well, though many of his people have been ill. I find, with great pleasure, that Mr. Woodford is very agreeable to him. Adieu, sir.

LETTER LXXXI.

London, the 21st June, 1759.

Oh, good sir! I cannot answer your letters, your questions, nor say any thing of the receipt

you kindly sent me. I am fit or able to do nothing whatever. I have lost the first friend I had—the kindest, best, and most valuable one I ever had!—Poor Lady Murray*, with whom I have lived above forty years in the strictest friendship; in the whole course of which time we never had the least coolness—but our affection continued increasing: she is gone!—quite gone!—I shall never see her more!—God preserve you and all your friends; for there is

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* Lady Murray was the author of that interesting narrative, published in the Appendix to Mr. Rose's "Observations on Mr. Fox's Historical Work," which gives so lively an account of the concealment, flight, and exile, of her grandfather, old Lord Marchmont; and of the extraordinary filial piety of her mother, Lady Grisel Hume, Lord Marchmont's eldest daughter. Lady Grisel married Mr. Baillie, of Jerviswood, after a long courtship, which commenced in the prison in which old Mr. Baillie was confined, and into which this heroic young woman found means to penetrate with communications from her father to his imprisoned friend.

This curious and romantic story has been lately told by Miss Joanna Baillie, in a "Metrical Legend," which, I regret to say, appears not worthy of either the subject or the author.

Lady Murray was disagreeably celebrated in her youth as the object of the attempt of Arthur Gray, which Lady M. W. Montague has recorded in a *ballad*, not over decent; and in an *epistle* from Arthur Gray, which has some merit, and is reprinted in her works, but, by a strange mistake of the editor's, addressed to *Mrs. Mahony*, instead of *Mrs. Murray*.

nothing so miserable as the being deprived of them.

LETTER LXXXII.

London, July the 17th, 1759.

I AM much obliged to you, dear sir, for your long letter, so kindly meant, and so well wrote, in its way: I take it as it was meant; and therefore thank you for it, as a proof of your good will to me: but allow me to say, that, whoever is comforted for any loss by such sort of reasoning, does not want to be comforted. The whole turns on suppositions, which I am far from thinking as probable as you seem to think them: but supposing, for I cannot grant all you say to be truth, had we that reason, which we certainly have not, yet reason itself is no match for passion or sentiment; and, wherever the latter are too strong, the former, depend upon it, will always be found to be too weak. In the first struggle, every one allows that sentiment is the strongest; but that reason, by its superior strength, surmounts it before the conflict is over. The truth is, that passion and sentiment are very generally short-lived in most minds; and when they begin of themselves to decay, reason has the honour of it.

What do you mean by saying that she had lived as long as it could be supposed her faculties would have lasted? She was but sixty-seven; had every sense and faculty as perfect as at twenty-seven. Her mother*, who lived till eighty-one, was the same: I saw and heard old Lady Grisel, six months before she died, as lively, as entertaining, as sagacious, and with all her senses as perfect as ever: and Lady Grisel's father†, who lived till a good deal above ninety, I have heard Lady Grisel say, had his understanding, judgment, and memory perfect to the last. Had I not reason, when she came of so long-lived a family, to flatter myself as I did, that, seeming herself so strong, she would have lived as long as the others? But, alas! she was not strong: it was spirits that we took for strength, and that deceived her, and all of us. She is to me an irreparable loss.

Never, in my long life, did I ever meet with a creature, in all respects, like her: many have excelled her, perhaps, in particular qualities; but none, that ever I met with, have equalled

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* Lady Grisel Baillie, daughter of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, and mother of Lady Murray and Lady Binning. (And see page 221.) She died on the 26th Dec. 1746.

† Sir P. Hume, Earl of Marchmont, was only eighty-five years of age at his death. See Lady Murray's account in Rose's Appendix, p. xvii.

her in all. Sound, good sense, strong judgment, great sagacity, strict honour, truth, and sincerity; a most affectionate disposition of mind; constant and steady; not obstinate; great indulgence to others; a most sweet, cheerful temper; and a sort of liveliness and good humour, that promoted innocent mirth wherever she came: and, with all this, her nature, or her understanding, or both, gave her such an attention to every thing, and every body, that neither when she was the most vexed (and many vexations she had), nor when in her highest spirits, did she ever say or do a thing that could offend or hurt any one. In forty years, and as much as we lived together, she never said or did the least thing to me, that, from any reason in the world, I could have wished undone or unsaid. Of no other person, that I ever had any connexion with, can I say the same. Inadvertence, ill-humour, or too much spirits will, in most people, at some time or other, make them do or say, what may hurt, at least for a time, their best friends. But she had a kind of delicacy in her way of thinking, accompanied by a reflection so quick, that though she seemed to speak without considering beforehand, she could not, had she considered ever so long, have more dexterously and more effectually avoided the least thing that could either directly or obliquely have made any one uneasy or out

of countenance. Oh! she was——what was she not?—but 'tis all over!

I went on Wednesday to meet her poor sister*, Lord Binning, Lady Stanhope, and Miss Hamilton: I found them all rather as I expected than as I wished them—looking as ill as possible, and in the deepest affliction: I don't wonder at it.

On Wednesday next I go to Chevening† to stay a fortnight or three weeks: 'tis the only company I can bear, or that I am fit for. I am truly now, what Mons. de Fenelon‡, in his mystical jargon, directs his devotees to be: *Soyez rien, un veritable rien, et ne soyez rien, que ce rien.* That am I. You will not wonder, therefore, that I can tell you nothing, nor see

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* Rachel, wife of Charles Lord Binning, who died in his father's life-time. Their daughter Grisel married, in 1745, Philip, second Earl Stanhope. The Miss Hamilton, mentioned in the text, was probably Lady Stanhope's sister Rachel, who died in October, 1797.

† Chevening, Earl Stanhope's seat, near Sevenoaks, in Kent.

‡ The amiable and judicious author of Telemachus became—such are the weaknesses of the strongest human intellects—the disciple of a Madame Guyon, a mad old devotee, who, like Johanna Southcote, professed to be the pregnant woman of the Apocalypse, and preached, that the true state of grace was a certain mystical state of absorption, which they called *quietism!*

nobody. Adieu, good sir: whilst I exist I shall ever have a true regard for your worth, and be, though a most insignificant, a very sincere and faithful friend.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Old Windsor, 11th August, 1759.

I HAVE just received the favour of your letter, sir: it followed me here: it could hardly find me in town: you must have been a good marksman, indeed, and have shot flying; for I was but fourteen hours in town. I am very glad Mr. Domville thought my name a sufficient passport in your territories: he is indeed a friend of mine; and not only a sensible, but a thorough worthy, honest man. You will see, also, another friend of mine; for Lady Primrose is gone to Southampton, and intends to beg the favour of seeing you there: I am sure you will like her; for she is sensible, good-natured, and has many valuable qualities.

When I came to town on Thursday night, I found all London in a blaze with bonfires and illuminations*; and should have been much surprised, had I not met some people on the road, who, though I did not know them, stopped

* For the battle of Minden, won the 1st Aug. 1759.

me to inform me, that Prince Ferdinand had gained a complete victory, and that there were ten thousand Frenchmen killed; and they wished me much joy of it! My God! what unthinking, unfeeling animals are human creatures! who can so wantonly, so cruelly exult on the misery of their fellow-creatures! Since we are at war it is natural, and what's more, 'tis reasonable, to desire that our people should have the advantage: and since there must be slaughter, it is better to have it on the side of the enemy than of our own; but to make it a matter of joy and mirth, and never to reflect how many are made miserable by such an event, is a hardness or a cruelty of nature that is very shocking, though very universal.

The particulars of this action were not come when I came away: Mr. Fitzroy was expected to bring them every hour: all I know is, that Lord George Sackville* and Lord Granby† are safe: both of them wrote short letters by the express, on the field of battle; and Lord Granby said, in his letters, that all the field-officers were

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* Lord George Germaine, afterwards Viscount Sackville. All the world knows the imputations which he incurred in this action of too great a care of his personal safety.

† John, Marquis of Granby, eldest son of John, third Duke of Rutland; born in 1721; died, before his father, in 1770. His lordship received and deserved a very different reception from Lord George Germaine's. He was one of our most popular commanders, though certainly not one of the greatest.

safe; but he whom I am most concerned for, and most anxious about, is Captain Hamilton*, poor Lady Binning's youngest son: if any thing should happen to him, such a blow, following so soon on the last heavy one she has had, would, I fear, quite destroy her: but I have hopes he is safe; for three or four people, to whom I wrote the instant I got to town, to inquire if it was not possible to know any thing immediately of Captain Hamilton, assured me he must be safe, as none of our cavalry was engaged: it was only three regiments of English foot that mixed in the action.

I am much obliged to you for the kind share you take in the glory† my son Augustus has acquired: he was soon after rewarded for all his dangers and fatigues, by the most agreeable and most obliging letter imaginable from Sir Edward Hawke‡, who gave the highest com-

* The Honourable Charles Hamilton was at this time a captain in the army, and serving on the staff in Germany; he quitted the army with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1776, and died, unmarried, at Tyningham in 1806, aged seventy-nine.

† Captain Hervey, in the Monmouth, was entrusted by Sir Edward Hawke with the command of the in-shore squadron watching the French fleet in Brest; which service he performed in the most daring manner, and with great credit both to his judgment and his courage.

‡ Edward, first Lord Hawke. On the 20th Nov. 1759, his lordship, with twenty-three sail of the line, defeated the French fleet under M. Conflans, of twenty-one sail of the

mendations to his bravery and conduct, and returned him thanks for both in the strongest terms; then ordered his letter to be read aloud, in the presence of as many of the captains as he could assemble together, and sent it by one of them to Augustus. But as every agreeable circumstance in this world must always be alloyed with something that is bad, the service he has done, and the situation he is in, will serve to expose him to greater risks: and he may not always come off so safe as he has now done. Lord Bristol, I thank God, is well, and likes the climate he is in extremely; it agrees well with him. These are comforts; but I can never forget the loss I have had, which is greater than can be conceived by any one who never had such a friend as she* was to me: 'tis like the loss of a limb, which never can be replaced, and which one must ever feel and lament the want of: it is the loss of my right hand: I must make a shift without it, and do what I can with my left; but 'tis a most uncomfortable shift. Adieu, sir, the bell rings for dinner.

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line. The French lost two sail of the line taken, and four driven on shore and destroyed. In the performance of this latter service two British sail of the line were also lost. Captain Hervey, however, had the mortification not to share in this glory; for his ship, the Monmouth, was in September found unfit to keep the sea, and she was sent home to be refitted.

* No doubt Lady Murray.

LETTER LXXXIV.

St. James's Place, Sept. 25, 1759.

My house and my gout, the one my amusement (for old people must not pretend to pleasures), and the other my torment, have taken me up so much, since I came to town, that I have not had a moment to write to any others than my sons. I am altering, fitting up, and completing my house, which is no small affair: and without having a direct fit of the gout, it has teased and wandered about me in such a manner that I could hardly command my thoughts to turn to any other thing for half an hour at a time. But I am rather better these two days, and take this opportunity to pay a debt I have long contracted to Lady Cadogan*, and make her a visit at Causham†, one of the most delightful places in England; in a fine situation, a dry, gravelly soil, and not forty miles from hence; so that, if I should find the gout inclined to fix, I can get into my post-chaise and be in my own bed in five or six hours; for I am

* Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Hans Sloane; wife of Charles, second Lord Cadogan. She died in May, 1768.

† Causham, a corruption for Cavesham, near Reading, the seat of Lord Cadogan.

determined to make an hospital of nobody's house but my own.

Lady Primrose and Mr. Domville dined with me yesterday; both full of your praises, and of the cheerful, happy turn of mind you possess. Mrs. Morris and your children* were not forgot, and particularly a little girl, who, I am informed, curtesies in perfection since Mr. Domville visited Nursling. You can't think with what pleasure I heard all the agreeable things they said of you: they are themselves very sensible, amiable, worthy people.

The town is emptier, I think, than ever I knew it; and the few people who are here talk only on a subject I don't like to hear, and will not repeat. We are in hopes of hearing good news from Quebec† the middle of next

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* Mr. Morris had now three daughters, the eldest about ten years old, and an infant son. The little girl, whose *curtesy* is celebrated in the text, was probably the third daughter, Catharine, born in 1752, and who died young. The other two daughters are still alive (1821); the eldest, Martha, is the widow of C. Carrington, Esq. and mother of Sir Edward Carrington; the second, Mary, never was married, and resides with her brother, the Rev. William Morris.

† This is a very singular anticipation in all its parts. In the "*very middle of the next month*," viz. 16th October, "*good news from Quebec*" arrived; namely, of the defeat of the French, and the capture of that town; and it brought "*bad news from one whose great qualities*" deserved, if not a better fate, at least a longer life—General Wolfe.

month; but dread lest it should bring bad news from one, whose great qualities deserve a better fate than he is likely to meet with.—Adieu, sir: I am interrupted by an old acquaintance; and have only time to assure you, that I am very truly your faithful, humble servant.

LETTER LXXXV.

Jan. the 31st, 1760.

I COMPLY with your kind injunction, sir, though I have not yet recovered my late disorder, which had no more of the gout in it than will always mix with every disorder whatever in a gouty constitution. I was very sorry to hear of Mr. Penneck's* resolution to return, and especially at such short warning as gave Lord Bristol no time to provide him a successor. I knew of no other thing whatever that Lord Bristol objects to; for he gives him the best character imaginable as a moral man and good ecclesiastic; but his health, and his own opinion of it, are I believe both very bad.

The book you inquire after is by some people

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* Chaplain to Lord Bristol's embassy.

thought to have humour; 'tis to me a tiresome unsuccessful attempt at it. There is a sermon in it which is very well wrote, and the language so good that 'tis difficult to imagine it wrote by the same author. Upon the whole, I never was less satisfied or amused by any performance in my life*.

I cannot agree with you in your opinion of the two pamphlets you mention. I think the writing and the liveliness of the first infinitely superior to the answer. As to the politics of either I am no judge; and I believe few people are so with regard to the preference to Canada or Guadaloupe, &c. The first† is certainly Lord Bath's, the latter is wrote by a gentleman‡ who is a dependant of Lord Halifax's, and is soliciting a place in Guadaloupe.

Lord Charles Hay§ is to have a court-martial

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* The book which Lady Hervey speaks of so slightingly is no other than Tristram Shandy; and before we accuse her of bad taste, we should consider whether the mixture of profaneness, indelicacy, and obscenity, with which Sterne has alloyed his humour, might not justify the disapprobation of a lady of delicate mind, refined taste, and sober judgment.

† Probably "the Interest of Great Britain Considered, both with regard to her Colonies and the Acquisition of Canada and Guadaloupe."

‡ Probably Cumberland; and the pamphlet is, perhaps, "Reasons for not restoring Guadaloupe," printed at this period.

§ Second son of Charles, third Marquis of Tweedale, a Major-General in the army. He had had a command at Min-

next week. Lord G. Sackville's will be as soon after it, as the evidence on both sides can come from Germany. I did not intend to bid you adieu already, but my son Augustus, who has not been well, and has been forced to keep his house, as I have been forced to keep mine, came in, and has stayed with me 'till I have barely time to bid you adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

June the 12th, 1760.

I CANNOT forbear acquainting you, sir, that our worthy friend Mr. Stanley*, who always

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den, and "was accused of every military crime except cowardice and disaffection." The court assembled on the 12th February, but its sentence was never promulgated; Lord Charles Hay dying on the 12th May following.

Lord Charles had behaved with great gallantry at Fontenoy, and was the officer to whom the romantic courtesy (quoted, *if not invented*, by Voltaire) was attributed, of having stepped out from the British line as the two armies were looking in silence on one another, and taking off his hat, called to his antagonists, with great politeness, "Gentlemen of the French guards, fire!" "No," M. de Hauteroche is said to have replied, "fire yourselves; we never fire first." The story goes on to say that the English then threw in a most destructive fire.

* Mr. Stanley was at this time one of the lords of the Admiralty. His country residence, Poultons, in Hampshire,

shines as a friend, as a man of parts and abilities, yesterday shone to the highest degree in doing the honours of his house, and of his country, to the Spanish ambassador, his family, and several people of fashion, the greatest part of whom he carried in barges down to Greenwich; nothing being wanting of water equipage; salutes upon the river, in the greatest pomp and order; a reception at the landing at the hospital, by the admiral, governor, and all the officers, in their regimentals; the invalids drawn out, all with the utmost dignity and magnificence. They saw the apartments, and then the observatory, and from thence were conducted, by our friend, in coaches, to his house at Charlton, where he gave them a most elegant and sumptuous dinner, all served with the greatest order. I cannot express to you how vexed I am that I could not be present at, and witness to, our friend's making so considerable and so desirable a figure to these strangers. I am sure you will be highly pleased to hear of this, as I know you love and value Mr. Stanley as well as I do. I could not therefore forbear giving you the satisfaction of informing you of

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was, as I before mentioned, near Mr. Morris's parish of Nutshaling; and Lady Hervey's good nature induces her to transmit her friend's little triumph to the very place and persons in the world to whom it would appear the most important.

it; do you, in return, give me that of knowing if we have had any success in your affair. Farewell. I believe I shall soon go out of town, in hopes that change of air may help me to sleep before five o'clock in the morning.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Causham, the 23rd July, 1760.

I AM very glad to find there are still hopes from the bishop. I hope Mr. Stanley's patronizing you so warmly will have a good effect. I must confess I think I could not do you a greater and more essential service than I did, when I recommended you not only to the acquaintance, but the friendship, of Mr. Stanley, who, from his own worth, abilities, and situation in life, will always be able to obtain favours for those he patronises, from any minister, and is the truest, the warmest, and most zealous friend imaginable. I am perfectly sensible of, and grateful for his friendship to me, which, to be sure, was the first cause of his regard for you; but indeed, sir, I am persuaded his present zeal is owing to the good opinion he has of you, and the friendship his knowledge of your

worth has given him for you. Your obligations are, therefore, like your thanks, all due to him, and I have not the least doubt but that he will seize the very first opportunity to deserve them. I shall never forget this agreeable proof of his attention to my recommendation, and will take care to let him know how sensibly and how gratefully I feel it.

I am sorry your new neighbour is as *gracious* in the country as in town, and don't question but that the same behaviour will have the same effect every where. He may, for aught I know, be, as you say, *good-natured*, but I am very sure that sort of *good-humour*, which is only the effect of great spirits, is no kind of proof of it.

I fear there has been some unpleasant event* in Germany, though as yet it is only buzzed about, and nothing particularly or certainly known; but I heard to-day that in some skirmish the hereditary prince of Brunswick had been wounded, and some of our troops have suffered. Next letters I suppose will bring particulars. I almost dread to hear it. I say very zealously

* The affair between Sasonhausen and Corbach; in which the allies, under the hereditary prince of Brunswick (afterwards the celebrated Duke of Brunswick), were repulsed by Marshal Broglio, with the loss of from 15 to 20 pieces of cannon and 1000 men. The hereditary prince was wounded in the shoulder.

send us peace in our time, O Lord! but not for the reason that follows, *ains* au contraire.*

I cannot at all agree with you on your judgment of Helvetius's† book, and am far from thinking any parts in it tedious; on the contrary, I think there are none which are not enlivened by some story, or some *trait* that is entertaining and instructive. I am now reading Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments, which is extremely ingenious, and pleases me more than I thought any book could, that is so very metaphysical; but at the most 'tis only an ingenious speculation of what can never be certainly known. Theory in general is, I think, a very suspicious term, and generally means what Leibnitz himself confessed was above the powers of his mind, and that was, to give the *pourquoy du pourquoy.*

I have passed very near a month at this sweet place, where I shall stay about ten days longer, and then go to Mr. Bateman's ‡, at Old Windsor,

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* An old French term of contradiction, stronger than "*mais.*"

† Lady Hervey's regard for the author biassed her judgment of the book; and posterity has confirmed Mr. Morris's opinion.

‡ Richard Bateman, Esq. The "Dicky Bateman in his *fine new chair*" of Sir C. H. Williams, and the same whom Walpole afterwards, by a whimsical coincidence, envied for having acquired some "*fine old chairs.*" In short, Mr. Bateman united, like Walpole himself, the two characters of a fine gentleman and an antiquarian.

all which is within the distance I allow myself from my own house, for I never will be farther from it than a day's journey, that I may never be ill in any other house than my own. Good-morrow to you, sir; the day is so fine that I must not lose the advantage of it. I hope I need not now repeat to you the assurances of my sincere and friendly regard for you.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

October the 30th, 1760.

YOUR natural good spirits and propensity to cheerfulness make you see and take every thing in the best light, otherwise I can't think why Allen's letter, which I saw, should make you think me so much better. I was very ill when she wrote; have been much worse since; and though better now, from James's powders procuring me better nights, am still a suffering, and very lame poor creature. 'Tis true my head and stomach are both well, and I should be perfectly so, could I divest myself of as much flesh as is *fish in a siren;* but I am not only quite lame, but have cruel pains, and both sit and lie with great uneasiness; nor can I, when laid in bed, move myself an inch. So much for my wretched carcase.

How very happy a death, and how luckily timed for him, was that of the late king*!—taken off at the most glorious period of his reign, shining with success and glory, before even that cloud came over it, which, had he lived but one day longer†, would have been known by him, and have grieved him extremely; but he was remarkably well and cheerful the night before, not otherwise in the morning, and at once, without pain, sickness, or the other inconveniences of a deathbed, he barely *ceased to be*. Happy, happy man! Every one, I think, seems to be pleased with the whole behaviour of our young king; and indeed so much unaffected good nature and propriety appears in all he does or says, that it cannot but endear him to all; but whether any thing can long endear‡ a king or an angel in this strange factious country, I can't

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* George II. died as he sat at breakfast at Kensington on Saturday morning, 25th October.

† She alludes to the affair at Campen, on the 16th of October, in which the British troops in the allied army suffered a considerable loss. The account arrived in the course of the day on which the king died.

‡ George III. Again we have to admire Lady Hervey's excellent judgment; and the treatment which his late majesty met with, at different periods of his reign, justifies, in the most painful manner, her doubt whether the virtues of an angel can endear "its king to this *strange factious country*." But how happily did his majesty's long and admirable life justify the estimate which Lady Hervey had made of his disposition and character!

tell. I have the best opinion imaginable of him, not from any thing he does or says just now, but because I have a moral certainty that he was in his nursery the honestest, true, good-natured child that ever lived; and you know my old maxim, that qualities never change; what the child was, the man most certainly is, in spite of temporary appearances. Adieu, sir. I have wrote a great deal for my present condition.

LETTER LXXXIX.

December the 15th, 1760.

It is, indeed, sir, a great while since I wrote to you, but the recovering of so violent and so tedious an illness as mine is almost as bad as an ordinary malady. I am now more sensible than when I suffered more, of my great weakness, which is such, that I cannot yet get out of my bedchamber, nor even off my chair, without help. I make shift to slide once or twice up and down my room, with the help of a cane on one side, and a strong servant on the other; but I cannot call it walking, and I fear I shall not be able to do more till the winter months and winter weather are past.

The book of which you inquired a character from me has been read but by two people of

my acquaintance. Lord Stanhope, who was one of them, says, there are good things in it, and that it is what people generally call well wrote, but is as little conclusive and satisfactory as the generality of those books usually are.

I read the pamphlet you mentioned, entitled *Considerations**, &c., but will own to you, that after hearing it as much commended as it was to me, it fell infinitely short of what I expected. With an affectation of decency and temper, I think both very much wanting. With regard to the king of Prussia, there is a great deal of unnecessary repetition. It is wrote with spirit, but if it is a good style, at least I am sure it is not an elegant one. "*Dear as the apple of one's eye*"—"*Prancing on one's high horse,*" with several others of the same stamp, are as great vulgarisms as possible. I believe several parts of his reasonings are very just, but in some places he begs the question, and argues from his own *ipse dixit.* I think your argument, for a Frenchman, at least as just as any the Considerer makes use of.

I suppose you know the wrong-headed Duke

* A pamphlet called "Considerations on the present German War," which made some noise in its day, and was written to inculcate, in opposition to Mr. Pitt's system, the superior policy of maritime over continental war.

of Richmond* was caught in his own snare; he did not intend absolutely to resign when he went to complain to the king of one man of great consequence being, what he called, put over his brother's head; who, as well as himself, had, in the late reign, been put over the heads of five hundred. He thought to alarm the king, by holding out a resignation *in terrorem*, but the king wisely and properly laid immediate hold of it, and so made it a resignation. His Grace has behaved very oddly from first to last, has been very proud at one time, very low at another, and has not had much truth at any time.

I wonder what the Newcastle faction will contrive to find fault with; they alarmed silly people with Scotch ministers, and all places being to be given to the Scots; whereas, there are but two Scotchmen (which indeed I think hard) of the bedchamber, out of twenty-three; and even

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* Charles, third Duke of Richmond, born in 1735, died 1806. Walpole gives nearly the same account of the Duke's dissatisfaction, and hints, in the same tone, at its unreasonableness. "The Duke of Richmond," he writes ironically, "whose brother has been no more put *over others* than the Duke of Newcastle has preferred tories, has presented a warm memorial, in a warm manner, and resigned the bedchamber, but *not* his regiment,—another propriety." Orf. Works, vi. 228. The cause of the disgust was, that Lord Fitzmaurice, afterwards first Marquis of Lansdown, was made aide-de-camp to the king.

those two were placed, the one at the earnest and most importunate desire of the Duke of York*, the other at that of the Duke of Queensberry†, who had been a servant to the late prince, and said this favour, which he earnestly desired for his *heir*, who would be Duke of Queensberry, was all he either desired or would ask.

I think the king's whole conduct and behaviour unexceptionable; and if it is in any degree owing to Lord Bute, we have the greatest obligations imaginable to him. So much I know of him, though not personally acquainted with him, that he has always been a good husband, an excellent father, a man of truth and sentiments above the common run of men. They say he is proud; I know not; perhaps he is; but it is like the pride they also accuse Mr. Pitt of, which will always keep them from *little*, *false*, *mean*, *frivolous* ways; and such pride may all that I love or interest myself for ever have!

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* Edward, next brother to George III., born 1739, died 1767. The lord of the bedchamber recommended by him must have been Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglinton, who died in 1769, of a wound inflicted by one Mungo Campbell, an excise officer, whom his lordship detected poaching, and whose gun he attempted to seize.

† Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, the friend and protector of Gay: the person for whom he obtained the bedchamber was Lord March, the late Duke of Queensberry, so well known in what is called the sporting and fashionable world.

This is a very long letter for me to write at this time; my hand and my eyes are so sensible of it, that I must abruptly bid you adieu.

LETTER XC.

July the 22d, 1761.

I HAVE not time enough, nor eye-sight enough to spare, to lose any of either in making excuses for my silence. I hope you know me well enough to be sure it has been owing neither to indifference nor neglect; and I think I know you well enough to be sure you can't suspect me of either. Let me, therefore, wish you joy of the news the guns are at this moment going off for, Prince Ferdinand's having beat* the Prince of Soubise's superior army. They say it was a masterpiece of generalship in the former; and let the envious and Mr. Pitt's enemies say what they please, good fortune and glory have attended our affairs ever since he had the management of them. Victory comes one day from

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* On the 16th July, at Kirk Denchern. Soubise lost nine or ten pieces of cannon, half a dozen colours, and about 5000 men.

Pondicherry*, and the next from Germany; wherever we attack we succeed; we have "Cæsar and his fortunes" with us. I hope this will advance Mr. Stanley's† negociations. I hear of nothing from France and in England but his praises. Adieu. I am interrupted. I designed a short letter, but it is made a shorter than I designed, by Lord Chesterfield's coming in.

LETTER XCI.

Chevening, the 4th October, 1761.

I HAVE been so itinerant for this last month, that I did not get your letter of the 17th past till the 24th. The royal wedding‡ did not carry me to town; for I am, and long have been, not only unfit, but quite unable to stem the torrent of crowds. I have not yet been presented to the queen, but if the gout does not prevent me, I intend it in a fortnight, when I go to town, as I imagine people's curiosity will then be gratified, and the court a little less crowded.

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* Pondicherry capitulated in the preceding January.

† Mr. Stanley was now employed in negotiating a peace at Paris, which, however, he failed to accomplish.

‡ The marriage of George III. with the late queen, which took place on the 8th September 1761.

Here is all hopes of peace over for the present. I never thought I should at any time be sorry to see Mr. Stanley, yet so it is, and I had much rather have had him at Paris still, than even converse with him in London*. I will hope, however, that after one more campaign, his abilities may procure us what their unreasonableness has now denied us. I never received a letter from him in which he did not remember and mention you with kindness. He is a friendly, agreeable, amiable man. The more I see and know of him, the more I like and esteem him.

A Spanish war is now much talked of, and I find many people think it will enable us to carry on the French one. People who only judge of things in a political light do not disapprove it; but I, who only feel the miseries in which it will involve so many more unhappy people, deprecate it with zeal. I am told it may send Augustus home a rich man. It may so; but it may also send him home with a leg or an arm the less. In short, I think of it with horror.

You will see a very remarkable paragraph in the London Evening Post of last night, which you will in all probability judge cannot be true, because it ought not to be so, and yet, I have a

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* Mr. Stanley was returning from his fruitless negotiation at Paris.

moral certainty is so; I knew it a week ago. I dare not name in a letter, subject to so many accidents, who that rich great person* is who made so improper and so indecent a confidence to Monsieur B., but will contrive to name him in some future letter in such a manner as shall *mark* him out to you. Perhaps you may guess at him when I tell you 'tis one who has some parts, at least verbal ones, in a particular assembly, but has no judgment any where, but great heat, violence of temper, and an obstinate wrongheadedness, which is, however, twisted and turned about to serve the views and interests of one who entirely governs him, and, as it has been for some time reported, sold him to one who you may remember I have always despised and hated. So much for politics.

I have seen Mr. Keate† since his return out of the country. He seems very sensible of all your

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* This *great person* was the Duke of Bedford, a nobleman who had the misfortune of being very unpopular in his day, but who hardly could have deserved all the bitter invective with which Junius has damned him to everlasting fame. What this particular story was, I have not been able to discover.

† Mr. George Keate. He left the bar to woo the Muses, but his success was not considerable. He wrote some tolerable pieces of poetry, (if any thing of the kind which is not excellent can be tolerable), and he drew up from Captain Wilson's papers the interesting "Account of the Pelew Islands." He died in 1797, aged 68.

civilities to him, and much pleased with you as a companion. His book is well wrote, and much esteemed. He is a very sensible, good kind of man. I should be glad to see Mr. Clarke's verses, but don't know how to get them.

I have lately lost a very agreeable acquaintance, the daughter of an old friend of mine, who, in the prime of her age, and in the midst of happiness, was snatched away from a husband who doted on her, friends who esteemed her, and acquaintance who liked her. I believe you may have seen her with me and with Lady Lepel*; 'tis Lady Stafford†; it has vexed me very much. I loved her sincerely, and heartily pity poor Lord Farnham, who is quite inconsolable.

These are the misfortunes of long life, and which, in old age, cannot be repaired. One can hardly then make acquaintance, but certainly not friends. Indeed, with all the improvements you talk of, that of friendship is not one; you hardly now ever hear it named; *connections* is the word, and the thing; those last for one, two,

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* In 1753 the rank of Earl's daughters was conferred on the daughters of Lord and Lady Hervey; Mrs. Phipps, therefore, became Lady Lepel Phipps.

† Henrietta, daughter and heiress of Philip Cantillon, Esq. relict of William third Earl of Stafford, and married in December 1759 to Robert, first Viscount and Earl of Farnham.

or perhaps even three sessions of parliament, for on them depend all those *connections*. I hear Mr. Rigby* (who was so much talked of in Ireland) has cemented one between the Dukes of Bedford and Newcastle, which is not favourable to Mr. Pitt†. Adieu, sir. My chair is at the door, and I dare not omit my morning dose of exercise, which proves the best physic to me.

LETTER XCII.

Chevening, the 21st Oct. 1761.

You will be surprised, perhaps, to find I am still in the country; but Lord and Lady Stan-

* The Right Honourable Richard Rigby, a bon vivant of the first order, and a statesman of the second; well known in all the social circles, and in all the political intrigues of his day. On this change he was rewarded with the office of vice-treasurer of Ireland. He had previously been secretary to the lord lieutenant, and was subsequently paymaster of the forces, in 1768. He was an intimate acquaintance of Horace Walpole's, who, nevertheless, does not scruple to liken him, by the name of *L'abbé de la Rigbière,* to the infamous Abbé de la Rivière, the favourite of Gaston, Duke of Orleans.—Orf. Works, vol. vi. p. 163.

† On the 9th Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple resigned, and the Duke of Bedford was appointed privy seal, in room of the latter.

hope have been so kindly importunate with me to prolong my visit, and the weather has been so favourable, that I could not refuse them, especially as I find myself better, and freer from gout, than I have been at this season for several years. You say nothing of your own health; so I will flatter myself it is good, especially as I find your spirits are so. I know not what to say to you on the present extraordinary events and changes: I have not seen any of the many pamphlets that, I hear, rain in London, both for and against Mr. Pitt. To be sure there is much that may be said both for and against his accepting the pension for himself, and peerage for his family, at this time. The labourer is certainly worthy of his hire; and well and successfully has he laboured: in this point of view his pension is only a reward, and a very inadequate one for his great services; for 'tis most certain that he found us at the lowest ebb, making the meanest figure imaginable in Europe, and raised the character of our arms and our counsels to the highest pitch of glory. It has cost us a great deal, it is true; but then we have had success and honour for our money. Before he came in, it cost us vast sums only to purchase disgrace and infamy. As to the Spanish war, which you dread so much, I hear people of the first parts, and experienced in business, say it would help us to carry on the war with France next year, by taking immense prizes, and now and then a

galleon or flotilla, all which would not cost us an additional shilling, as we have already in pay a fleet more than sufficient: besides that, our suffering Spain to assist France with money, and tamely bearing it, will make us again appear little and timid in the eyes of the world. Nor will Spain content herself with only lending her money to France: when we have suffered her to get time to increase her shipping, and prepare her forces, she will then, in all probability, join and act with France; and so we shall have missed the opportunity Mr. Pitt would have taken to disable her from joining with our enemy, and to show we would neither be tricked nor insulted. I fear that the seals which he has quitted, like the armour of Achilles, may prove too heavy for the Patroclus* who has accepted them. But what I least of all comprehend, is the privy seal's being put in commission, when it is well known that Lord Hardwicke† has long

* Charles, first Earl of Egremont, who died suddenly in 1763. He had been named the first of the three British commissioners to the intended congress at Augsburgh, and was now, on Mr. Pitt's resignation, secretary of state.

† Philip, first Earl of Hardwicke. It is but too certain that this great magistrate tarnished the glory of a character respectable in English literature, and pre-eminent in English law, by too great a fondness for money. He who, without a patrimonial estate, finds himself the founder of a noble family, ought, no doubt, to endeavour to make an adequate provision for the dignity of his successors; but a man of

sighed for it in lieu of the dirty pension which, with all his immense riches, he took, and now enjoys.

No, sir, the person you guess to be an Irish peer is not so: it is an English peer, and of the first rank. Without putting you to more trouble in guessing, 'tis the Duke of Bedford* —what say you to that? I could say a great deal more, but I will not write a word more on the subject.

My son Augustus is now at Plymouth, preparing his ship (Dragon) for foreign service, according to his orders; but where he is to go, with whom, or to whom, he knows not. He will be ready to sail the twenty-fifth, if the wind will permit. God send him success and safety wherever he goes! Lord Bristol is well, and seems in better spirits than I should be in if I lived in as dull a place as he is in. I had also a letter, lately, from William, but wrote so long ago as last July. He says he is well, and writes with spirit. I hear him much commended for his disposition and courage by those who have been with him.—Adieu, sir: 'tis the retirement of the country that allows me time to

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good feeling would not let this duty absorb other and equally important duties; and a man of good taste would take care that his care in this particular should not become too notorious.

* See page 279.

write you so long a letter: in London, what with the necessary business of my family, the commissions I have to execute from abroad, and the many people who, at all hours of the day, are dropping in upon me, I have scarcely a moment to myself: when I have, you see how I choose to employ it. Once more, without forms, adieu.

LETTER XCIII.

The 9th March, 1762.

I WISH you joy, sir, of our success in landing our troops and taking possession of the fort at Martinico; and I am persuaded it will be to you, as it is to me, much heightened by the share my son Augustus* had in it. I will trouble you with no particulars, as an extract out of Mr. Rodney's† letter will be published in the papers of to-night. I will only add, that Augustus landed his marines and seamen without the loss of one, or of any hurt

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* In the landing of the forces, under General Monckton, which captured Martinique in January 1762, Captain Hervey commanded the left division of the boats.

† George Bridges, afterwards Lord Rodney, was now only a rear-admiral.

to himself. Good, friendly, amiable Mr. Stanley* was the first who sent me this good news, this morning, in the kindest and the genteelest letter I ever read. I do not know how to convey to you a thing of the bulk of the Spanish negociations, which are published, otherwise I would send you one of them, that you might see with what temper, prudence, and zeal, Lord Bristol, though unsuccessful, transacted all those affairs. I would also, if I could, send you a most pathetic and well-wrote epistle, supposed from Lady Jane Gray to Lord Guildford Dudley, wrote by our ingenious acquaintance, Mr. Keate†, who has done me the honour to inscribe it to me.

I have been so often, and so long interrupted by notes and visits of congratulation on Augustus's account, that as I dare not, indeed cannot, well write by candle-light, I must abruptly bid you adieu; but not without assuring you that I am very truly, sir, your faithful, humble servant.

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* Mr. Stanley was still a lord of the admiralty; indeed he held that office from 1757 to 1763.

† See page 279.

LETTER XCIV.

London, 21st July, 1762.

I HAVE, for a fortnight past, resolved every post day to write to you; but some real and unavoidable impediments have interfered; and, I must own, I have sometimes made little hindrances serve for strong objections to writing. For three weeks past I have been much taken up with trying both to serve and amuse a lady who is lately come to England on business of some moment to her; from whom I received many civilities at Paris. This I look upon not only as incumbent on me, but feel as agreeable to me, as she is a deserving, sensible, agreeable woman.

Our news from Germany is very extraordinary: that the two French generals should suffer themselves to be surprised* in broad daylight is very amazing: all agree it was as able a piece of generalship in Prince Ferdinand as possible. By the latter end of this month I

* At Wilhelmstal, near Cassel, on the 24th of June. Lord Granby had a considerable share in this victory; and here we first read of General Luckner, who afterwards made so prominent and ridiculous a figure in the beginning of the French revolution. He was now serving under Prince Ferdinand.

hope we shall hear the Havannah is in our possession. I had, on Monday, a letter from my son Augustus, dated the second of last month: he was then well, and in great spirits. God preserve him throughout this whole affair!

Mr. Walpole's* book is all you say of it; and he himself is more than any one can easily say of him: he has great good nature, and a friendly mind, joined to all that lively wit and imagination, which makes him so agreeable, both to read and converse with. But there is a most extraordinary book† of Jean Jaques Rousseau come out in France; wrote against all revealed religions whatever, and against most governments: he puts his name to it. His book is burnt, and he would have been so too, probably, had not his friends forced him to make his escape. I have only time to bid you adieu, for I go out of town to-morrow, at seven o'clock in the morning, and have many things to do this evening. I go first to Lady Cadogan's; from thence to Mr. Bateman's; and after to the Dowager Lady Gower's.

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* Horace Walpole. The book was, the "Anecdotes of Painting," published in this year.

† Emile.

LETTER XCV.

Old Windsor, 31st August, 1762.

I AM indeed, sir, a very idle correspondent, and do not deserve so regular and so agreeable an one as yourself; but you must excuse it, and lay the blame where it truly lies—on old age, and the disagreeable consequences of it: my eyes grow weak and dim; my head dull and heavy; I remember but little that I read or hear, and have no imagination to furnish any thing from my own fund. I am daily losing what I regret, and regretting in vain what I lose. Poor Lord Melcombe, an old friend, and a most entertaining, agreeable companion, is lately subtracted from the few friends I have left; and he is really a great loss to me: I saw him often; and he kept his liveliness and his wit to the last*. I am too old to make new acquaintance: there requires a certain similarity, both of age and manners, to make society perfectly agreeable; and that cannot be expected for one of my time of day. I saw, last night, one of the few friends I have left (Lady Primrose), who has a true regard and good will for you:

* See page 208.

she told me, you had kindly remembered me in a letter to her: I am sorry to find by that letter, that your amiable daughter's health is not so good as her heart and her understanding: don't tamper too much with the faculty; she is young; leave it to nature and regimen to cure her.

I can, with certainty, wish you joy of a peace with France: to-morrow the Duke of Bedford kisses the king's hand as ambassador extraordinary to France, and in a few days he sets out for Paris. Lord Pembroke's house at Whitehall, is taken for the Duke de Nivernois*, who will arrive in a few days. God send the peace may be as good an one as our friend† had obtained for us, and which was so injudiciously, in my opinion, rejected. I grow very impatient for news from the Havannah: God send it may be good, and my dear boy safe!

I believe your information of the King of Prussia's having given orders for extraordinary honours to be paid to Jean Jaques Rousseau, is

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* The Duke of Nivernois, ambassador from France. He was one of the *Quarante*, and an inveterate versifier. He chiefly dealt in fables; and scarcely a sitting of that illustrious body used to pass which the Duke did not *enliven* by reading a fable! And this is the kind of literary parliament which some worthy people are now trying to establish in England!

† No doubt Mr. Stanley, who had been lately employed in negotiations at Paris.

not quite true; and I agree with you, that they would be ill bestowed. An asylum is reasonable and humane: more, I think, is not necessary to this second Diogenes, for so I call him; as he has all the austerity, the self-denial, and, I believe, the pride of the first. If I knew how to send you his *Emile*, you should have it, as you have not yet seen it: it will certainly entertain you, and, in some parts, please you extremely. The first volume is trifling and tedious; but not without some luminous streaks, such as you have often seen in a cloudy sky. The three subsequent ones rise upon one; and are full of abilities, impracticabilities, and absurdities; and not without some contradictions. His favourite savage man always runs in my head; and his Emile* would be but very little better than a savage, upon his plan of education. However, with all his absurdities and impracticabilities, it must be confessed, Jean Jaques entertains one, and his Emile has a great many solid, just, and lively reflections. He does not entertain a very advantageous opinion of *us*: perhaps that is not among the most erroneous parts of his book.

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* Lady Hervey's fondness for French society and literature made her more partial to this rhapsody than it deserved, even as a literary work; for eloquent as it undoubtedly is, it is more frequently tedious. But it is satisfactory to observe, that even this partiality did not blind her to the extravagance and folly of Rousseau's general system.

Adieu, sir: this is a very long letter for my poor eyes to write. I flatter myself, from what Lady Primrose tells me, that we may see you in town next spring: I don't think her at all well. Alas! who is so at our time of life? The lees of our existence is little worth having, when all the clear, brisk running of it is over.

LETTER XCVI.

St. James's Place, 5th Nov. 1762.

I SHOULD, indeed, have been ashamed to be so long in your debt, sir, if I could not justify my silence to my own heart, which, indeed, is always sincere in its good will to you, though I am often so long without giving you a written proof of it. You must make allowances for the violent situation I have been in—great anxiety—then great joy*; and taken up, for a good while, entirely with Augustus, and people of his. For these last three weeks I have been very ill: a violent cold and cough, which seized on my lungs in such a manner as to cause a total extinction of voice, and very near total

* Just at this time Captain Hervey was appointed Colonel of Marines, an honourable and lucrative professional distinction.

deafness. I am now much better, though far from well; and hope to take the air to-morrow, well wrapped up, if the sun appears, for that luminary directs my motions.

Your *Emile* has been packed up, ready to send you, ever since I came to town; but I have seen Mr. Stanley but twice since I came, and he has not been out of town since, at least not that I know of; for I have been quite confined for a fortnight, too ill to see any body. I conclude you have borrowed *Emile*, and read it before now; but that will not prevent my sending it you; for, believe me, it is a book that ought to be read twice or thrice, to understand it perfectly. I beg your pardon for having scrawled in that copy I send you; it was that which I bought and first read; since then, indeed within this fortnight, I had one sent me from France, and as it is a present, I think it right to keep that.

I rejoice to hear your daughter is recovered: I hope proper care and moderate exercise will keep her well. You have heard the great loss the court has sustained by the resignation of three such able heads as his Grace of Devonshire*, his brother-in-law, and his own brother.

* William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, appointed lord chamberlain in 1757; resigned 31st Oct. 1762. On the same day his brother, Lord George Cavendish, resigned his office of comptroller of the household; and Lord Besborough, his brother-in-law, that of joint-postmaster.

His grace has wound up his bottom like a man of parts; and, after a very improper, silly behaviour for the whole summer, has closed it by a very silly action, done in a very silly manner. I hear the Duke of Rutland* will be lord-chamberlain, and the Duke of Marlborough master of the horse, and Lord Shelbourne will succeed Lord Besborough in the post-office; the Duke of Manchester is lord of the bedchamber in the room of Lord Rockingham†. This is all the news I know, except that most material one of the peace, which, I hope and believe, is quite true. I must, a little abruptly, bid you adieu; my head grows quite giddy.

LETTER XCVII.

Nov. 13th, 1762.

HAVING at last got the necessary information from Mr. Stanley, I send you "Emile," and am very sure it deserves a second and very at-

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* The Duke of Marlborough became lord-chamberlain, and the Duke of Rutland remained master of the horse.

† Charles, second and last Marquis of Rockingham. He was succeeded, as a lord of the bedchamber, in 1763, by George, fourth Duke of Manchester.

tentive reading, which I hope, at your leisure, you will give it. The more one considers it, the more one finds in it to admire; and there are many new thoughts, and old ones put in a new light; and though his scheme of education, taken exactly, is, to be sure, impracticable, yet there are useful hints; and from those, I firmly believe, a much better plan of education may be struck out than has hitherto been made use of.

The king, a few days ago, in the circle, made our amiable friend Mr. Stanley a genteel compliment on the subject of the peace. I heartily wish you joy, sir, of the peace, which, as a humane man, and a lover of your country, I am sure you will be glad of*. I sincerely wish we may have peace at home; not that I think the disturbers of it will be able to do more than show their malevolence. The king and his ministry having no jobs to do, nor any thing to carry but what is for the good of the whole, cannot, I think, be strongly or long opposed, especially as he has firmness, and is not to be intimidated, like his grandfather, by a faction, chiefly composed of people, who, though with great titles, have but small abilities, and still

* It seems, in the manuscript, not quite clear whether this was the king's compliment to Mr. Stanley, or Lady Hervey's own congratulation to Mr. Morris. I believe the former.

less sentiments of honour, or greatness of mind*. I own I have no patience when I see such insignificant beings strutting on the top of their coronets, and inverting the position of them, making that their basis which should only be their ornament. Adieu, sir; my chariot is at the door; the sun shines; and I must make health, instead of hay, whilst it does so.

LETTER XCVIII.

January the 25th, 1763.

I HOPE and believe, whatever little rubs may lie in the way, they will soon be smoothed, and peace be secured; for, with all our glories and our honours, it is highly necessary for us: we have lost a vast many men; and the ships returned from the Havannah are in a very bad condition. How those sanguinary gentlemen, who were warm for the prosecution of the war, proposed to carry it on, I know not; nor they neither, I believe.

I am glad your daughter is so well recovered that you propose her taking a journey to town

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* This was true of more than one of the factions; but probably was here particularly meant of the Duke of Newcastle's.

this spring. I shall always be glad to see you both. Poor Lady Primrose is not at all well; and this thaw has given me a pain in my ankle, which, I am not a little apprehensive, may rise to something more. I have been forced, to-day, to make use of my stick, which has lain by for several months. I am, with great truth, sir, your faithful servant.

LETTER XCIX.

Old Windsor, the 8th August, 1763.

I SHALL leave this place to-morrow, sir, where I have been these three weeks; and could not go farther into the country without acknowledging your letter, and again assuring you how very sorry I am that my son and I could only prove our desire, not our power, of serving you. He desired me to assure you, that he was truly sorry the thing you desired could not be done; for he should have been very glad to have given you that proof of his good will.

I believe your old acquaintance, William, will come to England some time in October: I hear, with the utmost pleasure, a very good character of him from every one that knows him: but he has been unlucky, poor boy; being, after eight years on his duty in America, only a captain at

the end of the war; and a rise is hardly to be expected in time of peace.

I conclude our friend, Mr. Stanley, is now in high spirits, amidst his friends at Compiègne: when he means to return, I know not; but I should think he would not like to make any stay at Paris this autumn, which is overrun with such swarms of English, who are not a little troublesome to such of their country people as are much in the best French company. Wherever he is, I wish him well most sincerely.

I hope you have had better weather than we have here (the roads are such as they are in winter), otherwise your hay is dung, and your corn flat to the ground. I think we have had but one dry day in three weeks that I have been here; and I believe I must get a boat, instead of my post-chaise, to carry me from hence. I heard *of*, not *from* Lady Primrose a fortnight ago: she was then at the Spa, and much the better for her journey. I am, with great truth, your very faithful, humble servant.

LETTER C.

The 10th of March, 1764.

I HAVE this minute received Voltaire's book, *Sur la Tolerance;* and, as I hear nothing of Mr.

Stanley's going soon into Hampshire, I shall send it by the stage to-morrow. I have put up with it Voltaire's *Ecossaise*, which, though it has been published these two years, you have probably not seen; and though there are some faults in it, there is a great deal of good, and 'tis very interesting. Miss Morris, perhaps, will be glad to improve her French by it; and will probably be affected by the amiable characters of different kinds in it. I also send you a new play*, which has had a great run in France: there are fine and noble sentiments in it; but the history and characters are so entirely altered by the author, that it does not please me. The pieces I have also enclosed with the rest, are of Mons. Thomas†, who has three times had the prize given by the Academy, both for poetry and eloquence. I hope they will entertain your daughter and yourself.

The late events in your parish would seem very extraordinary, but that portents and prodigies are grown so frequent, that they have lost their name. I fear the only solution to your problem is the total throwing off of all decency, and the disregard to the *qu'en dira-t-on;* by

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* Probably Le Siege de Calais, par Du Belloi.

† Thomas, a tumid French writer. Voltaire,—instead of "*galimathias,*" a word which an honest critic is obliged but too often to use,—always said, "*galithomas;*" and the bombast of poor Thomas eminently deserved the joke.

which means not only all passions, but all whims are freely indulged; and the little distinction that is shown to good or bad characters, make people indifferent about acquiring or keeping up a good one.

I have been extremely ill since I heard last from you: was seized on Friday morning, the third of this month, with a violent giddiness and noise in my head; with excessive retching, without any thing in my stomach to bring up; in short, the gout in those dangerous parts. Plentiful bleeding carried it off, in some measure; but I was, for four days after it, like one stunned, and my head is barely recovered now; so that I dare not hold it down, or apply myself, for above half an hour at a time. Excuse, therefore, the shortness and dulness of this letter: it is the first I have wrote since I was ill. Adieu: I hope I send you more entertainment by the coach than by the post.

LETTER CI.

March the 27th, 1764.

I AM very glad, sir, that we agree so perfectly in our judgment on Voltaire's late performance, because that convinces me that mine was right.

I have had so many people with me this

morning, that I have been prevented from writing to you as I intended; and as it is late, and that I have company to dine with me, (amongst others, Monsieur Helvetius, the author of the famous treatise called De L'Esprit), who will probably stay the whole evening, I dare not trust deferring the putting up the inclosed pamphlet 'till night, lest it should be too late; and I would not miss sending it to you, as it makes a great noise, and is thought to be very well wrote. I shall be glad if the pieces I sent Miss Morris entertain her understanding, and improve her French. Adieu, good sir.

LETTER CII.

April the 20th, 1764.

THIS, sir, is a sort of valedictory letter; for, as the time of franking is so near out, I seize the opportunity to make use of a frank, in order that what I am sure is not worth a farthing may not cost you threepence. 'Tis but very few one can give the trouble of writing a whole direction, and to those very few but very seldom; for the future, therefore, I shall only now and then certify to you, that I am above ground, for I have not the assurance to assert that I am alive, feeling that above half my faculties are

already dead. I have long been dull; I am now deaf, and my memory is much impaired, *singula de nobis anni predantur**.

The late unhappy and most extraordinary event is of so shocking and afflicting a nature, that I turn my thoughts from it as much as possible, not being able to bear the cruel effect it has had on the kindest parent and best natured man in the world. Mrs. Stanley† is either dead or actually dying. Her children are all in the deepest affliction, and Mr. Stanley's good heart has shown itself on this occasion. In most families the death of a parent is only an event, and in some an agreeable one; but with these worthy Stanleys it is considered and felt as a misfortune. You will see by the newspapers that there are few changes made, and those not among the most considerable. There is one that I am much pleased with, and so I dare say is Mr. Stanley; I mean Mr. Cadogan's‡ having

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* Years steal every thing away. Hor. Ep. 22. 55.

† Mrs. Stanley, mother of Lady Hervey's friend. Hans Stanley, daughter of Sir H. Sloane, and sister of Lady Cadogan, died on the 17th April, but whether under any extraordinary circumstances I have not been able to discover. Nor can I tell whom her ladyship alludes to as "*the kindest parent*," &c. Mr. Stanley, to whom they would seem naturally applicable, had no children.

‡ The Honourable Charles Sloane Cadogan, only son of Lord Cadogan, and himself third Baron and first Earl Cadogan.

so agreeable an addition as the surveyorship of the gardens. He has an excellent understanding, is a man of worth and principle, and gains more by being well known than most people.

I am glad Miss Morris was so well pleased with Voltaire's book; it is certainly equal to any thing he ever wrote, and as much spirit appears in it as he had at five-and-twenty, with much more judgment. Farewell, sir. Whether I do, or do not write, I am always, with truth, your well wisher and faithful servant.

LETTER CIII.

London, the 3d June, 1764.

I HAVE been making a very melancholy visit in the country to my old and best friends, Lady Stanhope and her family. 'Tis a last farewell to those worthy people, with whom I have passed the greatest and much the most agreeable part of my life. She and her lord are going, with their only remaining son*, to Geneva, where they

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* Charles, late, and third Earl Stanhope, born 1753, died in 1816. The plan of educating him abroad was persevered in, and it so far succeeded as to make him a tolerable *mechanic*, and give him a considerable share of practical science. In other particulars one may venture, without dis-

think, and I can easily believe, he may be much better educated than first at one of our great schools, and after at one of our universities. As the boy is but eleven years old, and is to complete his education abroad, 'tis very unlikely that I should live to see them return. This journey of theirs will also send Lady Binning and Miss Hamilton to Scotland; so they are now all lost to me. 'Tis a very heavy and unexpected blow upon me, and affects my spirits very much.

I am going in half an hour into the country, from whence I shall not return these two months, unless forced by illness; for it is my firm resolution never to make an infirmary of a friend's house; and as I never go farther than between thirty and forty miles, a very few hours and my post-chaise will bring me home on the first approaches of the gout.

I hope your health and cheerful spirits continue; cherish them, for they are by far the

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respect, to wish that his lordship's genius,—which was certainly considerable,—had been regulated by the wholesome discipline of an English public school and university. No doubt better watchmakers and mechanics may be made at Geneva; but to fit an English nobleman for the duties of his station, all experience seems to show, that the old English mode of education is the most generally successful.

greatest blessing than can be enjoyed in this life, and without which every other advantage is but insipid, perhaps even burdensome. Titles, preferment, and fortune, are most certainly the latter, if health and spirits do not enable you to acquit yourself of the duties they impose upon you. Even friends and society lose all their charms, if you are not in some measure able to bear an equal part in the one, and to be of some use to the other.

I hope your amiable and worthy neighbour and friend is well; pray assure him of my sincere regard. You have now seen and conversed, I conclude, with the famous Helvetius. I don't ask if you like him; 'twould be an affront to your head and your heart to suspect it; for, besides being one of the most agreeable men in the world, he is certainly one of the best; and there is something sympathetic in good minds, that inclines them immediately to distinguish one another.

I am going this moment to Bill-Hill*; my chaise is at the door; and I have only time to assure you I am, with truth, your faithful, humble servant.

* The seat of Dowager Lady Gower, near Reading.

LETTER CIV.

Bill-Hill, the 14th [July], 1764.

I GOT your letter, sir, a post later than, by the date, I should have done. I am really sorry for the death of poor Lord Bath*, who, though of a great age, might have lived much longer: He had his understanding as perfect as ever, enjoying company, and greatly contributing to it. He threw away his life by a needless piece of complaisance, in drinking tea out of doors, after being warmed and heated by a great deal of meat, a great deal of company, and a good deal of mirth at dinner. He was not at an age, nor is ours a climate for those *al frescos*; 'twas thoughtless and uncaring in those who proposed it, and weakly complaisant in him who complied with it. From various circumstances, I have seen him but seldom for many years past; but whenever we did meet, he was always the same, and ever cheerful and good company. He was to me like a sum in bank, which, though I made but little immediate use of, I could always be sure of having my draft answered.

I am glad you have conversed with Monsieur Helvetius. Like him I was sure you would,

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* William Pulteney. He died on the 8th July 1764, aged 82.

whenever you knew him; and, believe me, sir, the more you do know of him, the more you will esteem and like him. Adieu. I have used my eyes, my paper, and my time to the utmost.

LETTER CV.

London, the 20th July, 1764.

You are too good-natured, and too apt to think well of such who do not deserve it. I am too old, and too experienced in the ways of people of the world, to be such a good-natured dupe as you are; and yet I love and esteem you the more for it; but all you can say to excuse him does not make me think in the least better of him.

I accept of, and return your congratulations on Mr. Stanley's government*, which, I am informed, is not only a very honourable, very convenient employment for him, but also a very lucrative one. I am glad of it, for he is a very valuable man.

Lord Bath's leaving me no little bauble, in token of remembrance, did not surprise, and consequently could not vex me. He was a most

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* Mr. Stanley was just appointed governor of the Isle of Wight.

agreeable companion, and a very good-humoured man; but I, that have known him above forty years, knew that he never thought of any one when he did not see them, nor ever cared a great deal for those he did see. I am sorry he did not leave poor Johnstone wherewithal to make her easy, as she was not only a near relation who wanted his kindness, but the daughter of a man to whom he had essential obligations, and professed to love. I wish he had left Mrs. Carter* the forty pounds a year you mention, but she is not named in his will; whilst he lived he made her several presents, and, as I have been told, solicited a pension for her from the crown. She has great merit, but very little money, and as he saw her often, and profited by the one, 'tis pity he did not furnish her with the other. He has left an immense fortune to a brother he never cared for, and always, with reason, despised, and a great deal to a man he once liked, but had lately great reason to think ill of. I am sorry he is dead; he was very agreeable and entertaining; and whenever I was well enough to go down stairs, and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come and give me his good company in return. I was satisfied with that; one must take people as they are; perhaps hardly any are, in every respect, just what they should

* Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

be; if any are, 'tis that dear worthy family* I came to town two days ago to see and take leave of. I bade them farewell yesterday, and to-morrow I return to the country and the waters, which I would not have quitted but to see them; and the more I see of them, and every new thing I perceive or hear of them, increases my value and esteem of them.

I have lately learnt a thing of Lord Stanhope, which he does not, and must not know thatI am informed of, which proves the worth, generosity, and gratitude of his nature.—My adieu is a little abrupt, but Lord Chesterfield came to town to see me before I left it, and has stayed 'till this moment, that my chaise is come to the door. I have only time to swallow a plate of soup, whilst they fasten on my portmanteau; so, good sir, adieu, without form.

LETTER CVI.

Causham, the 8th Sept. 1764.

I AM sorry you are not well; the giddiness, attended with fever, which you complain of, I

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* The Stanhopes.

should think might be best removed by Indian root, preceded by bleeding; and if the fever is not quite cured with that, a gentle dose or two of James's powders are better than a whole apothecary's shop.

I am here enjoying the finest weather, in one of the finest places I know, and with very good and agreeable company, of which Miss Stanleys* make a very considerable part. I am very much pleased with both of them; they are sensible, cheerful, and well-bred, and appear to me to have a fund of good nature, which makes one apprehend no after reckoning from their liveliness. I look upon their acquaintance as a very pleasing acquisition, and am determined to preserve and improve it. I hope you may profit by it towards the spring, and have a cheerful dinner and a sociable evening now and then in St. James's Place.

LETTER CVII.

Causham, the 30th Sept. 1764.

I AM sorry you are growing into my way of considering remote prospects, because 'tis a sign

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* Probably the sisters of Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lady Mendip and Mrs. Doyley. The latter lady is still alive, (1821.)

you are growing old, and that I know to my cost is a very disagreeable thing. You kept young a great while in your opinion of people and things; in your hopes and even in your pursuits. I was once full as young, but not quite so long so as you were; the difference arose from our situation in life. I was early thrown into variety of mixed companies; you lived among a few acquaintance; I was in a court; you in the country. You say your disorder has proved an ague; it may be so, and I hope it is, because there is a specific for that, but I should judge by your symptoms, that your nerves have had their share in your illness, and the bark, by its bracing quality, may also have been of use for that. Whatever it has been, I rejoice that you are better, and have got rid of that giddiness, which, if you have it as violently as I sometimes have, is the most frightful sensation I know, and the most annihilating in its consequences. The Miss Stanleys can tell you that for a considerable time I was not a thinking being, but quite a post. At present I am a little better: though the giddiness is gone off, age does not recover like youth; and in truth, the little understanding I have is worn very thin indeed. I am a mere rag, and I dare say they have no notion that I ever had any liveliness about me. They have a great deal. I like them extremely, and should be happy in their acquaintance, if my vanity did

not throw cold water on that pleasure. In short, I confess I am mortified when new acquaintance see me as I now am. I don't mean as to my figure, but as to my understanding, which is full as old and as gray as the other. Don't laugh at me for my vanity; we all have our share of it in some shape or degree, and, take the species as it is, ready made, I question whether vanity is not the most general and powerful motive of the best and most agreeable things we do. La Rochefoucault says, and I fear too truly, *que la vertu n'iroit pas loin, si la vanité ne lui tenoit pas compagnie.* All rational creatures are either ashamed or proud of what they say or do. The vanity is equal in each case.

I shall be in town on Friday next, though I am sorry to leave this place and good company. You are obliged to one post in releasing you from another, for I have only time to seal my letter.

LETTER CVIII.

March 20th, 1765.

I AM now, sir, two letters in your debt; but I do assure you there are some of my correspondents to whom I have not wrote these three

months. I grow very old, and of course dull and indolent. My ideas are few, and my inclination to transcribe them is much lessened; I cannot well write by candle-light; and I find it necessary for my health to drive about in the morning. This is a true and honest account of my silence; for my esteem for you is not in the least lessened, any more than my earnest desire to give you better proof of it than words; but, alas! my power does not tally with my inclination. I know none of the people who can, or do dispense favours; and we live in a time when merit is no plea.

The connexion which subsisted so long, and so strongly, between Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, has also given way, which, I must confess, I should not be sorry for, would Mr. Pitt agree to guide; but all that is *en l'air;* his famous speech the first day of the meeting this session, (which I hear was the finest thing that could be), has disobliged all sides, because he, Almanzor like, attacked all sides most vigorously, and, what they call *gave them their own*, which few like, or indeed have reason to like. His opinion about the power of taxing the colonies seems to be peculiar to himself, and to Lord Camden; but that will be more fully, and, I fear, very hotly discussed next week in both houses. I think our prospect is but a bad one; there is much bad blood, and not much good sense now abounding;

a little dirty low interest seems to guide both *ins and outs*. This country has been at its zenith, and is now in its decline*; it must suffer the same changes and decay, that other more powerful empires have experienced, and which, it is plainly intended by Providence, that every being and thing in the universe should undergo: it must be for the best since it is so.

I rejoice to hear your amiable daughter continues well. My best wishes attend you both, and all that belongs to you. My son Augustus is just come in, and has only a moment's time to give me; so adieu very abruptly.

LETTER CIX.

Ickworth, the 4th Sept. 1765.

I AM returned from my little excursion, sir, which has been the most prosperous imaginable; fine weather and good roads made the journey, which was but fifty-four miles, very pleasant; and the refreshing sea-breezes, which I exhaled

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* It is consoling to find such apprehensions entertained in times to which we now look back as some of the most glorious and tranquil of our history.

at Holkham *, have been of great use both to my health and spirits. I went there with a disagreeable companion, a giddiness in my head, but two days in that air took it off, and I have not as yet had any return of it since.

I have neither time or words to attempt a description of Holkham, where the utmost magnificence and elegance is blended with all the conveniences imaginable. I also saw Houghton, which is the most triste, melancholy, fine place I ever beheld. 'Tis a heavy, ugly, black building, with an ugly black stone. The hall, saloon, and a gallery very fine; the rest not in the least so. But the pictures†—the most glorious collection, both for number and choice, in this country, and perhaps in any other; those of the Duke of Orleans excepted. I stayed there but three hours, but could have given more weeks to have examined them thoroughly. On my return I brought Lord Bristol an invitation from Lady Leicester for next year, which he seems determined to accept, and we are to go together, if one of my age may hope to be unburied so long.

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* The seat of the Countess Dowager of Leicester, widow of Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester, who died 1759.

† Houghton still stands, to the disgrace of our taste in the arts; and, to our greater disgrace, the pictures have been sent to Russia.

I leave this sweet place next Saturday; shall lie one night on the road and one in London; and go on to Lady Gower's* in Windsor Forest; from whence I propose taking another reprieve of the Sunning Hill waters. Those of Bristol I am persuaded would do your daughter a great deal of good, and as she will be so near them, I hope she will try them.

I mentioned to Lord Bristol my desire to inform you of the kind intentions he had for you, but he who desires rather to do good than to have those intentions known, said he desired you should never know them but by the effects; and if Mr. P.† continued out of place, he never would be in; and consequently should have no opportunity to realise those intentions, which, therefore, he desired I would not mention to you. You, sir, are not the only loser by Lord Temple's most unaccountable and unpardonable opposition. I could say a great deal on this subject, but it is to no purpose; we seem to be devoted to destruction.

Sir Robert and Lady Louisa Smyth came in,

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* Mary, daughter and coheir of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet, widow of Anthony, Earl of Harold, eldest son of the Duke of Kent, and third wife of the first Lord Gower. She died in February 1785.

† Mr. Pitt, to whose politics Lord Bristol was much attached.

who interrupted me. They both breakfasted and dined here, and have left me only time to tell you that both Lord Bristol and Lady Mary are well. Adieu.

LETTER CX.

November the 30th, 1765.

I HAVE now, sir, two letters to thank you for, and have scarce time to answer one. Two days before I received your first letter, Lord and Lady Mansfield* dined with me, and that day I reminded him of little Edmund Morris. His answer was a question, a very obliging one: "Do you think I can ever forget Lady Hervey?" Yesterday morning I was with my lady, and said I hoped she would be my remembrancer with her Lord, as the time began to approach a little within view; she said she certainly would,

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* William, the great Earl Mansfield, and his Lady, Elizabeth Finch, sixth daughter of David, fifth Earl of Winchelsea. His lordship died 1793, aged eighty-eight; the Countess died in 1784.

The object seems to have been a presentation to the charter-house for Mr. Morris's son.

though she did not believe he would want to be put in mind of it.

Mr. Stanley was so obliging to call here yesterday, but it was between three and four o'clock. I was dressing in a great hurry, in order to be ready to receive my dinner company at four o'clock, and I unluckily happened to be in such a part of my dress as made it equally impossible for me to go into the room where he was, or to ask him to come into my room; so I fear I shall not see him before he returns into the country, but shall trouble him with this letter, as none of my sons are in town to furnish me with a frank.

I have been interrupted by a very unexpected visit; and being engaged to go to Holland House this morning, must break off, by wishing health and happiness to you and yours.

LETTER CXI.

London, the 7th June, 1766.

I DO assure you, sir, I am not a little proud of, and pleased with, Miss Morris's approbation; for, by what I see and hear of her, it is never bestowed slightly, nor given or withheld from partiality or prejudice. Nature has enabled her to judge, and art has not taught her to overrule

that judgment, which very few people allow to have its free scope, from prejudice of some kind or other.

I agree with you in thinking parts little necessary to carry on the common course of political business; and think that Pope (I believe it was) Urban VIII. in the right, who said, *il mondo* in qualche maniera se governa da se stesso.* If it was not so, few European nations for some time past could have gone on; for, excepting Prussia, few of them have been governed at all.

I don't know whether it has happened in your way, or in Mr. Stanley's, to see a small pamphlet lately published by Sir David Dalrymple, entitled The Secret Correspondence of Sir Robert Cecil with King James of Scotland. The letters are wrote by that vile Lord Henry Howard, afterwards Earl of Northampton†, and are such a bombast rhapsody of pedantic politics, that I have hardly been able to go on with them. They inform one of little more than what has long been known, which is, that Cecil was a rogue, and that Lord Henry was a knave and a pedant. The only thing into which they give any farther and new light, is to make one suspect that Cecil

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* The world in some sort governs itself.

† Infamous for his share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and in the marriage of Somerset with his niece.

was not so able a man as he has been represented to us by historians. If he were, I think it impossible that he could have trusted with secrets of such importance such a man as Lord Henry. The only good letters in this little collection are two wrote by King James, in the first of which he gives very able and judicious instructions to Lord Mar and Mr. Bruce, his ambassadors at this court, and in the other there is a genteel and pretty sneer at the affected fustian of Lord Henry's style, and———

I was interrupted by the Count de Guerchy's* coming in, who staid 'till I had barely time to dress, and receive a good deal of company who dined with me to-day, two of which are but now gone, though it is past ten o'clock. I must therefore bid you adieu, lest my letter should be too late.

LETTER CXII.

August the 1st, 1766.

I AM still in London; where I immediately came on receiving the express that arrived just half an hour before I should have set out for Paul-

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* The French ambassador.

tons*. My horses were gone on the day before as far as Alresford, where I sent an express to order my coachman to bring them on by slow journeys to London, to-morrow morning. I go to pass this month at Bill-Hill.

Mr. Stanley's† embassy is a great disappointment and mortification to me. He will certainly be absent one year, perhaps two; and that, at my age, cuts off all hopes, though not all possibility, of seeing him again. I confess I am surprised they chose to send him abroad, who could have been so useful, and is even so necessary, in the House of Commons; especially as Mr. Pitt has most unaccountably chose to annihilate himself in the House of Lords, which his friends grieve at, his enemies rejoice at, and neutrals, like me, wonder at; but the operations of politicians are often very incomprehensible. I have had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Stanley three times since I came to town. I wish him health and happiness wherever he goes; and in whatsoever he is employed, he will, I know, do honour to himself and service to his country; but I wish it had been in some employment at home.

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* The seat of Mr. Stanley.

† Mr. Stanley was lately sworn one of the privy council, and appointed an ambassador extraordinary to the court of Russia.

I wish your son* success in his new situation, and desire my compliments to Mrs. Morris and your very amiable daughter; may they be more fortunate than you have hitherto been. Indeed, good sir, you are unlucky†, and I am very, very sorry for it, but always truly and steadily your friend and humble servant.

LETTER CXIII.

St. James's Place, Sept. 11, 1766.

As my Lord Bristol told me he should write to you last post, I did not do so; for I have so much writing on my hands at present, in answering congratulatory letters and compliments‡, that I am willing to spare my eyes and my hand as much as I can; but I cannot resist the assuring you how much and how sincerely I rejoice at this very agreeable opportunity of your making yourself at ease, and, I hope, providing

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* He had probably succeeded in having him placed in the charter-house.

† Mr. Morris had *only* the livings of Nutshalling and Millbrook. One cannot help exclaiming with Orgon, "*Le pauvre homme!*"

‡ On Lord Bristol's appointment to the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland.

for your family *. Indeed, sir, that is not the least pleasure I receive from Lord Bristol's present situation.

Your old acquaintance, my son William, also finds the good effects of Lord Chatham's administration; for he has procured William a rise in his profession. He is now captain in the first regiment of guards, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and a promise of the first company that falls, which must be very agreeable to him, though I know not a man in the world more indifferent about money than himself; when he has it he makes use of it, when he has it not, he suits his mind to his situation; walks home at night in the rain with as much content and cheerfulness as if he was carried in his coach; eats his mutton cutlet, and drinks his glass of water with the same good humour and content as he could feast on turkey, or drink Burgundy. He has one of the happiest contented tempers I know; and, added to that, loves reading, and improvement of all kinds; is a curious observer and an accurate relater. He is beloved by all the company he keeps. Lord Chesterfield and Sir Andrew Mitchell † are quite fond of him.

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* Lord Bristol had nominated Mr. Morris as his chaplain, and the Lord Lieutenant's chaplain seldom failed to be made an Irish bishop; but these hopes were, as we shall see, vain.

† So long our minister at the court of Berlin, and father of the late admiral of the same name.

I am very glad your son is so well satisfied with his new situation, which could not be, if he did not find his companions were satisfied with him. I am very sorry to find the Charter-house is so far off from me; otherwise I could now and then, of a Sunday, have had him to dine with me, but the going home at night is almost impossible, in the winter, with my late hours.

It is well one writes with one's hand; if a foot was necessary towards it, you could have no letter from me at present, for the gout has begun his assault on my left foot this day or two. Adieu. Pain, and a certain restlessness that attends it, makes me end very abruptly.

LETTER CXIV.

Old Windsor, the 6th Sept. 1767.

It is near a month, sir, since I had the pleasure of hearing from you; but many disagreeable things have happened that have prevented my thanking you sooner for your letter. I have been myself much out of order; not laid up indeed, but nerves, as well as rheumatism, have tormented me very much. The oldest friend I have now in the world has been not only ill, but in great danger; and though, as Mr. Hawkins assures me, Lord Chesterfield has

now no distemper but the weakness that is the consequence of what he has had, yet that is to a degree that alarms both himself and me. In short, I am not satisfied with the accounts I hear of him. I hope your ague has entirely left you.

One of the brightest stars in our hemisphere is now set: Mr. Townshend will be missed as a speaker in the House of Commons, and as an inexhaustible fund of entertainment in all company; but no party or set of men will want him, because none ever knew when they had him. When I was told of his death, I could hardly forbear saying, alas, poor Yorick! *where be now your gibes? your flashes of merriment that set the table in a roar?* 'Twas only in that light I could think of him. Great is the difference between his real death and the political demise of Lord Chatham; certain companies, at certain times, will regret the one, but a nation suffers in the loss of the other. Mr. Townshend was a shining, sparkling star; Lord Chatham an invigorating, vivifying sun: we miss the one, but can hardly subsist without the other*.

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* "That prodigy," Charles Townshend, (at the time of his death Chancellor of the Exchequer), was the second son of Charles, third Viscount Townshend. Every body is familiar with the beautiful portrait drawn of him by Mr. Burke in one of his finest speeches; but will it not now appear very extraordinary that Lady Hervey should have *anticipated* the most splendid passage of the speech.—

"Even, sir, before this splendid orb" (Lord Chatham)

Some people name Lord North to succeed Mr. Townshend; others name Mr. Dowdswell; and some there are who say Lord Barrington will be the stop-gap for the present; but why need there be a stop-gap, or any hesitation who to put in possession of that important post, when there is a man of such abilities, and so fit to fill it as our friend*? I think the ministers can do nothing better for themselves and the country than to bring him from Paris on this occasion.

The letters Lord Bristol daily receives from Ireland, from the principal people there, and the regret they testify at his resignation† must be very flattering to him, as they must now be disinterested. I am very sorry he does not go, as I am pretty sure his administration would have been beneficial to that people, and highly

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" was entirely set, and while the western horizon was on a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour was lord of the ascendant; but this light is passed too, and set for ever. You understand that I speak of Charles Townshend," &c. &c.

The coincidence is very remarkable, and proves how very just the simile must have been.

* No doubt Mr. Stanley.

† Lord Bristol never went to Ireland as lord-lieutenant. He resigned on the resignation of his political friend, the great Lord Chatham, and was succeeded in Ireland by George, first Marquis of Townshend, the elder brother of Charles.

glorious to himself; but as things were circumstanced, and the man who could and would have supported him in the noble plan that was formed, was become unable to carry on business, he was, I think, in the right not to attempt it, unconnected as he was, and is, with any other minister.

He continues, I thank God, very well, and is looking after his own estates in Suffolk and Lincolnshire. Not so poor Augustus, who is gone to the Bath* with the gout in his stomach, where the best he can hope is to have it transferred to his limbs. He has never had tolerable health since he was at the Havannah; and Lord Albemarle, who made his fortune there, has never been well since, and is now going abroad in a very hopeless condition, as I am told.

Without the assistance of the Havannah, Lady Primrose and I are invalids; she is never two days together tolerably well, nor can I ever boast of being at any time quite free from pains of the rheumatic kind. In short, I find a life after sixty is but a burthensome affair; not only unproductive of pleasure, but full of such inconveniences and disorders as make existence hardly supportable. All one can do is to *suffer* life; to *enjoy* it is impossible. This is a bad

* It may perhaps be necessary to observe, that Bath used to be called *the Bath*.

prospect, and an unpleasant lesson for you; the use you should make of it is to live whilst you can, and make the most of the little scanty allowance afforded you.

Lady Primrose desires her kind service to you. We do not disagree when we talk of you. I hope Mrs. Morris and your sweet daughter are well. My best wishes attend you all.

LETTER CXV.

December 3d, 1767.

THERE is a cruel difference between youth and age, and the cares consequential to having a large family or having none. I have felt and do feel it: your time is also coming. Though you are young in comparison of me, yet you verge on that time of life when the thoughtless cheerfulness that makes youth delightful begins to subside, and yields to the thoughtful foresight, that fills age with cares and apprehensions. I long much to hear that things turn out better than you expected by your last. When my head is more steady, I will write again, and more. At present I can only add the assurance of my constant esteem and good wishes.

LETTER CXVI.

January 1st, 1768.

I MUST begin by wishing this new year may be more fortunate to you than the last proved. Indeed, sir, if it answers my wishes it will even equal your deserts. The severity of the weather, as you observe, is very great; and from that the wants and misery of the poor are greatly increased; nor do I see that the parliament or ministry can do any thing in their favour, as it certainly all proceeds from causes as little in their power to remedy as the weather.

I send you inclosed, sir, a very sensible judicious pamphlet* on the subject, enlivened with those strokes of lively humour with which Mr. Soame Jennings always words his ingenious writings. I conclude you have not seen it by making no mention of it, and I am sure it will entertain both you and Miss Morris.

The Duke of Newcastle has at last got rid of his fever, but, as 'tis apprehended, at the expense of his life; for he has lost so much blood, and been kept so low, that his strength is quite exhausted, and they think he can't recover†.

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* Probably "Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of the Present High Price of Provisions," a sixpenny pamphlet, published by Dodsley, which was almost the only one on this subject which was well thought of at the time.

† He died on the 17th November, 1768.

What say you to the late changes in our ministry, or, as the ministers choose to call it, the accessions to it? They have certainly got men and parts, but what else I can't, or at least I won't say. Farewel, for though by a great fire, my fingers are so cold that I can't guide my pen, and even my thoughts are quite congealed and stagnated; so, without further form, adieu. My service and good wishes attend all your family.

LETTER CXVII.

London, the 22d June, 1768.

No indeed, sir, you are not apt, as you say, to despond; on the contrary, I have always observed you disposed, constitutionally disposed, to see every thing in the best and happiest light; but really in the present situation of affairs, when every one acts as he will, and hardly any one as he should, what may one not expect that is fearful and disagreeable? What you seem most to apprehend is not a subject of horror to me. I think about it as I do about death; 'tis not *that* I fear, but 'tis the way to it; 'tis the struggles, the last convulsions that I dread; for when once they are over, I don't question but to rise to a new and better life. Dr. Garth, I remember, used to say, "*I vow to God, madam, I take this to be hell, purgatory at least; we shall*

certainly be better off in any other world." I think I am of his opinion.

I can no more comprehend the conduct of a certain great man* than you can, but I am inclined to give him credit for its not being what it, I confess, appears to be. If he is master of his reason, he must undoubtedly have some, which we are too short sighted to perceive, and which time will clear up. In the meanwhile, I submit, as on more material subjects, and hope that all is for the best, though I don't comprehend it.

I am glad you are so well satisfied with your children; 'tis a great happiness; when one looks round and sees the inside of other families, one cannot but think you are particularly blessed in that very material article. I see many with several thousand pounds a year, who, I believe, would gladly exchange fortunes with you, if at the same time they could also change families. Garth says, "*'tis best repenting in a coach and six;*" but indeed a coach and six is dearly bought when the price is repentance.

I am going to Old Windsor, to meet some old friends, but shall stay there but a week; after which I shall go to Ickworth for a fortnight, then return, that I may go and drink my Sunning Hill waters, for six or seven weeks. I am per-

* Probably Mr. Pitt, whose acceptance of the earldom of Chatham and whose subsequent political conduct had disappointed some of his friends.

suaded I owe my being so much better this year to the effects those waters have on my blood. My son Augustus, who goes frequently to the Bath, is now laid up there with the gout in his feet. Lord Bristol looks extremely well, but 'tis the little colonel* who seems to me to have the best health of all the family. I hope your health and spirits are as good as formerly they were.

I conclude you frequently see Mr. Stanley; pray assure him of my esteem and sincere regard. He is a most worthy man; you are happy to be in the neighbourhood and enjoy the friendship of such a one. Adieu, sir. The sunshine calls me out; it looks pleasant, though a north wind makes it not feel so; if it was not for the name of the month I should not suspect it to be summer.

Lady Hervey died on the 2d September following the date of this letter.

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* Her fourth son, William.

THE END.

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